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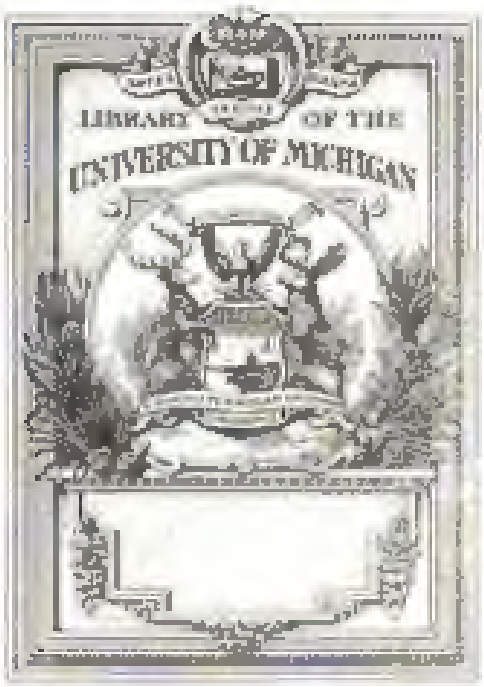

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. V.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER 1901

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "MONTHLY REVIEW," 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

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THE GAME OF BRIDGE

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am glad to see that you take an interest in social questions, because there is one to which I wish to draw your attention. I am a little afraid you may not think it a very serious one when you find it is only concerned with a game of cards; but after all, if a thing is bad enough to spoil one's life, it is, to a woman at any rate, bad enough to be considered important. I am really not exaggerating when I say that this year my life has been entirely spoilt by Bridge: and when I say my life, I do not mean any selfish pleasure of my own, but the hopes and interests which are natural to every woman in my position. I have two daughters now growing up; I arranged that one of them should come out this year and one next. We are all three the greatest friends, and I have been looking forward for ever so long to taking them everywhere with me and sharing their enjoyment and success: for they are both pretty and happy-minded, and good at all the things that girls ought to do. Besides, though they are young and diffident, they have plenty of character and sense, and I feel sure that neither of them would be attracted by the wrong kind of man, so I had every reason to expect that things would go smoothly.

"In the way I have put it that sounds rather worldly, but it cannot be wrong to wish one's daughter a happy married life; the worldliness comes in when you put money and position first, and are willing to do anything to get them. I knew

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that no girls would have better chances than mine, and I should very likely never have had to think about such things at all, if this mania for Bridge had not come to a climax just in time to ruin everything. We had hardly been up a week before I found that I had to decide betweeen Bridge and no Bridge. It did not seem a very momentous question at the time; we had all played a little at home, but none of my children are particularly given to cards, and to say 'no' would cause no disappointment and seemed to simplify matters. I don't repent it in the least; I have been convinced twenty times since then; but nothing could have been further from simplifying existence. To begin with, the dances were more ill-assorted than ever: what reasonable young man would dance when he could play Bridge? What pleasures can society give to compare with the combination of gambling, smoking, drinking, and lounging? Then dinners and everything else became practically parties for Bridge; after ten o'clock we found ourselves *de trop* in the houses of our best friends; we did not play, we were outsiders, and being outsiders is a part we have never before been asked to take. And it certainly is not a part that ought to be forced upon a girl like mine. What do you think of this for Bridge manners? One evening they were a player short at the last table, and when my daughter excused herself from joining them one man said—he had only known us a fortnight—'Oh! but you must: it is only Quakers and paupers that don't play Bridge.' Another day an extra smart aunt of mine, whom we call 'the Bernstein,' came in and congratulated me 'on the engagement.' No girl, she declared, could be allowed not to play Bridge unless she were already 'provided for.' This is not worse perhaps than the usual Bernstein witticism, but this time it stung because I felt the sickening truth at the bottom of it; and I was not much comforted, though I was pleased, by what followed. 'You'll never get on, you know,' she said to the child, 'unless you do as Rome does'; and the answer was 'That depends, Aunt B., upon what "getting on" means.'

"Now, Mr. Editor, you and I know quite well what 'getting

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on' means, and that it is natural and right for girls to get on. What I want you to put plainly before people is the question whether this natural right should have such a price put upon it. It is all very well to talk of other kinds of fashion and the folly of being eccentric; but this is different; this is a real tyranny and has no object; it does not give one scope, or make life any more bright or varied, as dressing and dancing and acting do. It is as frivolous as anything could be, and deadly monotonous as well. In one house we stayed in, this August, the men began to play directly after breakfast, and one of them told me he had played for eighteen hours, only stopping for meals. Why should these people, who were sensible enough not long ago, now think a clever and beautiful girl a disagreeable member of society if she is not ready to spend her days on the same treadmill on which they waste their time? And is she to have no chance of a home of her own unless she degrades herself to their level? It is not too strong a word, for they *are* degraded by this game; they do worry over the money, though they say the stakes are trifling; and between that and the late hours their temper gives, and they become as vulgar as a set of Germans over their Skat. I have seen a girl of eighteen sneered into playing for higher points than she could afford, by a man old enough to be her father. I have heard of another accepting a loan from a man she hardly knew, to try and 'get back her own.' Another little friend of mine made mistakes and lost heavily; at the end of the rubber her partner muttered angrily the word 'swindle.' One of his opponents retorted, 'You've nothing to complain of; we cut.' And these are not such exceptions; they were all gentlemen once, and two of them belong to good old peerages that are supposed to mean something.

"I have said all that I can think of for the moment; I leave it to you to put my case as clearly as you can; it is every word true. Two more things I think you ought to know. I am not a bit strait-laced, or in any way squeamish about money matters; I sell my own dairy produce, and I can pay a dentist

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his fee without an envelope. I only object to girls scrambling with men for the odd sovereign. The other thing is that I *have* talked to my husband. But he is too busy and too easy-going: he says sometimes that it is 'just an epidemic like any other; soon over,' and sometimes that 'evening parties are no loss at any rate.' Yesterday he was a little more sympathetic; he heard all I had to say, and did his best to cheer me. 'After all,' he said, 'your girl can only marry one man to start with; there'll be a dozen crazy enough when the time comes.' But that is putting my case far too low; I don't want them to be crazy, but only to give themselves a little time to think, and not sacrifice their best interests to a childish mania.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,

"A. B."

"SIR,—I propose to you an article upon 'Bridge in Health and Disease' for the next issue of the MONTHLY REVIEW. It is a subject upon which nothing adequate has yet, to my knowledge, been put forward in public. I have given considerable attention to it, and I may fairly claim to be well qualified to discuss it, both as a student of the game and as a medical man in consulting practice. The line I should take would be to show the effect of Bridge (1) from the medical or sanative point of view, as a valuable nerve tonic and stimulant, especially in cases of habitual overwork, now so common among our politicians and professional classes, and during the period intervening between partial and complete recovery from accidents or operations or from maladies of a specifically depressing character, such as influenza or neurasthenia. (2) From the morbid or pathological point of view, as setting up in cases of excess a highly interesting variety of the degenerative processes so well described in Dr. Nordau's book.

"My argument would, of course, be illustrated by typical cases drawn from my own experience and given under the veil of initials. For instance, under my first head would be quoted the case of Sir J. D., an elderly man of fine physique,

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but irritable temperament, whom I saw recently; he had inflicted a severe blow upon his left ankle with an iron golf club, while awkwardly placed in a chalk pit, and his ordinary medical attendant had advised that all card games should be given up during his confinement to his own room. I revoked this decision in favour of Bridge, and the distressing symptoms were relieved almost immediately; a rapid recovery followed. Under the second head I have a large table of very curious cases; Members of Parliament who have acquired an extraordinary distaste for their work, connoisseurs in wine who have lost their discrimination, phlegmatic subjects of both sexes who have developed either a febrile activity or a ferocity akin to that of more primitive races. Among certain social groups a true obsession has been observed, producing the characteristic slowness of intelligence and limitation of vocabulary. I could develop my thesis in about ten to fifteen thousand words, and let you have the MS. within a week.

"Awaiting your reply, I am, &c.,

"C. D."

"Dear Sir,—May I venture to ask if you would consider a paper by me on 'The Popularity of Bridge'? The extraordinary success of the game has been very generally remarked, and efforts have been made to create a prejudice against it by those who are always ready to decry anything new, and those who would abolish offhand everything that is capable of abuse. I wish to treat the matter in a more scientific spirit, and to show that a phenomenon such as the invention and universal adoption of Bridge in a country like England can only be the result and the index of a development of national life and character. Such developments are natural steps in the progress which we call evolution, and to contend against them is folly. It was inevitable that as our national civilisation widened, Ombre, the pastime of a coterie, should give way to Whist, the more serious recreation of the great middle class. Now that the reign of that class is over, and its principles, whether of high-and-

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dry Conservatism or doctrinaire Liberalism, have disappeared into history, it was necessary and inevitable that a new game should be found for that aristocratic democracy which has become the governing factor in the State. It was evident *à priori* that such a game must be one capable of being played with even greater seriousness than its predecessor, while at the same time it must offer, in place of the monotony, the rigid principles and the limited results of Whist, the charm and discipline of variety, freedom of action, and possibilities of success worth adventuring for. We are at the beginning of a new era, we have awoke to find ourselves an empire, challenged by other empires to a contest in which we shall need all our skill, nerve and forethought. We are planning a new army and navy, a new education, a new outlook for British trade: we are to leave gilt-edged securities to the women and children, and to develop the world by our adventurous investments. Is it reasonable, is it scientifically possible that a nation in this stage should be content with a game in which every lead is dictated by a printed book and the choice of weapons irrevocably fixed by the turning up of a card? The principle of Whist was to make no mistakes and be content: the secret of Bridge is that even on a hand of spades you may declare 'no trumps.' Resource, responsibility, nerve, quickness to change front and turn difficulties into successes—these are the qualities required by Bridge and, in turn, produced by it. They are the virtues of the Liberal Imperialist, of the man to whom the future belongs.

"I have stated my view baldly and without attention to style; but I am enthusiastic in the matter, and will spare no pains, if you can allow me, say, fifteen pages of the REVIEW, to do justice to my subject. May I suggest also that early publication is very desirable, in order that the public interest may be utilised while it is still fresh?

"Yours, &c.,

"E. F."

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"My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your kind invitation; I have more than once thought that I should like to see something of mine in the Monthly Review, but I fear it will not in any case be upon the subject of Bridge. My feelings about it are not sufficiently defined: or rather I have two distinct minds. On the one hand, I play the game and like it; on the other hand, I know men—and women—who play it like wasters or monomaniacs, and I am too much in the set to say, without offence, what I must say if I write at all. May I suggest that the subject is admirably suitable for one of your editorials? It is not a question for a specialist, but rather for the impartial onlooker: and editors, whatever views they may take when in plain clothes, are acknowledged to put on the ermine of impartiality when they take their seat of office. Besides, I think every one resents being lectured by his fellow men, but no sane person minds an anonymous official sermon, even if he remembers the editor's name.

"One thing more. You suggested that before writing I should give you some idea of the line I intended to take. As I cannot write, my opinions on this subject are no longer of any account; but I venture to press one point upon you. I am, as I have said, myself a player of Bridge, and I cannot help rather resenting the indiscriminate abuse poured upon the game. It is too often the mere chagrin of people who won't trouble to learn anything new, or who don't care for cards at all, and are simply annoyed at seeing their friends occupied with a pursuit they can't share; just as to some people a man who reads is always 'a bookworm' or 'one of those literary fellows,' and a girl who fishes 'a fast sporting woman.' Of course there is often better ground for complaint than this; the thing *is* overdone; people become silly over it, and idle, and vulgar. But to abuse Bridge is irrelevant; it is not the game but the players that are in fault. What did these people do before Bridge was invented? The men played Poker or loafed; the women gossiped and read hypnotic novels; and when Bridge is forgotten they'll find other ways of seeing life

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through the wrong end of the telescope—if they still exist, that is. If you are bent on reforming society (you have not said you are, but it is an editor's duty), I am sure you will do better, and get more support, if you go for the drunkard rather than the drink. It is stultifying to call a thing poison from which no moderate man ever got anything but good: and it gives annoyance. But I think you would have a very strong position if you argued that Bridge is an excellent recreation which, by reason of its attractiveness, has become, like other attractive things, a kind of touchstone by which to distinguish good metal from Brummagem; decent people go in for it with decency, the others show themselves to be dolts or riff-raff, which is generally what we know them for already. I admit there have been some unexpected revelations, but these only prove the searching efficacy of the test. So much the better, for now that we've taken such large premises and gone into business as an Empire we can't afford to go on politely treating all men as equals. The breed is no longer what it was in its younger days; then it produced, at the worst, a sprinkling of black sheep, who were duly kicked out and often came back with hard knocks to their credit; but now even our best families have taken to growing a kind of white elephant, a creature that eats and amuses himself and dabbles in differences at the bucket-shops. His proper place is in the ranks of the Imperial Yeomanry; 'instead of which' he plays Bridge and brings a fine game into discredit. I hope you will deal faithfully with him.

"Yours, &c.,

"G. H."

[*Private.*]

"DEAR ——,—I wish I could do what you ask, but it is impossible, and I console myself by feeling very sure that the thing really cannot be done at all, by anybody. Between work without recreation, and amusement without cessation, there is no doubt a happy mean, and if you say so every one agrees and maintains that he is careful to keep to it. Who is the better

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then? It would have to be said very well to be even amusing. If we were undergraduates we should do it in the form of a parody of the *Ethics*, and it would reach the outer world in a volume of Echoes from the *Oxford Magazine*. But we have 'gone down' too long, and Academic Wit is not Social Satire.

"To-night, after dinner, I talked the question over with the Bishop, with whom, as you may see from this paper, I am staying. You know what an admiration and affection I have always had for him. He is getting very fragile now and every time I see him I am afraid it may be the last; but he is more mellow and genial than ever, and talks of everything with so much grip and with such a living ease and warmth, that I feel like a mechanical toy beside him. Of course he takes a thoroughly clerical view, but he does it with perfect simplicity —he never had the vestige of a pulpit tone in his voice—and he makes you feel, at any rate while you are with him, that there is undoubtedly a life of the spirit as well as a life of the body and the intellect. We sat over the fire, after a wet day, and he told me some good stories; then I read him your letter (there was nothing impossible in it) and added a few amplifications: about Sigismonda for instance. 'Ah!' he said, 'I have read something like that before. "She which liveth in pleasure is dead, while she liveth."' Then he turned to a shelf and took down a volume of Stopford Brooke's 'Life of F. W. Robertson.'

'The last hour has been spent in examining a pile of letters . . . two anonymous—one of them from a young lady, defending fashionable society against my tirades; *these last I feel are worse than useless, and very impolitic.* Nevertheless, more and more, a life of amusement . . . seems to me in irreconcilable antagonism to Christianity, and more destructive to the higher spirit than even the mercantile life in its worst form.'

'Worse than useless and very impolitic,' he repeated, 'and yet you try to send me where you would not go yourself.' He always did see what was in our minds before we knew it ourselves. I defended: 'But *I* am not any one's pastor.' 'No,'

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he said, 'or you would know that at sight of the pastoral staff they run nowadays—the goats, at any rate. Besides, I agree with Robertson; it is useless; Bridge will last the world out, perhaps outlast it.' I exclaimed. 'Well,' he said, 'I use the word generically; we do not know that there will be no amusements hereafter. We do know that if there are they will be unavailing there as here to span the great gulf between torment and peace. The search for distraction—*nimis avide consolationem quærere*—is the abandonment of happiness.' 'When you quote Thomas à Kempis,' I said, 'it always seems as if he had known and foreseen everything.' The Bishop smiled; he knew that I was trying to lead him, as I have done before, on to a favourite path, and he acquiesced, with just a twinkle by the way. 'Yes, I read the *Imitatio* as much for its practical wisdom as for its other greatnesses; Christianity is the best policy; put aside the other life, and the *Imitatio* is still your best guide for this world. What would your friends think of this? "Keep not that which may impede you, or rob you of liberty within yourself."' 'They might say that things can hardly impede a man who only wishes to sit still.' I cannot describe to you how delightfully this roused him; he sat up in his chair with eyes full of a kind of wondering excitement, like a child, and put out his hand. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'no man wishes to sit still, never, never; they are all searching; blindly or wisely they all seek to be filled—*ad æterna semper anhelant.* But some of them make mistakes; they drink of brackish springs and eat of Dead-sea apples. *Beati qui Deo vacare gestiunt, et ab omni impedimento sæculi se excutiunt.*'

"Then I made a most horrible false step; I reminded him of a sentence he used to quote years ago. I was thinking of some once reasonable people who are frittering themselves away over this foolish game, and I quite forgot that since then his own son had gone to the dogs. 'They whose works seemed commendable, have fallen to the lowest; and those who were used to partake the bread of angels, I have seen delighting

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themselves with the husks that the swine did eat.' He looked more sad than I thought a man could look. 'Yes,' he said, 'and now it is prayer time.'

"It is very late; good night.

"Yours ever,

"J. K."

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ON THE LINE

The Autobiography of a Journalist. By W. J. Stillman. (Grant Richards. 24*s.* net.)—Mr. Stillman, whose recent death has deprived the world of a strong and distinct personality, has achieved what few autobiographists achieve and has left behind him a real impression of himself—the frank portrait of a forcible man, half Puritan, half artist; a man of keen, absorbing intellect and unflinching integrity, who, throughout existence, believed himself to be guided by Providence in every step that he took. That faith remained to him when all other traces of his early religion (his people were primitive New Englanders of the "Seventh Day" sect) had long since vanished; and, as he implicitly acted on it, it gave him a security in his wildest adventures and most hairbreadth escapes that enabled him to regard and to recount them as mere matter-of-course. For Mr. Stillman's life was a romance; and it is a curious (is it also an American?) characteristic of his book that directly he approaches romance, he treats it as if it were science and writes it baldly, with an almost technical dryness. Many and different were the parts that he played, and he figured, in turn, as artist, politician, war-correspondent, traveller, excavator, writer, and the friend of great men. He was Consul in Crete and the supporter of the Christians during the terrible years (1866 to '68) of the war between Mussulmen and Christians; he was prominent in Montenegro in the revolt of 1876; he was equally important in Greek and in Italian affairs; he was

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sent to America about the famous Parnell letter. After 1886, when he was appointed *Times* correspondent for Italy and Greece, his life became more settled and he took up his abode with his family in Rome; but his share in politics was as active, if more restricted than before, and his relations with Crispi make a very informing chapter.

It is in his friendships, however, that Mr. Stillman is the most interesting. He was intimate with the Barbizon painters, with Ruskin, with Rossetti and his sister Christina, and with all the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; with Lowell, Emerson, the naturalist, Agassiz, and, more or less, for many years, with the leading statesmen in Italy, Greece and Turkey. Evidently he had the gift of gaining intimacy at once; he never seems to have loitered in the suburbs of conversation, but even though he were only five minutes with a person, and never saw him again, he got his inmost confidence directly. He must have possessed an electric power which drew men to speak to him of themselves. And when we read his vital little portraits of them we do not wonder at it; it is only true insight that can dictate the epithets which make people live before us. Take, for instance, his summary of Emerson, with whom, together with Lowell, and Agassiz, he roved in the Virgin Adirondack Forest:

> Emerson was too serene ever to be discourteous, and was capable of the hottest antagonism without rudeness, and the most intense indignation without quickening his speech, or raising his tone; grasping and exhausting with imaginative activity whatever object furnished him with matter for thought, and throwing to the rubbish-heap whatever was superficial; indifferent to form or polish if only he could find a diamond; revelling in mystery, and with eyes that penetrated like the X-ray through all obscurities, and found at the bottom of them what there was to find.

And here is his epitome of Gladstone, when he met him at Cortina:

> He had in him the Platonist, the Statesman, and the Theologian, of each enough for an ordinary man, and one crowded the other in action. The Platonist crowded the Statesman, and at certain dangerous moments, the broad humanitarian feeling overlooked the practical dangers of the critical juncture in which he had to act.

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Mr. Stillman's amusing trip with the despotic Ruskin, his talks at Fontainebleau with Rousseau, make very good reading; but of that the reader will find no lack in either of the volumes before him.

Saint Francois d'Assisi et la Legende des trois compagnons. Arvède Barine. (Librairie Hachette et Cie., Paris. 3*fr.* 50*c.*)—It would be difficult for a life of St. Francis to fail in charm, and Mdme. Arvède Barine is not the person to make it do so. Her pen has a singular graciousness; she is sweet without being insipid, and limpid without being shallow. She tells the life of the saint with a sunny happiness, a spiritual strength that she seems to have caught from him, as she writes. His life is still magnetic, as it was when he drew the crowds from the hill sides round Assisi. She includes in her volume her translation of "the legend of the three companions"—an account written of their beloved master by three of his disciples, and full of "la candeur et l'adorable gaucherie de ces hommes simples." New facts about him there are none for her to chronicle; but she writes his biography from one point of view, and measures him by his ideal of primitive, uncompromising Christianity, Nor does a new point of view matter. As long as men sin and suffer and religion strengthens them, so long will they read the story of the most human of saints—of the gay, fastidious young æsthete, first among the sparks of his city; of the visionary overcome by his call in the midst of the feast in his honour; of the small pale friar arriving at the Bishop's Palace to ask shelter for himself and the pet-lamb he was leading; of the Head of an Order, whose rope and ragged cowl subdued even Innocent III., in all his Papal splendour.

Oswald von Wolkenstein. By Signora Linda Villari. (Dent. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)—If the reader is disposed to make acquaintance with one of the last of the German Minnesingers, whose own life was as romantic as any of his poems, and at the same time to revisit in spirit some of the rock-fortresses of the Dolomitic

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country of the Tyrol, he may be recommended to purchase Madame Villari's easily-read and attractive little volume.

The story takes us at first to the valleys which are dominated by the precipitous Schlern, and to the neighbourhood of quiet Castelruth. Here Oswald is born, a younger son of the knightly family of Wolkenstein. As a mere child he loses the sight of an eye by the discharge of an arrow from a cross-bow: he "lisps in numbers"; he starts off (at ten years old) on a crusade against the Pagans of Prussia and Lithuania. The Pagans are not extirpated, but the adventurous boy remains with his knightly comrades, or rather he remains with the knights for a time; then he joins a company of traders; he wanders through Europe and into the heart of Asia; he does not return to his home till he is twenty-five years of age, full-bearded and with gray locks in his hair.

Of his two loves, Sabina Jager and Margaret of Schwangau, the first the false Duessa, the second the gentle and trustful Una of his life, the tale is told by Oswald in his autobiographic verses, and well re-told by Madame Villari. Sabina, who has thrown him over for a rich and elderly citizen of Hall, entraps him to her castle and tortures him nearly to death. But Margaret, the child-wife, the poet's daughter married to a poet, is true to him through all his adversities, bears him seven children, and soothes at last his broken and somewhat querulous old age.

Besides this long and curious romance of Oswald's life, the reader, if he has ever visited Innsbruck, will find himself renewing with delight his acquaintance with some of the stalwart figures who guard the tomb of Maximilian, especially with Kaiser Sigismund *super grammaticam*, and with "Friedrich of the empty purse who gilt the golden roof." This latter, they will discover, is not the mere perpetrator of a foolish freak, but a strong-willed somewhat despotic ruler, whose successful struggle with his nobles, among whom Oswald fought, was one of the most important events in the history of the Tyrol.

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Some Records of the Later Life of Harriet Countess Granville. By her Grand-daughter Susan H. Oldfield. (Longmans. 16*s.* net.)—To those who love their kind properly it will always be interesting to learn the favourite books, the favourite friends, even the favourite puddings of Mr. Jones, be he never so obscure a character. How much more interesting, then, to grow intimate with distinguished people and to keep company with those who have taken a part, passive or active, in the world's affairs. It is with such folk that the volume before us deals. Harriet Lady Granville, whose brilliant existence at Paris and whose published letters are already known to the public, was left a widow in 1846. She had before her sixteen years in which to sorrow for her loss, for she did not die till 1862. The wife of the French ambassador, the sister of the Duke of Devonshire and of Lady Carlisle, the mother of Lord Granville, who in 1851 succeeded Lord Palmerston as Minister for Foreign Affairs, she spent her life with interesting and important people. But she was one of those whose participation was passive, and she was a listener to the doers rather than an active influence in business or society. These relationships do not tell so much about her as the fact that she was the mother of Lady Georgina Fullerton, that pious great lady, and once fashionable novelist. In both women the religious element prevailed and gradually swamped all other interests except those of the hearth. Now and then, of course, there are pages about public life. The passages describing Louis Philippe's flight to England, and the effect of Napoleon III.'s *coup d'état* are the most amusing in the book, but they are only transitory, and "celestial politics" resume their sway. Mother and daughter were alike saints, in nothing so much, perhaps, as in their union. For Lady Georgina's conversion was never allowed, after the first shock, to make any difference between her and the profoundly evangelical countess. From her call in 1848 in the coastguard's hut at Bournemouth to the day of her death, Lady Granville's commonplace books are little more than a diary of religious

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experience and a collection of spiritual extracts, from contemporary preachers, from past preachers, from hymn-writers, from letter-writers, from writers of all kinds. We cannot but regret that any lady, however high her soul or her rank, should have quoted so passionately from the poet, Montgomery; but, after all, this is merely a vagary of the taste (or rather the confusion of taste and morals) which belongs to the days of Albert the Good. The slight plethora of transcriptions is doubtless due to the filial piety of the editor, but then so are the seventeen portraits of Granvilles, Howards, and others that enrich the work. This is not the place to discuss whether books written by children and grandchildren should count among the "books that are no books." At all events, as in this case, they may be edifying human documents. Lady Granville was as catholic in spirit as Gordon and would willingly have been as poor. The world was not the worse for the fact that her charity was greater than her brilliance.

If **Bird Watching**, by Edmund Selous (Dent, 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is not a perfectly written book (the style being at times "something quite *per se* and in vain to describe") it is at any rate a very delightful one. The author begins by comparing life to "a vast melancholy ocean over which ships, more or less sorrow-laden, continually pass and ply, yet there lie here and there upon it isles of consolation. . . . One of these we may call Bird-Isle—the island of watching and being entertained by the habits and humours of birds—and upon this one . . . I will straightway land." Those who love birds will follow, and find the island full of strange noises and sights, and worthy, for its humours especially, of a place in the Rabelaisian geography. The "duel with ceremonies" of the stock-doves, on p. 40, and the nuptial poses of the Great Skua, opposite p. 100, and of the Great Plover, on p. 19, are perhaps the most exquisitely absurd of the pictures here given to show how birds can at times rival human beings in both conventional and awkward (not to say "sheepish") gestures. To many, even of

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those whose home is in the country, these pictures and descriptions will come as a surprise. Some have not sufficient patience to catch wild creatures off guard; others belong to the class, hated of Mr. Selous, who must always be killing, and when they cannot, feel nothing but regret at the sight of any bird: "If I'd had a gun now!"

It is certain that this book will stimulate many bird-lovers to add to the notes collected by the author. There is plenty of room left for watchers; for instance, our knowledge of the language of rooks is still, in spite of the very creditable vocabulary given on pp. 299–300, far from complete, and the smaller birds are here all huddled into one chapter under the queer title of "Blackbirds, Nightingales, Sandmartins, &c." Our own first choice for an appendix or supplement would be the curlew, to which Mr. Selous gives only three pages; the raven and the eider-duck taking the remaining thirty of the chapter between them. His opportunities of watching curlews have evidently been limited; he has seen them only "beneath grey northern skies" and not on the warm Devon moors in May, where those who know how to find "the Long Stone" may hear instead of "a melancholy too-ee" or a sad "wail" from a "cheerless hollow," something far more characteristic of the old heroic West; a swift triple note, kyü-yü-yü, kyü-yü-yü, the perfect expression of the ecstacy of their motion as they sail and sweep like the *Revenge* herself; and then a softer double note of utter content, as they come slowly in from the high seas and drop to their moorings by the invisible nest.

It was well worth while to print the lecture which bears the name of **Schopenhauer**, by T. Bailey Saunders (Black, 1*s.* 6*d.* net), for it has just that combination of the lucidity of a good summary and the suggestiveness of a good conversation which is the virtue of a lecture, and enables it to give pleasure both to those who know already and those who are about to know the subject in hand. As for the matter, Schopenhauer is not to be dealt with in a paragraph, and we can only indicate the

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line taken by the lecturer. When Mr. Saunders is speaking for himself he handles his philosopher from a decidedly critical point of view, but at the same time he sets forth the opinions he is to controvert with so much skill and insight that the result, intended or unintended, is to leave upon the reader an impression of their strength rather than their weakness. We are invited to look upon Schopenhauer as a kind of Shelley, a poet among philosophers, beating with luminous wings the void; but we are convinced, or remain convinced, that he was of all modern thinkers the one who had the keenest perception of life as it is. In his brilliant and impetuous attack he exposed himself no doubt to demonstrations on both his flanks, and his line did not always keep an even front; but when this century's battle ends he may still be found to be holding some of the main positions against which he advanced, though he may have sometimes failed to see the true strategic value of the points he gained. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Saunders himself would not be surprised at such a result.

In **The Archbishop and the Lady** (Smith. 6*s.*) Mrs. Crowninshield Schuyler introduces us to a new and agreeable form of criminal enterprise. Her villains leave little to be desired: a profligate and deformed French count, incidentally married to the statuesque heroine, and an unfrocked priest who has misappropriated the moneys of the Church to finance his wicked designs, are not unworthy actors in the horrible schemes which are sufficiently hinted at through the book, but not disclosed till the last chapters. The way of these transgressors is made suitably hard, and the difference between the characters of the stronger and weaker ruffians in their alarm and remorse is well drawn, and the fate which overtakes each is appropriate and satisfactory. The virtuous characters are less convincing. Quentin, the hero, is athletic and impassive, and throws the wicked priest over his head, when he proves troublesome, in the best style; but we could wish him less apt in overhearing conversations; and his flirts-

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tion with that elderly charmer, the mother of the heroine, is almost unsavoury. This ingenious lady has forced her daughter Alixe, a stately *ingénue* of nineteen, into two loveless marriages before the story begins: first with an aged duke, who obligingly died immediately after signing the register, leaving his bride an enormous fortune, and second with the wicked count. The archbishop also flirts with the mother, and tries to persuade the daughter to enter a convent; but she resolves to give matrimony another chance, and all ends happily.

The poem which forms the principal part of Mr. George Meredith's volume, **A Reading of Life** (Constable. 6*s.*), and gives its name to the whole, consists of four parts. Two of these—the short introductory verses called "The Vital Choice," and the long poem, "The Test of Manhood," which concludes the series, have already appeared in the pages of this REVIEW and therefore need no further recommendation from us. They form the statement and the solution of the problem of man's life—his march from the wilderness of the beasts and the haunted night to the land of dawn:

> That quiet dawn was Reverence; whereof sprang
> Ethereal Beauty in full morning tide.
> Another sun had risen to clasp his bride:
> It was another earth unto him sang.
>
> Came Reverence from the Huntress on her heights?
> From the Persuader came it, in those vales
> Whereunto she melodiously invites,
> Her troops of eager servitors regales?

This is the question proposed, and it is here answered; the two intervening parts, "With the Huntress" and "With the Persuader," being no more than consummately beautiful amplifications—descriptive pieces inserted to prolong and heighten the effect, bas-reliefs set round the pedestal of the great work. Keats would have loved them:

> Huntress, arrowy to pursue
> In and out of woody glen,

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Under cliffs that tear the blue,
Over torrent, over fen,
She and forest, where she skims
Feathery, darken and relume:
Those are her white-lightning limbs
Cleaving loads of leafy gloom.

The second, as befits the subject, is no longer Greek but Italian, painted rather than carved; it glows with the richness and colour of the Venetian:

Be sure the ruddy hue is Love's: to woo
Love's Fountain we must mount the ruddy hue.
That is her garden's precept, seen where shines
Her blood-flower, and its unsought neighbour pines.
Daughter of light, the joyful light,
She bids her couples face full East,
Reflecting radiance, even when from her feast
Their outstretched arms brown deserts disunite,
The lion-haunted thickets hold apart.

Another fine poem, full of leaping flame,—and almost impenetrable gusts of smoke,—is the dialogue between Patience and Foresight. It adds to the Reading of Life Past a philosophy for life in the future:

Ay, be we faithful to ourselves: despise
Nought but the coward in us! . . .
Advantage to the Many: that we name
God's voice: have there the surety in our aim.

So comes the victory of the chieftain Mind.

Who never yet of scattered lamps was born
To speed a world, a marching world to warn,
But sunward from the vivid Many springs,
Counts Conquest but a step, and through disaster sings.

The same eternal antagonism which we find in "A Reading of Life" is dealt with, it is no dispraise of Mr. Meredith to say, not less admirably in Mr. T. Sturge Moore's dramatic poem, **Aphrodite against Artemis** (Unicorn Press, 2*s.* 6*d.* net). There is much that is Greek in Mr. Moore's way of

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thought, much that is Elizabethan in his manner; but he so uses his inheritance as to make it quite his own, and the better for his using. "Aphrodite against Artemis" is a very different thing from the stilted imitations of which we have seen too much. Quite apart from its technical excellence, which is notable, it is a poem to read for pleasure, and carries its lesson, not obviously as a burden, but implicitly, as natural happenings do. There are many memorable lines and passages in this little tragedy, but they are the harder to quote as they are not purple patches, but follow naturally in their place, and lose by being snatched from it; but of Love, the theme of the whole, there are some brief pregnant sayings which will bear transplanting and remembering:

> Thou canst not love me, no, nor yet forgive
> Unless thou hast sense of my growing up.
> For love is just the summing up of us,
> It is the end of roving wild desire;
> Thence we begin to pile achievement—yea,
> And to afford real aid to those about.

And again:

> Love is worth more than manners; Love is wise,
> Is lenient, like old kings whose wives are dead;
> Smiles zealot virtue down, gives passion leave
> To err a little, for its vital worth.

That is what many men have thought about love, but no one has said it just that way before. The language of the dialogue is simple and apparently unstudied, free alike from curious archaism and crude modernity; and it seems to flow naturally into metre. The lyrics are delightful, they possess in a high degree that essential quality so wholly wanting in the literary lyric, the quality of fitness for singing. It is not fair to quote them in fragments, but the choruses of the huntsmen and the girls after the death of Hippolytus are specially commendable.

If it is the function of Tragedy to inspire pity and terror, Mr. Moore is a tragic poet; he moves us with Phædra's simple, vain attempt to win the sympathy of Hippolytus, and shakes us with her dreadful, half-unwilling death. But perhaps the

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finest passage in the play is that in which he paints the fluctuations of feeling in the selfish soul of Theseus after he has found the dead body of the queen. There is not space to speak of the minor characters, all real and living; but Thoe, the rough old Amazon nurse, is a treasure.

In Mr. Moore's version it is Aphrodite who gets the last word, and this is foreshadowed by the character of Hippolytus, who is sullen and unlovable, and does not win our sympathy till the last scene, when he acquits his father, rather than forgives him, for his own piteous fate.

It is obvious, for several reasons, that the play cannot be presented on the stage as it stands; but this is only a reproach to a prurient age, sensitive to plain speaking and infinitely tolerant of suggestion. There is not a word nor a line in "Aphrodite against Artemis" which could not be profitably given before a fit and wholesome audience.

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THE NAVY AT SCHOOL: A CORRECTION

TO the following letter from Lieut. Carlyon Bellairs we need only add that we are entirely responsible for the "high pressure" of which he speaks. There were only some ten days available between the return of Lieut. Bellairs from the manœuvres and the time at which the article we had requested him to write must be in our hands: but we thought it of importance that his criticisms should be placed before our readers without delay. The interest taken by the public in the Naval Manœuvres is always of a very evanescent character, and seemed likely to pass away even more quickly than usual this year. It is significant that of the two points on which Lieut. Bellairs now corrects himself, neither has, to our knowledge, drawn a reply from any of the numerous critics in service and other journals who have commented upon his article: and yet one of the two is a simple mistake of fact.—EDITOR.

"SIR,—In the article on 'The Navy at School,' which appeared in the MONTHLY REVIEW for September, it was stated by me that we have no naval attaché in Germany. I am happy to find that this statement is not correct, and that an able naval officer is watching developments and may be trusted to keep the Admiralty fully posted as to the acceleration of the German Naval Programme. This programme is to be completed, except for the replacement of old tonnage, by the year 1908

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instead of 1916. If this is really the case it can only emphasise the warning that in an old-established navy like the British, it is in 1901 that we must legislate for 1908, for changes must be spread over a greater period of time than in smaller and newer navies.

"'The Navy at School' was written at high pressure in the days immediately succeeding the conclusion of the manœuvres. This haste is responsible for what closer consideration has convinced me to have been an unfair criticism of the scheme of those manœuvres. As a tactical and strategical exercise, and not as an indication of British naval policy, the scheme bears the impress of broad historical teaching, in that it laid down that X Fleet was to endeavour to obtain command of the sea with the *ultimate object* of destroying the enemy's trade. This is a clear recognition of the necessity of concentrating with the one definite object of winning command of the sea, after which X Fleet would be at liberty to do what it pleased. It is a serious criticism of Admiral Wilson's action in turning aside his destroyers to attack commerce that he weakened his concentration against the enemy. Such action could only be justified if it forced his opponent to disperse his forces in a greater degree, or if Admiral Wilson believed destroyers to be useless for their proper purpose. We all know Admiral Wilson to have the highest opinion of torpedo craft. One is therefore driven to the conclusion that he believed the material loss to British trade resulting from his tactics would cause his opponent to disperse his forces for the protection of that trade. This assumes that the concentration principle he found so useful for his cruisers was inapplicable to his destroyers, and such an assumption is I think at best a very doubtful one.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

"CARLYON BELLAIRS."

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PROFESSOR KOCH: THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF TUBERCULOSIS

"WE managed to live and enjoy life before we knew anything about germs and bacteria; why should we make such a fuss about them nowadays?" How often has such a statement been made, and the resulting question asked during the last ten or fifteen years, especially by those who ave watched, with a half-aroused interest, the efforts that have been made by medical men and others to hold in check the fearful scourge of pulmonary consumption and other tubercular diseases. In most cases the questioner appears to expect that his query will be so answered that he may go his way comforted by the suggestion that the ravages of bacteria are carried on only in the minds of faddists, and that the disease germ is but the creature of a disordered imagination. Some have gone so far as to hint that germs could play little or no part in setting up disease, as "*since they had been discovered almost all the diseases supposed to be produced by them had steadily decreased.*" Fortunately such methods of reasoning are not generally adopted, or the evidence that bacteria and disease are in no way related would be almost overwhelming.

Professor Koch, in his admirable address to the recent British Congress on Tuberculosis, said that it had set before itself a most difficult task, but one in which labour was most sure of its reward, when it undertook not only to bring

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together all current information on the great subject with which it had set itself to deal, but to sift and classify that information in such fashion that it might be safely placed in the hands of others than experts.

So much has been written concerning tuberculosis in recent years that even "the man in the street" knows something about it. It may be well to mention, however, that as the result of Koch's inquiries the term tuberculosis now covers a wider series of pathological changes than it did twenty years ago; changes, however, which have this in common, that they are induced by a specific bacillus, a bacillus that, by proper methods, may be demonstrated in every tuberculous patch. In the adult human being the disease usually attacks the lungs, and is known as pulmonary consumption, or phthisis. Later the larynx or voice box and intestines may be affected, but usually secondarily to the disease of the lungs. In children, the intestines or the associated glands are often attacked (tabes mesenterica, or consumption of the bowels), though in them also not so commonly as the lungs. Tuberculosis of bone, of the membranes of the brain, of the brain substance itself, or of any organ of the body—the kidney, liver, skin, may also occur. In fact, it has been demonstrated that, given weakened or non-resistant tissues, the tubercle bacillus, gaining access to them through a wound, by the lymph vessels or by the blood vessels, sets up a diseased condition known as tuberculosis. In the lower animals, similar though not identical baccilli set up similar though not identical processes. In cattle the disease usually occurs in the lungs; and it is recognised that these organs are most frequently and first attacked, because, as in the human subject, the bacillus is usually inhaled with dust or dried excreta from other tuberculous patients. But any of the other organs may be affected. In the pig and the horse the spleen is frequently found to be the seat of primary infection. The bacillus from the human subject, especially that contained in expectorated matter, appears to be much less virulent in its attacks upon animals than is that obtained from the bovine animal, but

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up to the present little doubt has been entertained as to the specific identity of the bacilli from the two sources: it has been assumed that the two are simply varieties of the same species, and that, therefore, the disease might be transmitted from one animal not only to others of the lower animals, but also to man. There can be no doubt that bovine tuberculosis can be transmitted to most of the lower animals, while there is equally little doubt that human tuberculosis is transmitted, though perhaps not so readily, to most of the smaller animals utilised for experimental purposes. These bacilli, in tubercular patches, long remained unrecognised because of the difficulty experienced in differentiating them under the microscope from the surrounding tissues. This difficulty was got over by Baumgarten and by Koch simultaneously, but the special staining method employed by the latter is now that generally used. The tubercle bacillus will grow only on special media and under special conditions, but Koch succeeded in overcoming all difficulties and in obtaining pure cultures of the bacillus (separating it from diseased tissues or excreta) with which to study its life history and to carry out inoculation and feeding experiments. Such shortly is an account of what we know of tuberculosis and the tubercle bacillus.

Forty years ago "consumption" was looked upon as a hopelessly incurable disease. Doctors and patients alike regarded a diagnosis of pulmonary phthisis as practically corresponding to the sounding of a death knell, whilst, more serious still, it was considered to be absolutely non-preventible. A few enlightened individuals there were who, as the result of careful observation, had come to the conclusion that not only is consumption a preventible but also a curable disease. No accurate information as to the real nature of the disease had as yet been obtained, but the few were convinced that it was of a distinctly infectious nature. Professor Brouardel in his admirable address to the Congress made the interesting statement that Morgagni, the great morbid anatomist of the seventeenth century, declared that he feared to make a post-

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mortem examination of the body of a patient who had succumbed to phthisis; and that he was not alone in this fear is evident from the fact that in Italy it was customary to burn the bedding of persons who had died from this disease in order to destroy any infectious material that had come from the patient and clung to the clothing.

In France, Villemin in 1865, and later Chauveau, and in Germany, Cohnheim and Salomonsen, demonstrated the infectious nature of the tubercular process; and in our own country much collateral evidence bearing on the same point was gradually collected.

That improved conditions of existence, better food, and general and personal hygiene were exerting a marked influence in preventing the spread of tuberculosis is evident on consideration of Dr. Tatham's statistics published in his supplement to the Fifty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England (and Wales), 1895, and again in the Sixty-second Annual Report, 1899, where we are informed that the aggregate mortality from tubercular diseases as a group has decreased almost continuously and uninterruptedly throughout the last four decennia (save one year), the rate having fallen from 3240 per million in the period 1861–70 to 1911 per million in 1899, whilst during almost the same period pulmonary phthisis accounted for a death rate of 2547 per million in 1859, and only 1886 in each million living in 1899. "In spite of this decline," says Dr. Tatham, "the aggregate death-roll from diseases of the tubercular group is still so heavy as to demand constant and watchful attention." How true this is may be gathered from the fact that in 1899 tubercular diseases in the aggregate accounted for 60,659 deaths in England and Wales alone, equal to 10·4 per cent. of the deaths from all causes. That we are not the only sufferers in this respect is evident from the statement that in France tuberculosis accounts for 150,000 deaths annually, or two and a half times as many as in England and Wales, whilst there are no fewer than "226,000 persons in Germany,

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over fifteen years of age, who are so far gone in consumption that hospital treatment is necessary for them." [1]

In spite of all this improvement there still continued a very marked sense of hopelessness in regard to consumption up to twenty years ago, when Koch made his great discovery that in the diseased patches of tubercular patients, whether brute or human, there could be demonstrated bacilli which in the two sets of patients appeared, at first sight at any rate, to be identical. The morphological and cultural characters and staining reactions were so constant and so similar, and the pathological processes induced when these bacilli were inoculated into different animals were so much alike that certain minor differences were looked upon as being merely accidental or varietal—certainly not specific. Here was a great advance. If Koch was right there was now some hope of cutting at the very root of the disease. "No tubercle bacillus—no tuberculosis" brought hope to thousands. Predisposition to the disease might be present, but even a patient highly predisposed to the disease could not become tuberculous until he was infected by the specific tubercle producing bacillus. How much this meant to poor tuberculous humanity can only be understood by those who had passed through the hopeless process of seeing patients infected and snatched from their very hands by a disease which seemed to be as obscure in its origin as it was changing in its form. The tubercle bacillus now came in for special study. Is it transmitted directly from patient to patient? Under what conditions can it flourish outside the body? By what means and through what channels does it invade the body? and what are the reactions between the bacillus and the fluids and tissues when it has effected a lodgment in the body?

The first real advance made, as was pointed out by Koch in his recent address, was that heredity as a factor in the production and spread of tuberculosis may be practically ignored. Even before the life-history of the tubercle bacillus has been thoroughly followed out, those who have examined evidence

[1] Koch, quoting from the statistics of the German Imperial Office of Health.

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on this point are satisfied that, though hereditary tuberculosis is not absolutely non-existent, it is nevertheless extremely rare, and we are at liberty in considering our practical measures "taken to combat tuberculosis" to leave this form of origination out of account. This was like awakening from a horrible dream. Hitherto the children of tuberculous parents had been looked upon as existing under an evil spell of great potency. By good fortune they might escape the disease, but a deadly fatalism prevailed. Doctors, patients, and friends were, as Brouardel pithily puts it, "lulled to sleep" by the formula of heredity, "which served as a pillow for idleness, and exempted them from investigating the origin of the mischief."

"No bacillus—no tuberculosis" was the formula that proved fatal to the theory of heredity, and in dealing the death-blow to this theory it put heart into thousands of those who have to deal with this scourge, and enabled them to offer comfort and encouragement to hundreds of thousands of those who would otherwise have folded their hands and cried "*Kismet*."

Professor Bang of Copenhagen has done good work in helping to prove that tuberculosis is not hereditary, and that good sound stock may be raised from tuberculous parents. He has done this in the case of cattle only; but what has been demonstrated in connection with one species may be accepted as true of another. If it is true of cattle, why should it not be true of man?

Taking a number of cattle suffering from tuberculosis, Bang isolated them on a farm, placing them under favourable hygienic conditions. The calves born of this stock were in turn isolated from their parents, and the milk given to them was all collected from cows with healthy udders, or if it came from unhealthy sources, was carefully sterilised. It was found that calves fed with this milk, if kept free from infection from other sources, remain quite free from tuberculosis, except in those cases in which, through affection of the womb of the mother, the bacilli can pass from the maternal tissues to those of the unborn calf.

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Such an affection of the womb is of exceedingly infrequent occurrence, and hereditary, or rather congenital, tuberculosis is correspondingly rare. Thus, as the old tubercular stock dies off or is slaughtered, comparatively healthy stock is reared to take its place, and Bang is satisfied that could ideal conditions be obtained, tuberculosis could be eradicated from his experimental stock in a very short time, whilst even with a small pecuniary outlay, and the exercise of a few ordinary precautions, a healthy herd may gradually be reared.

Although human beings cannot be isolated and treated like cattle, it is still possible to do much to prevent the transmission of infected material from parent to child, as, arguing from analogy, we may assume that it is usually only after birth that the infection takes place. Further, although there is still much to be learnt concerning the life-history of the tubercle bacillus, Koch holds that we are already in a position to affirm that a patient is a dangerous centre of infection only so long as the disease is unrecognised, or so long as no proper precaution to destroy all tubercle bacilli (which are easily destroyed and rendered impotent to work harm) that may come away in the excreta, especially the sputum, of the tubercular patient are taken.

When a patient and those who come in contact with him can be brought to recognise that his expectoration may be the cause of a deadly disease (even more deadly perhaps than that from which the patient is suffering) to those around, and when the friends of the patient come to look upon such expectoration as poison, but a poison that can easily be collected and destroyed, then the patient is no longer a source of danger to his fellows, and one of the main channels of infection is at once blocked. It is unnecessary to follow Koch in his able argument that each infectious disease must, from a preventive point of view, be treated in accordance with our knowledge of the life-history of the casual agent—germ or bacillus. It is useless to quarantine plague patients—even those suffering from the pneumonic form of the disease—if rats, which are the great carriers of the

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plague "infection" are allowed to run free amongst a healthy community; or to wage war against a cholera epidemic without attacking the bacillus in the excreta, and preventing their entrance, in an active form, into water that is apparently potable. All this is now accepted as proved in connection with the epidemic diseases. Further, there is now a remarkable agreement as to the main measures to be adopted in any campaign to be undertaken against tuberculosis.

England has for some time been in the forefront of the battle waged against consumption in its later stages; nay, even for patients in the earlier stages of the disease more has been done in our consumption hospitals than has been attempted in other countries, and all our foreign guests at the recent Congress were loud in their praises of these institutions. Indeed, Koch has been so strongly impressed by the results obtained in special consumption hospitals that he considers that much greater stress should be laid on the importance of providing ample and adequate hospital accommodation, with suitable nursing and treatment, than is at present done. Without in any way disparaging the efforts that are being made to provide sanatoria for those suffering from incipient phthisis, he contends that in any crusade against tuberculosis the first thing to be done is to trace, by enforcing notification, if necessary, all cases of tuberculosis, and especially all cases of pulmonary consumption. Those in need of special treatment and nursing should, he holds, be placed in hospital at once—or, if this be not advisable or possible, should be treated at home. In advanced cases there may be no hope of any "cure," but life may be prolonged and the last days of the patient made more comfortable, whilst, most important of all from the "preventive" standpoint, they are rendered innocuous as centres of infection. Housed in well-ventilated wards, they are trained to keep all expectorated material under observation until the infective bacilli contained in it can be rendered powerless for evil by the application of heat or some chemical germicide, and to sterilise everything to which these germs of

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disease can be carried and in which they can be harboured even for a short time. Expectorated material in handkerchiefs, in vessels, or on clothing once treated with germicides is no longer harmful, and the phthisical patients from whom it comes are thus far less dangerous as centres of infection. A stay in a consumption hospital is never useless, even when the patient receives no permanent benefit from the treatment, if the necessity for observing the few simple rules insisted upon in the ward can be sufficiently strongly impressed upon the patient before he is discharged. He then carries away with him the conviction that he is a source of infection to his friends unless these rules are adhered to; consequently, in most cases, he adheres to them.

Koch, whilst strongly advocating the extension of our hospital system for phthisical patients, is in full accord with those who maintain that the time has now come for the provision of sanatoria for the rational treatment of phthisical patients in the early (curable) stages of the disease. Open air, good, suitable, and sufficient food, plenty of sleep, and strict attention to the general rules of health appear to be the main elements in this "rational" system. Of course various modifications are constantly being suggested, and sometimes there appears to be a danger that too great stress may be laid upon comparatively unimportant details; but so long as the main idea is adhered to good results may confidently be anticipated. It is said that 20 per cent. of the cases of incipient phthisis that are treated for three months in these sanatoria are "cured." Probably a much larger proportion of phthisical cases recover without going to sanatoria at all. That may be the case, and still sanatoria may be of great value. In the first place, three months is far too short a period in which to undo the mischief effected by a long course of unhealthy conditions, and to build up and make healthy weakened tissues and perverted functions. The healthy human body is singularly insusceptible to the attacks of the tubercle bacillus, and even when the bacillus has gained a temporary footing it may with very slight assistance be driven out

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again, and every pathologist, now that his attention has been called to the matter, recognises that a large proportion of the aged patients who come under his observation have in early life suffered from some form or other of tuberculosis. Although only about 60,000 inhabitants of England and Wales died from tuberculosis last year, probably one-half of the patients who died from other diseases suffered or had suffered at some time or other from some form of tubercular disease. It is only as the conditions under which the patient was placed improved or deteriorated that he recovered or succumbed to tuberculosis. Sanatoria are places in which tuberculous patients may be kept under favourable conditions, in which the resistant powers of their tissues may be so reinforced and built up that the tubercle bacillus may be killed and the damaged tissue gradually removed, to be replaced by healthy scar tissue, just as damaged tissue is removed and the wound scars over after a superficial burn. It may take six months, or a year or more to undo the mischief effected during years in some cases, months or even weeks in others, but given the conditions that the general deterioration of tissue and function is not too great, the number of tubercle bacilli not overwhelming, and the local damage not too extensive, and the open-air treatment accompanied by good feeding and rest and the exhibition of a reasonable amount of common sense, "treatment" should prove efficacious. Consumption, in the advanced stage one of the most hopeless of all diseases, is in its incipient forms one of the most curable.

Professor Calmette, of Lille, recognising that amongst the working men in the large towns of the north of France much might be done in regard to the treatment of the early stages of tuberculosis, has started a dispensary scheme, under which working men may be examined when there is even a suspicion that they may be suffering from consumption. A chronic cough, a prolonged "cold," pallor, extreme weariness and weakness, and similar symptoms are taken as the basis of suspicion. A thorough physical examination of patients who suffer from these symptoms is made, and they are then treated according

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to the results of this examination. This extension of the system of notification should be followed by excellent results, for, as above indicated, the earlier consumption can be attacked the better are the chances of obtaining a cure, and the drafting of patients in the very early stages of this disease to sanatoria would in a large proportion of cases be followed by immediate improvement. Indeed, for them the three-months term of treatment, or perhaps even a shorter period, would be ample. In any such system, however, sanatorium accommodation must be much less costly—to the patient—than it is at present, and one of the most difficult problems still to be solved is—How is such cheap sanatorium treatment to be obtained? Although it would be inadvisable to discuss this question here, it may be mentioned that in Germany the "business value" of the healthy individual is so fully recognised and considered, that the insurance companies give pecuniary assistance to those insured with them to enable them to obtain the benefit of the sanatorium treatment, and that even the State keeps its eye on this matter.

As in the case of hospital treatment, the value of sanatorium treatment should not be considered to end when the patient is discharged. During his term of residence he has become accustomed to fresh air—he no longer dreads it; he has been taught what to avoid and what to take in the matter of food and drink; he sees how necessary it is to get sufficient sleep, and has learnt how he may most easily and with the greatest certainty render harmless to those around him the infective matter that he expectorates. He now knows that he is a centre of infection so long as tubercle bacilli can be found in his sputa, and that he and his friends must do as the old Italians did—burn all infective material and cleanse and disinfect the rooms and clothing used by a phthisical patient; that overcrowding must, if possible, be avoided, and that where this is not possible air and light should be admitted through constantly open doors and windows. Little has been said about light, but every medical officer of health knows what an important factor this is in the prevention and cure of consump-

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tion. Koch has demonstrated that the direct rays of the sun exert a most powerful bactericidal action upon the tubercle bacillus, as upon other disease-producing germs, whilst even strong diffused light appears to exert some slight modifying influence on these bacilli.

In regard to most of the questions hitherto considered, there may be slight differences of opinion as to details, but as to the main facts, and as to the general action to be taken in order to combat tuberculosis, there is practical unanimity. Now, however, we come to a point at which there is a parting of the ways.

As the result of his early experiments Koch came to the conclusion that tuberculosis, whether human or bovine, was really one and the same disease occurring in different species of animals. Virchow and Klein were not disposed to accept this view without question, but Koch's early theory that tuberculosis, whether in man or the lower animals, is in all cases caused by one specific tubercle bacillus, in which the differences are those of degree of activity rather than of kind for long prevailed, almost uncontradicted. Most observers, however, recognised that the bacillus of bovine tuberculosis is much more active than the bacillus met with in human tuberculosis, and that there may be some differences in size and form (as seen under the microscope), just as there are undoubtedly certain cultural peculiarities, the bovine form growing the more readily and luxuriantly on artificial nutrient media. Dr. Theobald Smith and others in America have consistently drawn attention to these differences, and now Koch himself has issued a manifesto in which he states that after carrying on a series of feeding and inoculation experiments on cattle—experiments which extended over a couple of years, and in which he was assisted by Professor Schütz of the Veterinary College of Berlin—he feels "justified in maintaining that human tuberculosis differs from bovine and cannot be transmitted to cattle."

Moreover, he gives his reasons for arriving at such a conclusion. Of nineteen animals that received either sputum

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taken from tubercular patients—or bacilli isolated from such patients—into the alimentary canal or the air passages, under the skin, or into the abdominal cavity or the large vein of the neck, not a single animal developed tuberculosis, and the injected bacilli simply acted locally as would dead bacilli. On the other hand, cattle that received tubercle bacilli of bovine origin soon developed characteristic tuberculosis. The experiments on pigs were not so striking; nevertheless, as was to be expected, these animals were not so susceptible to the action of bacilli derived from human patients as they were to those from a bovine source. The results of these experiments are very startling, and backed by the authority of Professor Koch must receive careful attention. Unfortunately, up to the present but few experiments on the infection of cattle with human tuberculous matter have been made, but taking into consideration the small number of such experiments, the number of positive results obtained, *i.e.*, the number of cases in which tuberculosis has been artificially induced by the use of sputum from human tubercular patients is very considerable. Taking those that are most accessible and concerning which we have most information, we find that in 1888 Professor Crookshank reported to the Board of Agriculture that he had been able to produce "grapes" (tubercular nodules) on the living membrane of the wall of the abdominal cavity of a calf, by injecting sputum rich in tubercle bacilli, derived from a case of advanced pulmonary phthisis. The animal rapidly succumbed to "blood poisoning," and although the tubercular process could be traced as commencing at and spreading from the seat of inoculation, there were changes that could only have been brought about by microbes other than those that produce tuberculosis. In fact we have here a case of "mixed infection." This should certainly be borne in mind, as nowadays physicians and surgeons are strongly of opinion that it is only when the tissues are weakened that the tubercle bacillus has much chance of making a successful attack upon the tissues of the human body. The commencement of an attack of tuberculosis usually dates even in the

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popular mind from some disturbance in the intestinal canal in children or from influenza, inflammation of the lung, or bronchitis in the adult. Alone the tubercle bacilli from the human source may be incapable of making good their attack upon the bovine animal, but with the aid of their auxiliaries, the blood-poisoning organisms, acting as an advance guard, they may induce typical tubercular lesions. This is a matter that must receive careful consideration.

In 1898 experiments on cattle were carried out by Professor Sidney Martin. The results of these experiments were embodied in the Appendix to the Report of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis, published in 1895. Six calves were fed on tuberculous sputum. Two of them received each 440 c.c. of human sputum containing a large number of tubercle bacilli. One of them, 56 days from the commencement of the experiment, was found to be suffering from tuberculosis of the intestine and mesenteric glands, and in the tubercular areas tubercle bacilli could be demonstrated. The second calf, allowed to live for 188 days, when killed was found to be quite free from tubercle. The four other calves each received 70 c.c. of human sputum containing numerous tubercle bacilli. This material, as in the first case, was given mixed with the regular food, and at one meal. These calves were killed at intervals of 88, 63, 85, and 288 days from the commencement of the experiment. The first was very slightly tuberculous, the second and third had distinct tubercle nodules in the intestine, and from these nodules tubercle bacilli were recovered, whilst the fourth remained quite free from the disease. Dr. Martin points out that in similar experiments carried out with tubercular material of bovine origin, the disease came on more rapidly, and was much more extensive. Still, he maintains that in the affected animals the results obtained with human material, though less marked than those obtained with bovine material, were in all cases distinct, or, as he puts it, "sputum is not so infective to calves as bovine tuberculous material, since not only did one calf not take the disease, but the other calf in eight weeks showed only

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a local lesion of the intestines and of the mesenteric glands, while in eight weeks after feeding with bovine tuberculous material, the disease has spread from the intestines and mesenteric glands to the lymphatic glands of the thorax and to the lungs." And again: "It is evident, therefore, that in the case of tuberculous sputum we are dealing with material which is less infective to calves than bovine tuberculous material. This lessened infectivity is possibly not only a question of dosage, but one of diminished activity of the tubercle bacillus in sputum as compared to its activity in the tuberculous lesion of the cow."

Leaving this aspect of the question it may now be pointed out that Koch states that the tuberculin made from human bacilli is apparently identical with that obtained from bovine bacilli, *i.e.*, the two act in exactly the same way when injected into tubercular cattle. This is most important if true. Again, the bovine tubercle bacillus is capable of infecting a large number of different species of animals. The same is true of the human tubercle bacillus, though—and in this my own experience is in accord with that of other observers—it is certainly a less active bacillus, producing lesions more slowly, though the final results may be equally marked and extensive. It would be contrary to all our experience in regard to the action of microbes if these two organisms, having so much in common and running so far closely parallel with each other, should diverge so absolutely at one point as they must necessarily do if Koch's theory is to be fully accepted. A second proposition put forward by Koch is that the bovine tubercle bacillus is almost harmless to the human subject, and is scarcely, if at all, transmissible to man. Without going into the evidence on which this proposition is based, it may be well to point out that many pathologists are prepared to join issue with the greatest of all authorities on tuberculosis on this point. The evidence on both sides is mostly of an exceedingly technical character and can only be dealt with by experts, who will have to weigh it most carefully, but certain cases reported

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by Dr. Ravenal afford evidence that direct inoculation of bovine tuberculosis into the human subject may, undoubtedly, be made. Three of the assistants in his department became accidentally inoculated, one succumbing to the disease, and a culture of a tubercle bacillus having the character of the bovine bacillus being obtained from another. He mentions two other similar cases reported, one in 1888 and a second in 1898, and two others, perhaps open to some slight doubt, although the reporter, Dr. Hartzell of Pennsylvania "felt able to exclude with reasonable certainty any other source of infection." These cases of direct infection cannot be ignored. It may be that the bovine bacillus is less active for man, but on the other hand it may be even more virulent to the human subject than is the human bacillus itself. Professor Koch added another to the obligations laid by him upon the science of preventive medicine when he announced "It seems to me very desirable, however, that these experiments should be repeated elsewhere, in order that all doubt as to the correctness of my assertion may be removed. I wish only to add that, owing to the great importance of this matter, the German Government has appointed a commission to make further inquiries on the subject." Here we have the true scientific spirit and the loyal desire to get at the truth at all costs that should animate all who engage in this work. Should Koch be right a load of anxiety will be lifted from the minds of all concerned with the care of the health of the community, whilst should he be wrong the many experiments devised for the purpose of obtaining light on the matter must result in much added knowledge and in new methods for dealing with tuberculosis.

In the meantime, however, whilst the subject is under consideration, and where so much doubt exists, it would be worse than folly to relax any of the precautions now generally considered to be necessary or useful in the campaign that is being carried on against this terrible scourge of the higher latitudes of the temperate zone.

G. Sims Woodhead.

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IS DISTRUST OF THE JESUITS REASONABLE?

"IF," says Father Gerard, in his plea for the Society to which he belongs, in the August number of this REVIEW, "the Jesuits are so blameless a race, how comes it that they have acquired so evil a name amongst so large a proportion of the peoples who know their name at all? . . . I must frankly confess that I have no answer to offer. Knowing what I do of my own knowledge concerning the Society, the idea formed of it by so many is amongst the most unintelligible of human phenomena." Perhaps it may be permitted to a Catholic layman, who is also a convert, to indicate some lines of the answer which Father Gerard confesses himself unable to give.

One may remark, to begin with, that Father Gerard rather exaggerates the feeling that the Jesuits inspire in the majority of mankind. A "mingled feeling of fear and loathing" for the Jesuits may doubtless be rightly attributed to the handful of educated fanatics like Mr. Conybeare and M. Yves Guyot, who bring reckless charges that cannot be proved and thereby play into the hands of the Society, or to the uneducated fanatics who still believe that Jesuits are engaged in the habitual practice of assassination and are accustomed to worm themselves into middle-class families in the disguise of housemaids. But ordinary people do not loathe the Jesuits, still less do they fear them; their feeling is rather one of discomfort shading off into dislike. The idea of fear and loathing is perhaps found not

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altogether unattractive by the Jesuits themselves, since the fear may be taken as a tribute to their power and cleverness and the loathing as a tribute to their sanctity. Indeed, although Father Gerard wisely refrains from giving it, the usual explanation offered by the Jesuit apologist of the dislike which the Society excites is that the Jesuits are hated by the world because they are pre-eminently the followers of Christ. It might be pointed out that to be hated by the world is not necessarily a proof of sanctity; the world hates criminals, for instance, and mad dogs. But, as a matter of fact, the Jesuits are not hated by the world. Your wholly worldly person has, as a rule, a sneaking fondness for a Jesuit; and among Catholics there are no more attached clients of the Society than those who belong to the class which the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant happily described as the "worldly-holy."

It may possibly be asked why a layman and a convert of no very long standing should essay a task which a Jesuit ex-Provincial finds too much for him. And if, indeed, we must become Jesuits, as Father Gerard seems to suggest, before we can understand the Society, the case is hopeless. But it is, I think, possible to obtain materials for forming a judgment without taking any such extreme step. And a convert to Catholicism is perhaps better able to form a judgment than is a Protestant on the one hand or an old Catholic on the other. One does not, as a rule, inquire closely into that in or with which one has grown up; one takes it on the whole for granted, without going deeply into its nature. But the case of a man who comes freshly from the outside is different. To him many things are new and strange, matter for observation and inquiry, if he be blessed with average wits and an inquiring mind. Two generations ago what struck the convert most in his new environment were perhaps the external differences in ceremonial, in ritual, in all the outward observances of religion. But, in the case at least of a convert from High Anglicanism, that is not so at the present day. To him, as regards externals, the changes are few and

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unimportant. For he has been accustomed to ceremonial and ritual observances; indeed to confession, fasting, and abstinence, to crucifixes and rosaries, and other things that to many Protestants constitute the most striking difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. His attention therefore—always assuming that he be ordinarily interested—is naturally directed to other matters. What more likely to attract his attention than the great Society which has played so large a part in the history of the Church during the last three centuries? In the majority of cases a convert begins with an admiration for the Jesuits; it is a mistake to imagine that the remains of Protestant prejudice will tend to make him dislike them; he is far more likely to embrace their cause with the ardour of a neophyte. Moreover, most High Anglicans rather admire the Jesuits than otherwise, regarding them as the typical Roman Catholics. Speaking for myself I can say that, until I became a Catholic, and for a short time after I became one, my feeling towards the Society was one of admiration. It was to a Jesuit Father that I went when I wished for advice in my doubts, and it was under his instruction that I decided on the step of entering the Church. If my feeling towards the Society of Jesus has since changed, experience and knowledge have changed it. I should add that circumstances placed me in a position to acquire more experience and knowledge of what may be called the inner workings of the Catholic body than are probably obtainable by most converts except in a very much longer time. An editor of a Catholic paper, if he be possessed of no more than average intelligence, has opportunities of making a fairly accurate diagnosis of the actual situation. My apology for these personal reminiscences must be found in the fact that they are necessary to explain my position, and that there is reason to believe that a large number of converts, as time goes on, experience much the same change in their feeling towards the Society of Jesus, whilst others become its ardent devotees; there are many who, like Cardinal Manning, come to regard it as one of the chief obstacles to the progress

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of the Church. The convert finds that the latter class includes Catholics no less orthodox, no less religious, and certainly no less intelligent than those who compose the former class, and counts in its ranks some of the greatest names in the history of the Church during the last three centuries. This phenomenon, which is not mentioned by Father Gerard, is, after all, the most remarkable in connection with the Society of Jesus; namely, that the opposition to the Society has always been at least as strong among Catholics as among those outside the Church; indeed, it is among Catholics that the most effective opponents of the Society have been found, because they have understood the real situation. This it is which makes the position of the Society unique in the history of the Church; it is impossible to suppose that so constant a feeling, in which popes and saints have shared, has had no substantial cause. Remarkable as is the phenomenon to which I have referred, I cannot understand any intelligent Catholic finding it unintelligible, for the temper and spirit of the Society of Jesus are precisely those which make individuals disliked by their fellow creatures. The Society combines the qualities of a fussy, interfering woman with those of an officious detective officer. The one thing Jesuits never can do is to mind their own business and allow other people to mind theirs; they must, to use a homely phrase, have a finger in every pie. And it is not merely that they are interfering and inquisitive, but that they also love to rule and to domineer: a not surprising revenge of nature on those who have forfeited so completely their personal freedom. In the same spirit the Society seems not to be happy unless some of its members are always occupying a leading position and basking in the smiles of the great and the wealthy; and it grows restive at any activity on the part of Catholics that are independent of its influence. The Jesuits will not even brook indifference to their own attractions: no jealous woman ever felt the *spretae injuria formae* so keenly as does the Society of Jesus. Hence, throughout its history the Society has been an element of

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discord in the Church; quarrels with the Dominicans in China and in Rome, with the Benedictines, whether as owners of property in Germany or as students in France, with the French Oratorians, with the English secular clergy, with bishops everywhere; these make up a large part of the history of the Society. Nor, while professing the most ardent devotion to the Holy See, have the Jesuits hesitated on occasion, when it suited their purpose, to flout the Pope himself, to disobey his commands, and even in one instance (though the Chinese Emperor alone appeared as the immediate agent) to cause his legate to be imprisoned, if not done to death. In all their quarrels the Jesuits were not, of course, in the wrong; in many they might have been right; but when one sees an individual constantly quarrelling with every one with whom he comes into contact, one draws the conclusion that he is the person most to blame. It is impossible not to draw the same conclusion from the history of the Society of Jesus, and it is easy to understand the petition presented to Louis XIV. so late as 1698 by the Municipal Council of Riom, in which his Majesty was implored never to allow the Jesuits to establish a school in the town, "afin de conserver tous les habitants de cette ville dans la paix, l'union et la concorde." The Society of Jesus has indeed been a stumbling-block and a rock of offence, not—as the Church must be—to the children of this world, but to the members of the Church of Christ.

In the burning question, as Father Gerard justly calls it, of the interference of the Jesuits in politics is to be found, no doubt, one of the chief causes of the suspicion which the Society has excited in statesmen and governments no less of Catholic than of Protestant countries. Father Gerard would have us believe that "if at any time any members of the Society have meddled with politics it has been in defiance of their duty, and a body commonly reproached with the absolute obedience it exacts, has been compromised by the disobedience of self-willed members." But it is a fact, not merely a reproach, that

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the Society of Jesus exacts absolute obedience. In it is realised an autocracy as arbitrary and complete as could possibly be attained in this world. The system has great practical advantages; the Society of Jesus is probably the most efficient human machine that the world has ever known; but it is a machine, and its working never has been and never can be altered. Individual Jesuits have entertained illusions on that point, and they have been bitterly undeceived. One cannot have it both ways in this world, and the Society of Jesus cannot enjoy the advantages of a highly centralised and autocratic system without its corresponding disadvantages. One of those disadvantages is, that it cannot escape the responsibility for the action of its members. The Jesuits themselves show by their actions that they realise this fact. People often wonder why they defend such men as Persons or Garnett, for instance, instead of throwing them over and disclaiming responsibility for them, as any ordinary society in the twentieth century might disclaim responsibility for the action of its members in the sixteenth century. The answer is that, in the very nature of the case, the Jesuits cannot and dare not take such a course.

To attempt anything like a comprehensive account of Jesuit political action within the limits of an article would, of course, be impossible. And it may be admitted that the more democracy advances the more difficult it becomes for the Society to wield political power, at any rate directly. It can never exercise the same power in the republican France of to-day as it did in the France of the seventeenth century under a *grand monarque* with a Jesuit confessor and "une maitresse apostée par le Jésu." But any one who realises how carefully and successfully the training in Jesuit schools is directed towards securing a permanent influence and control over the pupils will understand the indirect influence exercised by the Jesuits in the politics of any country in which education is, to any considerable extent, in their hands. Perhaps, however, Jesuit influence in politics at the present time is most effectively exercised through the Holy See, over which the

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control of the Society is considerable; that control comes from the power of the purse. By far the most wealthy of the religious orders (and its wealth is very great), the Society of Jesus has for a long time advanced large sums of money towards meeting the heavy expenses of the Papacy, naturally not without a *quid pro quo*. This is, in part at least, the explanation of certain tendencies of Vatican policy during the last few years, such as were exhibited in the violent attacks of the Vatican press on England. Those tendencies have been found unintelligible by people who do not understand that a Pope is not his own master and that the real supreme government of the Church is a bureaucracy.

As it is possible only to give instances of Jesuit political activity they may most conveniently be drawn from English history. Two recently published books—one written by a Catholic priest, the other by a Protestant layman—give together what is perhaps the most complete account in a reasonably concise form of the part played by the Jesuits in English politics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.[1] To my mind both Father Taunton and Major Hume have incidentally done a service to English Catholics; for the conclusion that any unprejudiced reader will draw from the facts that they have collected will be that on the Jesuits, not on English Catholics as a body, lies the responsibility for the plots and intrigues which brought about the permanence of the penal laws, and attached to the Catholic body for two centuries the stigma of disloyalty. There is not the smallest evidence that the men who directed these political schemes acted otherwise than in accordance with the mind of their superiors; the evidence is all the other way. Take, for instance, the case of Robert Persons: he was known throughout Europe as an active politician, and his career continued unchecked for sixteen years after the passing, by the Fifth General Congregation,

[1] "The History of the Jesuits in England," by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton (London: Methuen & Co.). "Treason and Plot," by Martin A. S. Hume (London: Nisbet & Co.).

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of the decree quoted by Father Gerard. Major Hume gives in his book an exhaustive account of the Jesuit plots after that date based on unimpeachable evidence. The fact is that, whether or not the authority of a General Congregation is supreme in theory, it was overruled in practice on this occasion by Aquaviva, the General of the Society, who showed his approval of his disobedient and self-willed son by appointing him Prefect of the Mission in England, and conferring upon him in 1606 (the very year in which Paul V. incorporated the "solemn injunction" of the General Congregation in a Bull) extraordinary powers in that capacity.[1] English Catholics have reason bitterly to regret the political action of the Jesuits under the guidance of Persons. By their attempt to subjugate England to Spain, the Jesuits placed English Catholics in the terrible position of being forced to choose between their country and their religion; by their intrigues against the proposals for the toleration of Catholics by the English Government, the Jesuits made an understanding between the Government and the Catholics impossible; only too many of those who went to the gallows were victims, in fact, of the political schemes of the Society of Jesus as much as of the penal laws. In the reign of James II. those schemes were renewed with equally disastrous results. The career of Edward Petre is hardly reconcilable with Father Gerard's theory. Petre was, for a short time, one of the most powerful influences in English politics, and there is ample evidence[2] to show that, far from being disobedient to his superiors, Petre was a tool in their hands. This member of a society prohibited by its supreme authority from interfering in politics, was made a Privy Councillor with the consent of his Provincial, and the General of the Society allowed him to hold the position. The authority to whom the Jesuits were indeed disobedient was the Pope, Innocent XI., who protested in vain against the advancement of Petre, and in vain urged

[1] "The History of the Jesuits in England," pp. 368–370.

[2] *Op. cit.* pp. 444–461.

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James II. to wiser counsels than those given him by his Jesuit advisers.[1]

Perhaps the moral teaching and practice of the Society of Jesus have been even more potent factors in arousing the dislike both of Goverments and individuals than have been its political intrigues. Many of the numerous lax propositions condemned in 1679 by Innocent XI. were precisely those commonly found in the works of Jesuit moral theologians; and in spite of that condemnation the character of Jesuit moral theology remains, at least in practice, essentially what it was before. And it is the practice that is important. Protestant controversialists have wasted much time, ink, and paper in trying to prove that Jesuits teach the doctrine that any means are lawful to attain a just end; what really matters is the fact that Jesuits and those who are directed by them so often act as if they did in fact hold that doctrine, particularly where the supposed interests of religion are concerned. Nothing is more painful to a convert than the discovery that pious ecclesiastics, having no doubt "purified their intention," consider themselves able "safely" to act in a way which even the ordinary man of the world would consider dishonourable. This comes, I think, from the fact that the ordinary Jesuit teaching on the subject of truthfulness has great influence in the whole range of education. It is not, indeed, too much to say that the Jesuit teaching is the dominant teaching in the Catholic schools at the present time. This must ultimately have, and in fact has, its influence on the body at large, although there are schools where the Jesuit teaching on this subject is by no means adhered to. Nowhere, as Newman said, does one find such honest and straightforward men as are to be found among old Catholics, but this fact cannot blind one to the other side of the case. The discomfort exhibited by converts is not in the vast majority of cases due to doubts or difficulties about the Catholic faith, still less to even the faintest suspicion that they have been mistaken in taking the step; it arises from other and more common-

[1] "The History of the Jesuits in England," pp. 448–451.

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place causes. In England, whatever chicanery and dishonesty there may be in business (and I am far from minimising the evil or the extent of commercial immorality), at least one can, in the great majority of cases, accept the word of an educated man in his private and personal relations. Accustomed as one is to such conditions one finds it disconcerting to deal with people (especially "religious" people) as to whom one may have to ask oneself such questions as "Does he really mean what he says?" "Is there anything behind it?" "Has he any ulterior motive?" and—in the case of a Jesuit, particularly if he professes "liberal" opinions and talks against his own Society—"Is he trying to draw me?" And the point is that this is the result, not of a natural untrustworthiness on the part of certain individuals, such as is common to all communities in some degree, but of the application of a carefully elaborated theory.

Any one who will take the trouble to look through a pamphlet by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J., published some time ago by the Catholic Truth Society,[1] will sufficiently understand the nature of this theory and its probable results. The pamphlet was intended as a vindication of Catholic moral theologians against the attacks, apparently neither particularly intelligent nor particularly accurate, of a well-known Nonconformist minister, and it may be taken as an authoritative statement in a popular form of Jesuit moral teaching. In Father Smith's treatment of the question whether it is ever permissible to depart from the truth is to be found the distorted conscience which lies at the root of the currently inadequate appreciation of the value of truthfulness in itself as a moral and religious virtue. I imagine that, as the *Spectator* put it in a passage quoted by Father Smith, "the healthy instincts of every human being endowed with a normal conscience" revolt against the morbid scrupulosity which will have it that it is never under any circumstances justifiable to depart

[1] "Dr. Horton on Catholic Truthfulness," by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. (London: Catholic Truth Society).

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from the truth. It is probably just because Father Smith (following, so he tells us, the majority of moral theologians) starts with that absolute principle that he is led into subterfuges which must end in being fatal to native truthfulness and social confidence. For the application of the absolute principle admitting of no exception is so intolerable in practice that he is obliged to evade it, and scrupulosity, as is always the case, comes to much the same thing in the end as unscrupulousness. The extreme cases in which it is justifiable to lie are very rare, and are easily recognised by every healthy-minded person; his own conscience and common sense are quite sufficient guides. There may be a very exceptional case in which a man may have some difficulty in deciding whether he shall tell the truth or not, but even in such a case it is better that he should take the responsibility of deciding for himself. A man who, in an extreme case of necessity, takes the responsibility of telling a falsehood does not vitiate his moral sense even if he is not fully convinced that he is justified. He is in no danger of being led into habits of untruthfulness by such an action, and it is far better for his character to tell a straightforward lie than to palter with God and his conscience by using an equivocation. But a man who, fortified by a probable opinion of moral theologians, says "No" in reply to a question to which the truthful answer would be "Yes," meaning in his own mind "No, in so far as I have any information communicable to you," and salves his conscience by calling this an "equivocation," or a "customary restriction," is undermining the very foundations of truthfulness by refusing to recognise the fact that he is telling an untruth and deceiving his neighbour, and that the pretended ambiguity of his reply is a subterfuge. One who begins by playing tricks of that kind with himself under circumstances which he believes to justify him will drift into the habit of playing them when it is merely convenient, and blur in his own mind the distinction between truth and falsehood. What indeed is left if it be taught that "Yes" and "No" can be under any circumstances ambiguous replies? This is what Father

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Smith teaches; he maintains that under certain circumstances the answer "No" may be an ambiguous phrase, capable of a truthful as well as of an untruthful interpretation. In nothing is the distortion of mind which leads to such teaching more apparent than in the analogies which Father Smith draws between real "customary restrictions" such as the reply, "Not at home" given by a servant to a caller, and the replies which are called "customary restrictions" by Jesuit theologians. Father Smith, for instance, holds with Pruner that a wife who has been guilty of unfaithfulness to her husband is justified in denying the fact if her husband questions her on the subject,[1] and this, forsooth, on the ground that her "No" would be a "customary restriction" in the same sense as the phrase "Not at home," in virtue of "the customary understanding between right-minded persons." He ignores the important distinction that the phrase "Not at home" used under one particular set of circumstances has a definite meaning not really ambiguous, and known to everybody, that everybody knows that it is used with that meaning, and therefore its use deceives nobody; whereas the denial of the wife in the case mentioned would deceive her husband (who could not possibly know whether she were using a "restriction" or not), and would be intended to do so. The teaching of Father Smith that a husband has no right to expect the truth from his wife in such a matter, and that she has a right to protect her "lawful secret," is sufficiently immoral and anti-social. After this it is not surprising to find Father Smith defending (though he declines to say whether or not he accepts it) the opinion of Diana that a man who has seduced a girl under promise of marriage is not bound to marry her if he is of much higher rank or much more wealthy than she.[2] Father Smith says that most wealthy English parents would act on this advice if their sons had involved themselves. Some probably would; but moral theology ought surely to have a higher standard than the man of the world.

[1] P. 42. [2] Pp. 50–51.

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The strange thing is that the men who teach doctrines of this kind and teach others to act upon them are not in the least the monsters of iniquity that Exeter Hall imagines them; they are the very opposite. They are quite sincere and devout persons, some of them very amiable if not particularly clever. It is their misfortune and not their fault that they have received a training which prevents them from seeing straight. Most of the Jesuit subjects are taken from their own schools; they enter the novitiate when they are still in their teens; their training lasts for years; and when they emerge from the hothouse, at the age of from thirty to thirty-five, they are absolutely ignorant of the world, and, what is worse, have a ludicrously distorted idea of it. For the wickedness of the world and their exceeding happiness in having escaped from it have been impressed upon them with an exaggeration at once humorous and pathetic. Even the exceptional men, who have not been brought up at a Jesuit school, have to pass through the Jesuit schools of theology, and adopt as their own the teaching current in them. They start, therefore, with a low view of ordinary human nature and its possibilities, and a view which is essentially false. Jesuit moral theology is, at bottom, an attempt, not so much to raise humanity to the level of Christian morality, as to adapt morality to humanity as the Jesuits misunderstand it. It is impossible to judge the Jesuits by the same standards as other people, for they live in an environment of their own, an environment as far apart from that of ordinary society as if it were in another planet. It is the business of the Jesuit Superior to become acquainted, if possible, with even the most intimate thoughts of those under him, and it is the duty of every Jesuit to report to the Superior the words and actions of any of his brethren which can conduce towards that knowledge. From such a system one can only expect the results that in fact come from it. The mischief is that the Jesuits try to bring their environment with them into the Catholic body, and to some extent they succeed. And the Jesuit training results in intellectual no

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less than in moral limitations. That training it is which has made Father Gerard incapable of answering the question which he himself puts, and has led him to support his case by arguments, the invalidity of which must be apparent to any intelligent person who has not had a Jesuit training. Of Father Gerard's own intelligence there can be no doubt; he is unquestionably one of the most able and most learned of the English Jesuits. There is no question either of his sincerity. How comes it, then, that he thinks that he can answer the charge brought against the Jesuits of interference in politics merely by quoting the opinion of a Jesuit Father in the seventeenth century (hardly an impartial witness), and a decree of a General Congregation at the end of the sixteenth century which he regards as being so conclusive as to need no comment? He is simply following the *a priori* and syllogistic method of reasoning which he has been trained to regard as the only safe one. His syllogism is perfect; the General Congregation is the supreme authority of the Society, and all the Jesuits are bound to obey its decrees; the General Congregation has decreed that Jesuits shall not interfere in politics; therefore Jesuits do not interfere in politics. The argument is logically unassailable; its only weakness is that it bears no relation to facts.

The purpose of this article being to attempt an answer to the question asked and left unanswered by Father Gerard, it does not come within its scope to deal with the many good qualities which attract to the Jesuits the warm and sometimes unreasoning admiration of many Catholics. That they have such qualities must be apparent to every one; for without them they could never have excited such admiration nor gained such a position in the Church. For my part I recognise to the full the zeal and activity of the Jesuits, their marvellous organisation, their splendid work in the mission field, and the self-abnegation of many among them. Nor, although this is not the first time that I have drawn attention to the characteristics which, in my opinion, counterbalance those qualities, is

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it any pleasure to me to do so. But, seeing and knowing on the one hand the workings of things inside the Church, and on the other hand the very general misunderstanding of them that prevails outside, I feel that, if Catholic matters are to be dealt with at all, they must be dealt with as they are and not be tricked out to make a brave show to the world. The misunderstanding on the part of the outside public is in large measure due to the fact that the public is misled by Catholics themselves, many of whom are given to what I cannot but consider a misapplication of the *disciplina arcani*. In the case of the Society of Jesus this is particularly noticeable. Some Catholics seem to look upon the Society as something sacrosanct and almost to identify it with the Church; a word that is not to its praise is denounced as something very near heresy, and criticism of the Society is apt to be met by abuse rather than by argument. In this connection a recent correspondence in the *Tablet* arising out of Father Taunton's book is instructive, and its moral can hardly be missed by a Catholic. If Major Hume has not been attacked in the same way it is because he, not being a Catholic, could not be touched by insinuations against his orthodoxy or aspersions on his religious character; and he would have to be met on equal ground in the open, not in the columns of a Catholic paper. These conditions are thoroughly bad for the Catholic body and even for the Jesuits themselves. Surrounded as they are by admiring devotees they cannot see themselves except in the magic mirror held up to them by their admirers; and Father Gerard's sheer inability to comprehend the objections felt by many to the Society, or to understand that distrust of it can be more than merely unreasonable, is only natural. Perhaps I may venture to start him on a line of thought which may lead him to some glimmering of the actual state of affairs. How comes it, to take a concrete instance, that while there is lamentation at the Jesuit exodus from France among the distinguished and restricted circles that surround the Society, most priests at least shrug their shoulders at it? The fact is that more and

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more Catholics are beginning to think that the magnificently self-complacent boast of the Society needs modification: "le Jésuite coupe mais ne se coupe pas": it would, perhaps, be too much to say "le Jésuite ne coupe plus," but nowadays it certainly seems that if he "cuts" at all effectively it is at those who are of the household of faith. To sum up in a sentence: the question that arises in the minds of many Catholics is whether the Society, instead of being a strong tower of defence to the Church, is not rather on the whole, in spite of all that is to be said in its favour, an incubus and a hindrance to her work in the world.

ROBERT EDWARD DELL.

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MANCHURIA IN TRANSFORMATION

A SECOND journey through Manchuria, up the Amur river and along the line of the Trans-Siberian railway, has given me opportunities for seeing how Russia is proceeding with the gigantic task she has set herself in the assimilation of such an enormous slice of new country in the Far East.

While the rest of the Powers have been endeavouring vainly to bring the Chinese Government to a full appreciation of the gravity of the position, Russia, looking round, saw a second great opportunity for pushing her own interests. The Primorsk province and Amuria were already hers, but their possession was rendered almost futile by the great wedge of Manchuria, through which, moreover, the railway to Vladivostock, and—still more important—the line to Port Arthur must pass. The story is too stale now to need repetition, but I may add that only one version reached me from authentic sources during my journey through the scene of the late disturbances, and that version runs briefly as follows. It was considered highly desirable that some opening should occur—should be engineered, if necessary—for the marching of a considerable Russian force into Manchuria. This being the case no one was surprised to hear of "attacks on the Manchurian railways," followed by reprisals and by the massacre of Blagovestchensk, which disgusted even the better class of Russians themselves. *Apropos* of this "official mistake," as it

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is now termed, it may be noted that General Gribsky, on whom the blame was laid, and who was said to have acted under a misapprehension, received no punishment or reprimand, his recent removal to the Governorship of Archangel being the result of quite other shortcomings. The attention of Europe being directed to Russia's movements in Manchuria, diplomacy was called in to aid the sword, and at a convenient moment the Russo-Chinese Manchurian convention came to light. It is impossible to credit even the wily Muscovite with all the success his diplomacy sometimes meets: a good deal must be attributed to the fatuity of his opponents. On this occasion it was more than obvious that no one was in the position actively to prevent him from acquiring all the territory he wanted, but by putting pressure on China the Powers succeeded in inducing her to refuse ratification of the Convention, whereupon Russia, on the principle of "heads I win, tails you lose," was able to declare that if she could not have the safeguard of such a convention she must adopt strenuous measures to protect her interests and maintain order along her frontier.

It is well known that to maintain order on a frontier one must have peace beyond it, and in the disturbed and chaotic condition of Manchuria, where Russia had important railway interests to safeguard, this was no easy task. Russia has accomplished it to the best of her ability, and rather than leave it undone has neglected other interests, as I shall show presently. She has now over two hundred thousand men quartered in Trans-Baikalia, Amuria, the Primorsk province, and Manchuria; I may say that these figures were given me by Russian staff officers, and merely as details, not in any boastful spirit. Some slight idea of the nature of the Russian occupation of Manchuria may be gained from the fact that at Khabarovsk, when I passed through two months ago, there were no fewer than twenty-nine generals. The town, only a small village four years ago, is spreading rapidly, but the population, about 15,000, is almost entirely governmental and mainly military.

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The whole place simply bristled with uniforms, the officers were quartered in every house, and were sleeping in every corner of the military club, some six or seven in the billiard-room.

Besides the military occupation, enormous sums are being spent on fortifications at Port Arthur and on building a huge harbour and town, with quays, breakwaters, and boulevards, at Dalny, or Talienwan, the future terminus of the Trans-Siberian railway, which, it may be added, is to be completed, even down to pleasure drives, before the population arrives, and the whole crowned by a strong fortress. The fleet in the Far East has also been increased, and is now to be found almost entirely in Chinese waters. A significant and curious fact is that, despite the recent massacres not only in Manchuria but to a smaller degree in the neighbourhood of Vladivostock, Chinese coolies are proceeding in large numbers to Southern Manchuria and to Port Arthur, where, by working under the Muscovites, they are actually assisting in the Russification of their own country.

Another significant circumstance is that Newchwang, a treaty port and the natural outlet for Western Manchuria, is still entirely under Russian domination. Although all the Powers are supposed to have equal rights there, and though Russia has no trade while Britain has three-fourths of the whole, the Russians have appointed their whilom consul as Administrator, and have taken upon themselves the entire burden of municipal government, quieting all objections with polite assurances, and buying acquiescence of the merchants by the improvements they are carrying out. There is no longer the slightest necessity for a military dictatorship in the place, as everything is perfectly quiet, and the whole affair can only be taken as a part of the scheme by which Russia is consolidating her position. Doubtless under pressure from all the Powers she might be induced to reconsider her position in Newchwang, and even to evacuate Manchuria (on paper), but she is taking steps which make her influence so permanent that such a renunciation would be merely nominal.

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Meanwhile the collection of maritime revenues is to be carried on by Russo-Chinese officials—men lent from the Chinese Imperial customs, and trained by Sir Robert Hart, who will, nevertheless, wear Russian uniforms. For the present the collectors of inland revenues will be Chinese. At the same time some Chinese officials have been allowed in places to resume the administration of the country, but Russia exercises civil functions in the immediate neighbourhood of the entire railway line, and in all the principal cities and centres of trade. The Chinese officials who have been retained have been well drilled, and hold office at the pleasure of Russia. In large regions—for instance, between the Ussuri and Ninguta—not one Chinese official is to be found. Russian troops and Russian "railway guards" are everywhere. Russian passes are required to move about Manchuria, a Russian tax-collector is established on the Korean frontier, Russians are in charge of the naval docks and shipbuilding yards at Kirin. Russian bazaars are replacing the Chinese markets. The mining industry, formerly retained in their own hands by the Chinese Government, has passed entirely into those of Russian syndicates; land reclamation in the neighbourhood of the rivers is being carried out by Russian engineers; the large junk traffic on the Manchurian rivers is being replaced by Russian steamers and barges; enormous sums of money are being spent throughout Manchuria, and wages have risen from 50 to 100 per cent. So rapid, in fact, is the process of transformation that except in the outlying parts little remains of the old *régime*. Immense quantities of war materials and railway supplies are being poured into Manchuria through Talienwan and Port Arthur as well as Vladivostock, and so, by various means—not least of which is the pushing forward of the railways, to be described later—the Russification of Manchuria is going forward by leaps and bounds. Tactically the position of Russia is extremely strong, and it is now as impossible for her to abandon the country as it is for us to leave Egypt; indeed more so, for every Russian is pledged to, and believes firmly in,

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the policy which has led them across Asia to the beautiful and fertile provinces of the East.

It has, however, been said more than once in late years that Russia has "bitten off as much as she can chew" for the present, and there is a good deal of ground for this belief. Notwithstanding the large numbers of colonists brought out every year, the vast provinces of Primorsk and Amuria are still untouched, although they offer both fertile land and salubrious climate. It cannot be supposed that Russians are blind to this; and it speaks much for their estimate of the importance of Manchuria that, notwithstanding the incomplete state of affairs in those almost virgin provinces, they have turned their attention and energies to the assimilation of yet another—and that the populated and historic cradle of the Manchu race.

I have said that, tactically, the Russians hold a strong position in Manchuria, but there are many weak points in their methods of conquest and assimilation, and although they have hitherto met no insuperable obstacles in their march across Asia, it must be remembered that when they have lopped off the outlying branches of the Chinese Empire they will be face to face with a problem of a different sort. There are already signs that they appreciate this, and are prepared for different tactics, but before discussing this point let me give some account of one of their weapons, as employed in the work of conquest and assimilation—the importation of colonists.

Along the Trans-Siberian line and down the Amur river has been streaming steadily, ever since the route was partially opened, an enormous number of immigrants, increasing year by year, until last year it reached a total of well over a quarter million. The magnitude of the task of settling such a number of families in the vast regions now open to them cannot be imagined by those who have always inhabited a thickly populated country.

The colonists selected for Eastern Siberia must be pure Russians—neither Finns, Poles, nor Germans are eligible. The chosen families must first be brought great distances in

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Europe, and collected at places like Cheliabinsk, the border town between European and Asiatic Russia—whence begins their long pilgrimage to the Land of Promise. One passes many of these emigrant trains, loitering along the line, shunting on to sidings to allow the post trains to pass. The wooden compartments are not unlike the third class of workmen's trains in our own country, except that the seats are arranged in two tiers to provide more sleeping accommodation. Every family has its own big, dirty bundles of bedding, its pots and pans, and small household treasures. Hot water is provided free at all the stations, while milk, eggs, bread, and sometimes cooked meat can be bought from the peasants who come to the stations. Often there is a sort of wooden shed inside which a regular market is held. When Stretensk is reached, after an indefinite number of days—not unpleasant if it is good weather—the colonists are packed into barges, where they sleep like sardines, cook, eat, and carry on their domestic avocations in the scant privacy of compartments improvised with boxes and bundles. Some of these colonists may be Cossacks from the Caucasus, in charge of a captain, whose long black coat, glittering silver appointments, and array of murderous weapons make him a notable figure, even in a country of uniforms. Such a one we met who had just established a settlement in the Primorsk province. This man, of huge bulk and swashbuckling appearance, expressed much admiration for the country he had chosen for the land of his adoption, and, despite a patriotic weakness for the Caucasus, added to a strong contempt for all so-called Cossacks who did not hail from that part, acknowledged the superiority of the exquisite climate, fertile soil, and peaceful conditions to be found in the Far East of Russia.

The Government gives to each male colonist thirty *dessyatines* of land, so that a family of several sons becomes possessed of an enormous farm. Agricultural implements and cattle are also given, and an advance of money, nominally repayable in a term of years. Many of the settlers are simply dumped down at regular intervals along the Amur or its tributaries, on

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spots selected by the General Staff. Here they have wood for the cutting, fish, and a small market for dairy produce which they sell to the boats passing up and down. The villages are at a considerable distance from each other; frequently there is no school within reach, for these are only found in the larger and older settlements, and the people, thus left without education or ennobling influence of any kind, relapse into a state of semi-barbarism. Many of the farms are inland, away from the river, but the majority of the settlers live in the little log villages clustered along the banks, of which one passes twenty or thirty a day. On Russian maps these villages make an imposing show, but in reality they are, compared to the vast area available for colonisation, but drops in the ocean. A wooden church painted white, with green roof and cupola, surrounded by a handful of roughly built log huts; large piles of chopped wood stacked ready for use, and a *débris* of waste timber everywhere—such are the settlements along the Amur. The inhabitants of these villages seldom rise above the exigencies of daily life—to procure milk, eggs, and fish, sow a little grain, chop down the nearest tree whenever they want wood, and enjoy their *vodka* to the strains of a broken accordion.

The very advantages of his new home over his old in fertility and salubrity of climate seem to sink the *moujik* in a slough of content—he knows nothing of the "divine discontent" which might raise him to even better things, for life, or rather existence, is easy. He lacks education which might develop his imagination, and he becomes a mere animal, warmed by the sun in summer and by the big log fire which costs nothing in winter.

Summer in Manchuria is a feast of Flora indeed. The season is short, and into it is packed a variety of blossoms, a richness of growth, which can hardly be equalled in any other climate. We know how, even on the Siberian steppe, the too brief summer brings out a perfect carpet of hardy flowers, but in well watered Manchuria, with its rivers, woods, valleys, and great alluvial plains, the season is a perfect riot of luxuriant

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growth. Green fields stretch away to low purple hills on the horizon, and are dotted here and there with herds of cattle, while ugly little brown towns cluster in the shade of a few trees. The breeze across these verdant plains is laden with the fragrance of wild flowers, and within a few yards one may gather great bunches of lily of the valley, pink scented peonies, daisies white and yellow, with waving grasses, fragile trails of dog-roses, and many other sweet and homely flowers such as grow, only with less luxuriance, in our own hedgerows. Two crops of corn can be raised in one season, and cattle and horses thrive on the rich grass-lands.

As for the Russian towns on the Amur, they are as ugly as it is possible to make them, but after their fashion have some pretences to civilisation and comfort. Almost every one, for instance, can boast of at least one gramophone and one automatic organ!

Blagovestchensk, the most important town east of Irkutsk, has many large and well-built shops, two good hotels, and several fine churches. Its broad, straight streets, with their wooden *trottoirs* and the log-houses on either side, in all the ugliness of straight lines and white paint, must have presented a curious contrast to the crowded picturesque Chinese towns on the other bank, distinctly visible from the Russian side, and now reduced to ashes. The interior towns of Manchuria are purely Chinese, and very busy and prosperous, for as the Manchu aristocracy drifted south the energetic traders of Shantung pushed up north. The large towns are, however, somewhat scattered, and the intervening country much infested with bandits, who received a fresh impetus after the events at Pekin. This brigandage is Russia's great and certainly valid excuse, but she is taking steps rather out of proportion to the exigencies of the situation. To continue to speak of Manchuria as being in a state of war is absolutely inaccurate. There has never been any organised resistance, and that presumably is a necessary preliminary to a state of war. One hears nothing of this "war" on the spot. No engagements are reported and no

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particular interest is shown in military circles, which are only exercised about relations with Japan.

The weak point in the whole system of Russian rule and administration in the East is that the movement is artificially stimulated. All the impetus comes from Government, which initiates, carries out, and subsidises everything. To take first the method of colonisation, which has already been briefly described. The colonist is selected, imported, and started in life by the Government, and, as I have said, those members of the Russian family who might have produced healthy competition by their superior knowledge and more enterprising character are excluded, and the big, lazy, fatalistic *moujik* is left to muddle on alone. The dead-aliveness of all the small settlements is one of their most striking characteristics. As one walks through them hardly a soul is to be seen, there is no sound of voices, and no sign of work or amusement. Until eight o'clock, indeed, no one gets out of bed, even in summer when the sun is up at four.

In the Primorsk province, wherever he is able, the settler hires a Korean coolie to do the work, although by so doing he eats into his profits and destroys any chance of improving his position. The very beauty of the climate and fertility of the soil are incentives to laziness—it is so easy to live, or rather to exist. The size of their farms, too, discourages them—it is impossible to cultivate such enormous areas. Added to all this is the fact that very inadequate provision has been made for education, and that many children never learn to read or write.

It is obvious, therefore, that although the Russians keep on importing people every year, they have not succeeded as yet in creating even the nucleus of a really prosperous and industrious agricultural population in these territories, and whether the experiment is successful or not in the long run there are many serious contingencies to be faced in the near future. The same system of paternal legislation has built a town, complete in every detail, at Dalny before there is a population to inhabit it. Of course, the Government means

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to have a population at all costs, but the method of procedure is extraordinarily at variance with all recognised canons of colonisation.

A possibility which already causes much anxiety is that of an influx of Chinese, and even Japanese, into the territories under consideration. The results of such an influx cannot be doubted—they would entirely swamp and supersede the Russians by the force of their energy, perseverance, and adaptability. Russians are very much alive to this danger; hence the restrictions already placed on Chinese immigration, which are to be so strictly enforced that they will shortly exclude all Chinese from land ownership in Russian territory, and allow them only the right of petty trading in certain towns. Russia is prepared to go to great lengths in order to enforce these restrictions, but she has certainly a difficult task before her, for these are not merely small, detached tribes of warlike Central Asians who, once crushed, can never rise again. They are a homogeneous people, whose tenacity and persistence is unrivalled, and even the holocaust of Blagovestchensk, when between 3000 and 5000 perished in gruesome massacre ("went away," the Russians expressed it), has not prevented the return of Chinese merchants to that town in the short space of a few months. Rennenkampf's ruthless ride has left a track of burnt and blackened ruins where once were prosperous villages, but the Chinese are not to be crushed even by that. Back they swarm, like ants over the ruins, to resume their occupation of buying apparently in the dearest market and selling in the cheapest, and yet growing rich on the profits!

It is considerations such as these that cause thoughtful Russians misgivings as to the future. How long will their system of Asiatic conquest continue? How is the cost to be borne? How is the competition to be met? And if these doubts have force when applying to the Primorsk and Amur provinces, how much more so when Manchuria is in question?

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Whatever may be the misgivings of the Russian Government as to these drawbacks in her programme of advance she has evidently felt, as has already been said, that Manchuria, at the present stage of affairs, must be grasped at all costs. To this end Primorsk and Amuria are being neglected; Vladivostock has been almost ruined by an attempt, by means of the imposition of the European-Russian tariff, to force trade with Manchuria through Dalny (Talienwan) which, it is hoped, is to cut out Newchwang; the river communications on the Amur are starved in order to feed the Sungari and other Manchurian tributaries; the fortification of Port Arthur and the improvement of the harbour of Dalny are nearly complete; lastly, the Manchurian railways are being pushed on regardless of cost in life or money. The route from Stretensk to Port Arthur on the one hand, and to Vladivostock on the other, *viâ* Tsitsihar, will be sufficiently completed this autumn to enable M. de Witte and Prince Hilkoff, at different times, to travel over the whole route, going one way and returning the other. "De Witte," said a Russian official, "will return from Peking to Petersburg *by Russian lines*"—a statement which, if not absolutely accurate, is sufficiently so to cause reflection. A tunnel remains to be completed through the Khingan range, and there is a gap of some 118 miles still unbridged and unlaid; here the Ministers will have to leave the train; were it not for this, the line, which will be provisionally open for traffic next year, would this autumn be completely practicable, and uninterrupted communication from the Baltic to the Pacific and the China Sea would be an accomplished fact.

While noting the lack of life and spirit among the colonists of the Amur river region, due largely to the mistakes of a paternal government, which has given them at once too much and too little, it is impossible to travel for a second time over the great line which year by year brings the East in closer touch with the West without being intensely struck with the progress made in Trans-Baikalia, and even more between Irkutsk and Europe, in the last two years. As we passed along from

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point to point the different towns were celebrating the tenth anniversary of the visit of the Czar (then Czarevitch) to lay the first sod of the Trans-Siberian railway. It is almost inconceivable that in such a short space of time the route from Moscow to the Pacific should be practicable from end to end; that the Manchurian lines, begun only three years ago, should be nearly finished, and that hundreds of towns and villages should have been founded, of which some have already attained size and riches. Irkutsk, now within less than eight days of Moscow (two years ago the journey took ten and a half days) and three and a half from Stretensk—the navigation limit of the Amur, and close to the junction for the Manchurian railways—is one of the richest cities in all Russia. It contains splendid buildings, fine churches, a big theatre, colleges and schools, and the nucleus of an excellent museum. As one travels westward from this city the succession of villages is almost unbroken, until from Krasnoyarsk onwards to the Ural mountains one hardly ever loses sight of distant towns or villages sprung up round the wayside stations. Tomsk and Omsk, both situated on large rivers, have increased in size and importance—everywhere, indeed, there are visible signs of growth—and though much more might be done, especially in the way of agriculture, it cannot be denied that the Trans-Siberian has fully justified the expectations of its originators in opening up the country.

From Vladivostock to Moscow, in an almost unbroken line, first at some little distance, then closer, then in an uninterrupted stream, one sees the shaggy *moujik* and his flaxen-haired children. Not only has a band of steel been laid from West to East, but a human band of men who wear the same clothes, speak the same tongue, and bow down to the same God, as He is pictured on the same rude *icons*.

As for the amount of traffic passing over this line, I am not in a position to quote statistics, but the number of trains passed every day as one speeds along in the *train de luxe* is extraordinary, and every train is crowded. At Stretensk we

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were told that this stream is continuous both coming east and going west, though chiefly the former, and that the steamer accommodation is quite inadequate to cope with it.

Few Russians question the wisdom of the policy which pushed eastward to the Pacific. This has provided Russia with superior white man's countries and ice-free ports, and thus a Greater Russia is expected to arise which will eventually dominate the whole Far East, firmly entrenched as she will be in a field eminently suitable for European expansion. All this has been accomplished only by the expenditure of colossal sums. There is no doubt that her financial embarrassments are severe, and these will be gravely accentuated by the famine now overshadowing sections of the country. These conditions are, however, no novelties to Russia, nor does her credit with France seem to be endangered by them. The question is now — and in answering this all those drawbacks I have enumerated must have weight—where is the limit of territorial expansion to be fixed? It is possible that the weakness of Russia may prove her strength, for if she realises the difficulties of her position and halts at the present juncture, remedying the defects in her system of colonisation, and perfecting her communications, she will be able, by the strength of her position in the Far East, to accomplish much more. I am inclined to think that this is the policy to be expected of her in the immediate future; but those who may see in her quiescent attitude the somnolence of satiety must remember that she has other weapons at her command besides those of direct and brutal aggression.

The moral influence of Russia over China has made enormous strides in the last few years, and is bound to increase. There remains the possibility, already mentioned, that the Chinese may turn the tables and swarm into Siberia; but it must not be forgotten that whereas the Russian, in coming from Europe, has found both a better country and a more clement climate, the Chinese as they move north must face the rigours of a climate unsuited to them. This would

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not obviate an economic invasion of some force, but would probably prevent such a wholesale torrent of immigration as has been represented as likely to happen.

The integrity of China is one of the cardinal points in Russian policy, but it is an integrity which concerns merely the eighteen provinces. An eminent authority has assured us that all China needs is to be left alone, and that is exactly the opinion of Russia, who desires nothing better than to preserve that empire, denuded, however, of its outlying provinces, as a pliant vassal, who must be carefully guarded against the domination of any other Power. This is a very different "integrity" to that understood, for instance, by Britain, Japan, or the United States, who wish all Chinese territory to remain free and open to trade; different to the German idea, which lops off one province and dragoons another; different even to that of the minor European Powers, who are profiting by the general chaos to help to bleed the country to death. In other words Russia takes what suits her, and works for the integrity of what remains.

The Manchurian question being practically closed so far as the interests of any Powers save Russia and China herself are concerned, there remains the perennial affair of Korea, about which neither Japan nor Russia want to fight, though both feel that any overt act on the part of the other might compel them to do so. A great deal has been made out of the recent attempted dismissal of Dr. MacLeavy Brown from the post of Chief Commissioner of Customs, but, as a matter of fact, the interests of Great Britain are too intangible in Korea to be safeguarded by the presence of any British subject in an official capacity. We have seen the result, on a much larger scale, of regarding the presence of such an official as practically the be-all and end-all of our policy in China, while wider and broader issues were being sacrificed. It is of far greater importance as regards Korea to prevent, if possible, the countermining of Russia by means of a French or Belgian loan, and still more to assure Japan of our intentions as

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regards her opposition to Russia in Korea. We cannot afford to see Russia established at another Port Arthur, whether at Masampho or elsewhere, on the peninsula dominating the Japan Sea. The question will be largely decided by loans and railways, as has already been the case in Manchuria.

Although I am not one of the sanguine beings who believe the mission of Russia to be that of opening large territories to the rest of the world and therefore increasing the prosperity of commercial nations like ourselves; although I am convinced that the exigencies of her position, as well as the traditions of her policy, bind her to a system of exclusion and self development, yet I cannot help feeling that if we as a nation could only grasp the situation, could realise, as Germans have realised, the opportunities afforded by this bringing of the East into close touch with the West, we might reap some benefits from the great changes wrought by the enterprise of Russia. Two years ago, in travelling across Siberia, I met one or two Englishmen. On this occasion I have not met with, or heard of, one. There are only two English firms to be met with in the 4000 miles between Vladivostock and European Russia. The English tongue is hardly known. At the same time there are four hundred Germans in Vladivostock, the principal firms throughout Siberia hail from the Fatherland, and German is the foreign language of commerce, just as French is that of society.

There are pieces to be picked up, too, in the realm of diplomacy if we can only realise Russia's strength and her weakness. Above all, let us not be led away, as before, by assurances. We ought to know by this time that, whatever Russia's virtues, we cannot rely implicitly on her words. We can count on one thing, that she will act for her own interests and not for ours; and having a clear understanding of what those interests are it must be our study to see how far they march with our own, and at what point we are really prepared to make a stand and to say: "Thus far but no farther!"

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

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THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF JAPAN

THAT Japan plays an ever increasing, an ever more formidable part in the unfolding drama of the world is a proposition to which no exception can nowadays properly be taken, yet forty years ago it seemed as improbable that she would become an influential factor in modern history as will, let us say, Korea or Siam in the near future. But while the prominent position now occupied by the "Island Empire" of the Far East is acknowledged on all hands, the mere speed with which she has achieved her place of pride and power has carried with it, as was perhaps only natural, a kind of penalty of a somewhat serious character. For the very suddenness and unexpectedness of Japan's amazing leap (as it must undoubtedly appear to most observers) into the family of great nations induced a suspicion that the revolution, which made so startling a thing possible, was superficial and not likely to be fruitful in permanent results. It was widely felt, and said, that the replacing of the old order in Japan by the new—the imposing of the West upon the East—was not a fundamental, an organic change, but was unreal, insincere, and as inexorably sterile as any other theatricality; at best, it was an experiment, the success of which was problematical in the extreme. And though the unanswerable, inescapable logic of events has tended to quiet the sceptical and to lay their doubts, still there are some who remain unconvinced, and who continue to murmur

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that in the marvellously rapid westernisation of Japan not much more is to be seen than the nimbleness of the monkey and the imitativeness of the parrot.

Broadly speaking, there are two contradictory voices to be heard in England with regard to Japan: one in appreciation, the other deprecatory. One declares that Japan must be ranked amongst the Great Powers, both politically and commercially; but the other maintains she is not far from bankruptcy, and is drifting on to the black rocks of ruin. One dilates on the military and administrative capacity Japan has manifested in China and Korea during the last few years, and the importance of her place for preserving the balance of power in the Far East, particularly as a check on Russian aggrandisement, has a good deal to say on the size and proved efficiency of her army and navy, and points to the enormous internal development she has experienced since the accession of the reigning emperor. The other draws attention to the growth of taxation in Japan and the increase of her national debt; to the straining of her credit (from attempting too much) which results in reaction and depression (as shown recently by the failure of a number of banks); in the consequent comparatively low price of Japanese bonds in the markets of the world, as well as in the general stringency of money in Japan herself.

On the whole, the voice which predominates is that which is more favourable to Japan; enough, however, is heard of the other to engender a feeling of distrust—at all events, of timidity—in the movement of European and American capital towards Japan; and what is even more important from the high view-point of the peace of the world, to create a sense of uneasiness and insecurity with respect to the stability and political destiny of the Japanese empire. It must be admitted, too, that the actions and speeches of some of the Japanese in the Diet and elsewhere are responsible, to no small extent, for these uncomfortable ideas, and, further, that the recent resignation of the Marquis Ito, who is universally recognised as Japan's leading and most enlightened statesman, and his Cabinet, on

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account of what was practically a defeat on the Budget, does not tend to make the situation better. The purpose of the present article is to state clearly the financial position of Japan —in a word, to answer the question, Is Japan solvent?

As a necessary preliminary, it must not be forgotten that Japan is in a state of transition—this, to a very great extent, is the key to the whole situation. In this connection there are three things to be noted:

(1) While the westernisation of Japan appears to most Europeans and Americans to have been very sudden, yet it must be borne in mind that the Japanese themselves assert it has not been particularly sudden, but is indeed the result (still uncompleted) of a long period of transition, which began as far back as 1709 and is not yet ended. In 1709, a certain Jesuist father, Sidotte by name, arrived in Japan on a mission from the Pope, and though the missionary was not well received at the Court of the Tycoon, it was he who first introduced western ideas influentially into Japan, and since his time they have never been absent from Japanese thought. But change was slow, very slow.

(2) The process of transition was enormously accelerated by the American expedition under the command of Commodore Perry in 1853–4, and by the Revolution some thirty-five years ago, which led to the disappearance of the Shogunate and the restoration to the Mikado of the full sovereignty of Japan. The most remarkable indications of the pace at which Japan was moving, as well as of the road along which she was travelling, were the granting of a Constitution by the Emperor and the inauguration of a system of responsible government. (And with the establishment of the Diet, as the Japanese Parliament is called, came also popular control of the finances of the country.)

(3) The war with China, the issue of which so astonished the world, has had a greater effect on Japan than any other event in her history. 1894–5 may be described correctly—bar grammar—as the *annus mirabilis* of Japan, which makes a

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new date for her; all that has gone before is categorised as "ante-bellum," all that follows as "post-bellum." Something of the same sort was to be seen in the United States of America, where the struggle between the North and the South closed one epoch and began another—so much so that it was usual to say such and such an event happened "before the War," or "after the War," as the case might be. Japan's favourite new descriptive phrase is "post-bellum." I have lying before me a copy of the "Report on the Post-Bellum Financial Administration in Japan, 1896–1900," by Count Matsukata Masayoshi, and in it occur with considerable frequency such expressions as "post-bellum undertakings," "post-bellum national measures," and the like.

Since her victory over China Japan's progress has been in every way remarkable, but the process of transition still continues, and must continue for some time longer. Furthermore, the last six years have been not only a period of transition but of expansion; it is on account of this expansion that we are told Japan is bankrupt, or soon will be. Japan is accused—to put the matter in an expressive, if not a particularly beautiful, Americanism—of having bitten off more than she can chew. It is stated that the elation engendered by her easy triumph over China gave her a bad dose of "swelled head," which led her to embark on an ambitious programme far beyond her means or capacity. Is this true?

In the volume to which reference has already been made (the "Report on the Post-Bellum Financial Administration," written by Count Matsukata, formerly His Imperial Japanese Majesty's Minister of Finance in more than one Cabinet), there is a full presentation of all the facts in the case up to the Budget of 1900–1. In this book, which was printed at the Government Press, Tokyo, there is nothing of a controversial character; the Report is, what it purports to be, a plain straightforward statement of Japan's financial condition since the war and up to the present time. In many parts of this publication the English in which it is couched is often quaint

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and not seldom faulty, but Japan's financial position is set forth clearly enough. What are the facts disclosed by Count Matsukata's Report?

The following, which is quoted verbatim from the Count's report, is given by way of preface:

> The results of the Chino-Japanese war of 1894–5 have made it necessary for the Government to undertake so many new enterprises that the annual expenditures, which used to be about 80,000,000 *yen*,[1] rose suddenly to the sum of 200,000,000 *yen* in the Budget of 1896–7, and kept on increasing still further until for 1900–1 it stood at about 250,000,000 *yen*—an increase so sudden and so large, completely revolutionising the financial situation of the country. In drawing up the "post-bellum" financial measures, it has been the policy of the Government to aim at bringing about the economic growth of the country along with the financial, as the only policy destined to produce a lasting result. For this reason, while on the one hand the Government resorted to the increased taxation and to the public loan in order to obtain the increased revenue which was needed to meet a greatly expanded budget, on the other hand the coinage system was revised and the organs of monetary circulation were expanded, and other measures taken with the view to the industrial growth of the country.

It must at once be admitted that the increase in the expenditure of Japan is decidedly startling, and calls for explanation. In discussing the Budget for 1896–7, Count Matsukata himself characterises the greatness of the increase as an "astounding fact," and then proceeds to account for it:

> That there should be greatly increased expenditures, such as, for instance, the increased expenditures for armament made necessary on account of the extension of the Empire, and the increased expenditures for various new undertakings for the settlement of affairs in the new territory, was, of course, quite unavoidable. But the authorities never lost sight, from the very start, of the fact that the financial measures in connection with "post-bellum" undertakings must go, in order to be permanently effective, hand in hand with the country's economic development. For this reason Viscount Watanabe, the Finance Minister of that time, laid great importance on the economic development of the country, and laboured hard to develop the country's resources, at the same time perfecting its means of defence. In the Budget for 1896–7, therefore, it will be noticed that, side by side with the items of expenditure

[1] 1 *yen* = 2*s.*, 10,000,000 *yen* = £1,000,000 sterling.

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for purposes of armament, there are other important items of expenditure for the improvement and extension of the means of communication, which always have a very close relation with the industrial growth of a country.

The Japanese statesman, after boldly admitting the "astounding fact" of the vast increase in the expenditure of his Government, goes on to give particulars of the "Post-Bellum Programme" which caused it, and this is, in effect, to justify it, at least, to some extent. The principal features of the Programme were: (*a*) the expansion of military and naval armaments; (*b*) the establishment of an Imperial University at Kioto; (*c*) the improvement for purposes of navigation of the Yodo and the Chikugo rivers, and the building of engineering works on the Oi, the Abukuma, the Shinano, and other rivers in order to check the devastation caused by floods; (*d*) the colonisation of Hokkaido; (*e*) the improvement of railway lines and the extension of the telephone service; (*f*) the establishment of experimental farms and of institutes for training in all branches of the silk industry; (*g*) the encouragement of foreign trade; and (*h*) the establishment of a Government iron foundry.

It will at once be seen that the Programme can be divided into two parts: one warlike, the other unwarlike; or, to take another classification, one unproductive, the other productive. In the former category are (*a*) and partly (*h*), in the latter (*b*), (*c*), (*d*), (*e*), (*f*), (*g*), and partly (*h*).

Interested as the British Empire is, both directly and indirectly, in the military and naval strength of Japan, there is no need to make any apology for going at some length into item (*a*) of the Programme. At the outset it may be stated that the armaments expansion scheme takes precedence over any of the other items by reason of the amount of money it involves as well as by the general largeness of its plans and scope. Two ledgers, as it were, were opened for this account: in one was entered what was designated the "ordinary" expenditure, in the other the "extraordinary." Under the former heading came the increased expenditure for the organisation of fresh

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army corps; for various changes and reforms in the military system of the country generally; for a larger number of army schools; and so on. For 1896–7 the new charges on account of the army in this ledger reached only a total of 2,600,000 *yen*, but the sums to be spent in this manner were to increase annually until they came up to 14,000,0000 *yen*. In 1896–7 the sum of 770,000 *yen* appeared for the "ordinary" expenditure, under the Programme, for the navy, and this amount was to be increased annually, as in the case of the army, until it reached 7,000,000 *yen* (say in 1902–3).

The second ledger was a much bigger book, just about six or seven times the size of the other, and contained the details of an expenditure not far from 140,000,000 *yen*, made up as subjoined:

A. "Extraordinary" Expenditure, Military Expansion Scheme:

Construction of coast batteries . . .	*yen* 14,071,893
Furnishing arms, repairs, &c. . . .	17,334,890
Manufacture of arms	8,486,766
Expansion of arsenals	2,949,107
Buildings	479,575
	43,322,231

B. "Extraordinary" Expenditure, Naval Expansion Scheme:

Construction of war-vessels . . .	*yen* 47,154,576
Manufacture of arms	33,751,162
Building expenses	13,870,506
	94,776,244

The spending of these by no means inconsiderable sums was to be spread over a number of years—in some cases, five years, but I understand that all this part of the Programme practi cally has already been carried out, although it was hardly expected to be so till next year, or the year after.

With respect to (*h*) a sum of rather more than 4,000,000 *yen* was to be expended on a great iron foundry where Japan could get its own supply of iron castings for use in the Government dockyards and arsenals—a thing which would be absolutely necessary in time of war.

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The "unwarlike" items may now be considered. For a new Imperial University, to be established at Kioto—the other is at Tokyo—200,000 *yen* was set aside. The various projects for riparian improvements (*c*) were estimated to absorb between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 *yen*. The colonisation scheme for Hokkaido (*d*) included the building of a trunk line of railway, the making of drainage works, the building of dykes, &c., and was to cost about 1,500,000 *yen*. Then a large sum was provided for the improvement of the existing lines of railway (*e*) in Japan. It is instructive to read what Count Matsukata has to say when he comments on this expenditure:

> The traffic on the Government railways has been yearly on the increase, so that the old lines and carriages have come to be hardly sufficient for the daily need. It came seriously to be feared that should another war occur the military needs would monopolise these lines, excluding from them almost entirely the ordinary traffic. For this reason, it was decided to lay another track of railway, parallel with the old, on the Tokai-do, making this trunk line double-track throughout its entire length. It was also decided to make many necessary improvements in the accommodating capacities of station-buildings along the Tokai-do line, and also along the Shin-yetsu line, as well as to increase the number of carriages in use on these lines, so as to facilitate the conveyance of passengers and goods.

Hand in hand with these railway betterments went a scheme for the extension of the telephone service. The total amount required for both railways and telephones was a little under 40,000,000 *yen*, and the disbursement on these two accounts was to extend from 1896-7 to 1902-3. The sums set aside for items (*f*) and (*g*) of the Programme were small, their total being about 100,000 *yen*.

To summarise the Programme, as outlined in 1896-7:

The "warlike" part of the Programme (including the iron foundry) was to absorb 142,000,000 *yen;* the "unwarlike," 52,000,000. In terms of sterling, the whole amounted to about £19,500,000. Further, there has to be added to the "warlike" expenditure a sum increasing from 3,500,000 *yen* in 1896-7 to 21,000,000 in 1902—say 10,000,000 a year for six years, or 60,000,000 *yen* in all. The grand total, it will be seen, is

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250,000,000 *yen*, or £25,000,000. These expenditures belong to what is known as the "First Period Expansion Programme."

The "Second Period Expansion Programme" was initiated in 1897-8. Again, the chief features were concerned with the expansion of the army and navy, but important measures looking to the economic development of the country were also outlined. Says Count Matsukata:

> As a sequence to the first period programme of military and naval expansion determined in 1896–7, the second period programme was adopted to be put into force from 1897–8. The second period expansion programme included works to be carried on in continuance of those under the first period programme, such as the construction of coast batteries, the building of barracks, the manufacture of arms, the making up of deficit in the funds set apart for the use of fire-arms factories in Tokyo and Osaka, and of Senju woollen-cloth manufactory.

And, as in the former Programme, the new expenditures were to be spread over a number of years, the time limit being 1905-6.

The gross expenditures for the military and naval parts of the Second Programme may now be given:

A. Military Expansion:	
Coast batteries	*yen* 6,460,520
Barracks and their furnishing	19,363,746
Manufacture of fire-arms	9,854,538
Making up deficits	2,679,790
	38,358,594
B. Naval Expansion:	
Construction of war-vessels	*yen* 78,893,399
Manufacture of arms	33,176,329
Various building purposes	6,254,990
	118,324,718

If these amounts be added to those under the First Programme (page 79), the following results are obtained:

Expansion of Japanese army, First Programme	*yen* 43,322,231
" " " Second "	38,358,594
	81,680,825

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Expansion of Japanese navy, First Programme . .	*yen* 94,776,244
„ „ „ Second „ . .	118,324,718
	213,100,962

Now, if we add to these figures the sums set aside for the iron foundry and also for the fire-arms factory at Shimose amounting in all to between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 *yen*, it will be seen that Japan's two Programmes for the expansion of her army and navy reach a total expenditure of (in round figures) 300,000,000 *yen*, or £30,000,000 sterling, not including those annually increasing amounts for both army and navy grouped under the heading of "ordinary" expenditures (page 81), the total of which I have estimated at 60,000,000 *yen*. Adding this last amount we get a grand total expenditure for army and navy expansion of 360,000,000 *yen*, or £36,000,000, under the First and Second Programmes together. But budgets subsequent to those of 1896-7, 1897-8, called for a good deal more money than had been allowed for in the original schemes. For example, the iron foundry instead of costing 4,000,000 *yen* has cost more than 10,000,000. And not only were there the original schemes to be carried out, but fresh ones had to be gone into. Thus "adequate defensive provisions" had to be made for the island of Tsushima and elsewhere. I think, therefore, I shall not be far wrong in putting Japan's expenditure for her army and navy expansion, consequent upon and subsequent to the war with China, at 400,000,000 *yen*, or £40,000,000.

The Second Programme, as well as the First Programme, has practically been carried out, though one of the battleships is not quite ready and the batteries may not in every case be completed. But, in brief, the money has been spent, and Japan is now in possession of an army and navy of which she is proud, and may well be proud.

It does not seem to me necessary to offer any defence of the "warlike" part of Japan's Post-Bellum Programmes. In the judgment of the Mikado, himself a peace-loving Prince, and of his most trusted statesmen, such as Ito and Yamagata,

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Japan's safety absolutely demanded these great increases in her national expenditure. And it must be remembered that though she was victorious over China there followed hard on the close of the war an event which she could not but consider sinister and full of menace—the combination (perhaps the most overwhelming the world has ever witnessed) of Russia, France, and Germany, requiring from her the retrocession to China of the Liaotung Peninsula. Under irresistible pressure, as it might well be termed, she did retrocede the Liaotung, the political destiny of which is now pretty clear to everybody; but the retrocession taught her a lesson she is not likely to forget, and that lesson was that she must be strong, and being strong would be respected. Therefore, she immediately set about strengthening herself. Nor do I see how Japan can be blamed for acting in this manner, provided always that in this military and naval expansion of hers she is not going beyond her means.

As a matter of fact, these vast additions to the effectiveness of Japan as a War Power have not cost the Japanese much; it is China, and not Japan, that has mainly borne the burden. It is from the indemnity received from the Chinese after the war that these great expenditures have been principally defrayed.

The indemnity received by Japan from China as a result of the war of 1894–5 consisted of the war indemnity proper of 200,000,000 taels, the indemnity for the retrocession of the Liaotung Peninsula amounting to 30,000,000 taels, and an annual payment of 500,000 taels during the temporary occupation of Wei-hai-wei. In Japanese money the total amount received from China was 355,980,868 *yen*, and large portions of this sum were used in the open market so profitably that there was a gain upon it of nearly 10,000,000 *yen*, thus making the amount at the credit of the indemnity fund 365,529,067 *yen*. With the exception of 20,000,000 set aside for the use of the Imperial Household, 30,000,000 for the "War-vessels and Torpedo-boat Replenishing Fund," 10,000,000 for the

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"Calamities Reserve Fund," and 10,000,000 for the "Education Fund," the Chinese Indemnity paid for far the largest part of the military and naval expansion Programmes.

The "Second Period Expansion Programme," besides vastly increasing Japan's war-power, by no means neglected the economic development of the Empire. Thus, fresh legations and consulates were established. Various measures for the promotion of higher education were adopted. Subsidies were given to the cities of Nagasaki and Osaka for harbour works. A great deal was done with respect to colonisation, railways, and other projects for the improvement and development of Hokkaido. New banks of the State-aided description were founded, including the Industrial Bank of Japan. Help of a substantial character was extended to the Formosan Railway Company. And so on.

The different "unwarlike" post-bellum undertakings of Japan called for far larger sums of money than she had been wont to have in her treasury. She proposed to meet the deficiency, which must result from carrying out her programmes, in two ways: by increased taxation, and by borrowing both in her own market and in Europe.

It is sometimes said that Japan is over-taxing herself, and that it is this in combination with other things which is now making for her financial ruin. Here I may be permitted to quote what the correspondent of the *Times* in Japan (Captain Brinkley, I think) wrote to his newspaper under date Tokyo, April 24. He says:

> An idea frequently expressed by European and American journals, that the (Japanese) nation is overtaxed, is not borne out by scrutiny. It is quite true that the State raises a revenue of 201,000,000 *yen* now, whereas it was content with 85,000,000 ten years ago, and these figures seem to warrant the common assertion that the people's burdens have been more than doubled in a decade. But several corrections have to be applied. In the first place, the ordinary revenue of Japan includes the gross receipts from Government undertakings and properties, such as posts, telegraphs, railways, forests, and various factories. These receipts constitute a naturally expanding factor, and thus an item which superficial observers class among the people's burdens is really an

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evidence of growing prosperity. That it is an item of considerable importance will be evident from the fact that, whereas this source of revenue stood at only 8,000,000 *yen* in 1891, it now represents approximately 47,000,000 *yen*. To put the matter shortly, the income now raised by actual taxation is not 201,000,000 *yen*, but only 135,000,000; and even to the latter figure two important qualifications must be applied before it is taken as a basis of comparison. The first correction relates to *saké* (rice beer). Ten years ago this, the one intoxicant of Japan, yielded only 15,000,000 *yen* to the State. To-day it yields 55,000,000. Such an increase seems immense, but in practice the *saké* tax is scarcely felt by the nation. It is an impost no one need pay unless he can afford the luxury of drinking *saké*, and the best judges are of opinion that the limit of taxation has not been nearly reached in the case of this article. Here, then, we have a difference of 40,000,000 *yen*. In fact, the increased revenue derived from *saké* pays the increased cost of armaments expansion. The second correction relates to Custom dues. These, under the old tariff, yielded only 4,000,000 *yen* ten years ago, whereas they now yield nearly 16,000,000. *Saké* and import duties thus account for 52,000,000 *yen* of the increased revenue, and we arrive at the conclusion that the nation's direct taxes instead of being doubled in ten years, as is commonly asserted, have only risen from 53,000,000 *yen* to 83,000,000, an increase of less than 60 per cent.

The *Times* correspondent in Tokyo understands Japan certainly as well as, almost certainly better than, any other European in the Far East, and his statement may be received with every confidence. Direct taxation,[1] he tells us, now amounts to 83,000,000 *yen*. The population of the Japanese Empire (including Formosa) is probably to-day nearer 50,000,000 than 40,000,000. Put thus nakedly, it will be seen that in proportion to population direct taxation in Japan cannot be deemed excessive. And, further, it may be mentioned that the incidence of taxation is so graduated that it presses but lightly on the lower orders, the result being, as the *Times* correspondent declares, that at no period of their history have the masses been in such easy circumstances as they are at the present time.

So, then, the charge that in carrying out her great schemes of expansion Japan is taxing herself to death may be summarily

[1] I am informed that in the 83,000,000 *yen* are included some indirect taxes.

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dismissed, the fact being that a limit to her tax-paying capacity has not been reached.

The second way by which Japan proposed to meet the deficiency in her treasury was by raising loans either in Japan or abroad. Here, it must at once be admitted, Japan has experienced a difficulty, and the political crisis of the present year, by which the Government of Marquis Ito fell, was brought about more or less directly by this very circumstance.

Japan's national debt now stands at a little over 500,000,000 *yen*, or £50,000,000 sterling—that is, *per capita* of population, a trifle over one pound sterling, which, it will surely be conceded, is no very onerous burden for a nation like Japan. By far the largest portion of her national debt Japan carries herself in the shape of "local" or "domestic" loans, bearing comparatively low rates of interest. Now, every one acquainted with the Far East knows that rates of interest rule very high out there, and that "cheap money," in our sense of the phrase, is not to be had. The Finance Ministers of Japan have found it increasingly difficult year by year (at the moment, pretty well impossible) to sell their Government bonds to their own people because of the relatively low rate of interest these bonds bear. Besides, money, for the time being, is scarce in Japan, and the rates of interest in the open market are very high.

Why is money so scarce, and therefore dear, in Japan?

The answer is, that apart from the Chinese Indemnity (spent, as has been stated, on the army and navy) Japan has received no influx of capital from either Europe or America. The Japanese have sunk the bulk of their floating cash in various enterprises, which have absorbed hundreds of millions of *yen;* as regards most of the capital required for the establishment of the many and great undertakings which the last forty years have seen, Japan has practically been self-supplying. As a natural consequence, "she now finds herself" writes the *Times* correspondent in the article already referred to,

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not only debarred from undertaking numerous other enterprises which would be lucrative, but also compelled to work many of her existing enterprises with ruinously expensive working capital. Investments which sound almost incredible in English ears go a-begging in Japan. Railways offer preferential stock at 10 per cent. to complete their construction; wealthy corporations are willing to sell 6 per cent. bonds at a considerable discount for the building of waterworks, and banks of the highest class gladly pay 7 per cent. on fixed deposits for six months.

Yet, the same authority assures us, nothing suggests that the people are suffering from impecuniosity. House building, garden making, social entertainments, and all the normal indications of affluence are visible everywhere. The truth is, that Japan in reality, notwithstanding these temporary financial troubles, grows richer and more prosperous as a nation every year; but, to obtain more quickly full advantage of her position, she needs to obtain foreign capital. Perhaps nothing shows more the rapid strides Japan has made than the simple statement of the fact that the subsidy annually given by the Government for aiding navigation companies has gone up from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 *yen* during the last five years.

Another factor in the financial condition of Japan is the appreciation of gold and the corresponding depression in silver. Steps have been taken to place Japan on a gold basis, but, of course, a change of this kind is not effected without some jar. It is important, however, to mention that Japan is definitely committed to a gold standard.

Yet another feature in the situation is to be seen in the proportion Japan's exports bear to her imports; at present, the difference between them has been greatly reduced, but, on the whole, the balance for the last few years has been heavily against her, as the following table will show:

	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899
Imports	138,000,000	180,000,000	261,000,000	324,000,000	220,000,000
Exports	136,000,000	118,000,000	163,000,000	166,000,000	214,000,000

Not a few Japanese contend that this state of things is disastrous to their country, and no doubt it would be if

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indefinitely prolonged. But the answer, generally, is that the imports have been chiefly made up of machinery, &c., by means of which the resources of Japan, many of them still latent, will be developed, with the most profitable results.

I do not see how any one who considers carefully the facts I have brought together in this article can say Japan is near bankruptcy. What is true is that she needs foreign capital; given that, her prosperity will be great indeed; while, at the worst, the continued absence of foreign capital can do nothing more than keep her back for a time. Improvements and betterments of various kinds may have to be deferred and postponed, as has been the case this year, but Japan is "all right."

ROBERT MACHRAY.

LONDON, JAPANESE LEGATION,
July 31, 1901.

DEAR MR. MACHRAY,

I have read your article on the "Financial Condition of Japan" with great interest. The conclusions you have arrived at, being based on unimpeachable authority, will fully dispel any erroneous impression that may have been previously made in the minds of the public by the rumours and reports originated by partial and superficial observations of affairs in the Far East.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

HAYASHI.

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NOTES ON MOROCCO

NATIONALLY we have often had to pay dearly for our ignorance. Countries of which we know little and care less suddenly become politically important. Then maps are hastily published, old travels are in request at the libraries, dusty consular reports are fished out of pigeonholes, badly pronounced names are bandied about in conversation, and "people" are galvanised into something which simulates interest for a few weeks or even months if the situation is sufficiently acute. Morocco has, however, just failed to become interesting. "Wolf" has been cried so long regarding the designs of France that nobody pays any attention, not even when a French army was known to be within three days of the "Holy city" of Tafilet. If any one suggests that France, having been permitted to absorb this dying empire, would undoubtedly recruit her army from its splendid fighting material, and might menace our position in Egypt and our right-of-way in the Mediterranean, acquiring, as she would, one of the pillars of Hercules, the cry is raised of "Pessimist" and "Alarmist." The wakening may come any day, and it will be a rude one.

Leaving, however, the political aspects of what will one day be known as "the Morocco Question" with the remark that of the Powers, France and Spain alone are interested in the acquisition of North-west African territory, and that the possession of a key to the Mediterranean is worthy of the ambition of the former Power, I should like to call attention to some of the factors in the present condition of Morocco

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which are to be taken into account in any estimate of her probable future. They are not new, but they are forgotten; and I offer them as among the most interesting of the impressions made upon me in a recent ride of 1000 miles through the country, in the course of which I visited the northern and southern Capitals, the Holy city of Wazan, the coast cities, many of the agricultural and pastoral districts of the interior, and journeyed among the Berbers of the Atlas Mountains as far as the Castle of Glowa on the southern slope of the Pass of the same name on the road from the capital to Tafilet.

Among the foremost is that the Sultan has no power whatever over much of the empire which is nominally under his rule—that he cannot collect taxes, punish crime, appoint officials, secure the safety of goods and travellers, or even pass himself, though with 30,000 men, from Morocco city to Fez by a direct route. It is out of this condition of no-rule that the present difficulty with Spain has arisen. While I was in Wazan recently, some mountaineers abducted a Spanish girl and her young brother and carried them off to the mountains, where neither Sultan nor Grand Shereef has any authority. The girl was sold to be trained as a dancing girl, and her captors refused to give her up except under conditions which no self-respecting power could accept. It is in vain to demand of Morocco a daily indemnity till she is restored, and stronger measures, such as are talked about, are not likely to alter what is really the gist of the situation, that the Sultan has no power over the mountain tribes. In their lawlessness and his powerlessness there are inflammable materials enough for a blaze at any moment. Practically there is no government at all in a great part of Morocco.

The insecurity has of late considerably increased, and is increasing—from Rabat northwards. Some of the roads are absolutely "closed," others are only kept partially open by armed men, while life and property are absolutely insecure. On the route from Fez to Tangier, which I have just traversed, caravans even of large size and well armed are daily attacked, and the goods and mules carried off to the mountains; and I owed my

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immunity from robbery to the vague dread which the marauders have of the consequences of molesting Europeans. The sheep and cattle of villages on the same route (even of a village belonging to the Grand Shereef of Wazan, whose religious position ought to have secured the safety of his property) are being seized daily; life is of no account, and shepherds, herdmen, and harvesters, pursue their avocations armed with long guns and swords for defence. The state of lawlessness greatly resembles that which I witnessed in Armenia a few years ago, only that in the Moorish case the depredators are preying on their co-religionists. There is, by all accounts, native and Christian, a growing unrest, which has increased since the present vizier, el Menebhi, came into power, owing to the drastic measures which he has taken to rid himself of rivals, actual or possible—to general dissatisfaction with the *régime* and the inactivity of the Sultan, and with the time spent by him on such "frivolous innovations" as photography, fireworks, cycling, and European dramatic *troupes*, to the neglect of his regal duties. The tribes are fighting each other, the predatory mountaineers are increasing in audacity, and are looting and marauding unchecked; every official is living in dread of sudden deposition, confiscation of his property, and confinement in a dungeon or worse, while the peasants groan under official exactions which leave them with only enough to keep body and soul together, many villages being left without a single animal for agricultural work. The fertile plain between Dimnat and Morocco city is studded with great towered castles of mud concrete, once imposing, now fast crumbling into ruin, which were the dwellings of kaïds and other rich men, many of whom have been thrown into prison by the Court in the hope of extracting large sums by way of ransom, but whose offers, or those of their friends for them, have not satisfied the rapacious expectations which had been formed. At Fez, the northern capital, which for wealth, trade, aristocratic families, learning, and energy, may be regarded as the Empire city, discontent is strong. The Sultan ought to be in residence there now; but the date of his leaving Morocco city, constantly altered during

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the last eighteen months, is still uncertain, greatly, it is believed, owing to the influence of el Menebhi, the Moorish envoy to King Edward VII., who, though a "great man" in the southern capital, would be a "small" one in Fez, where he was a private soldier, thankful to go official errands for two or three pesetas. It is a grievance that no Fez man has anything of a position in the Government among the many recent changes. Discontent in Fez is not to be altogether despised; for were it possible for Orientals to trust each other sufficiently to combine for a common object, the fall of the dynasty, of which Moors speak freely, might be accelerated by Fez money and intrigue, and the hatching of a plot to place another than Abdul Aziz on the Shereefian throne. Probably the Sultan's greatest safeguard is his sacred character as a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and head of the Church.

Another impression produced on the stranger is that of the singular variety of races, and mixture of races which are assembled under the crimson flag of Morocco. The Berber of the mountains, with his narrow head, somewhat classic features, tan complexion, and lithe, active form—conquered only to a very limited extent either by Roman or Arab—retains definite racial characteristics, while the Arab of the plains, if of fairly pure blood, is in the cities deadly white, flabby, anæmic, and fat, and in the country swarthy and lean. But it is rare to find even a small village composed wholly of pure-bred Arabs. It is estimated that from 2500 to 3000 slaves, mostly girls, enter Morocco from the Soudan annually; the admixture of black blood is obvious everywhere, and the Arab, stained in skin and coarsened in feature, has lost, and is losing, the race characteristics which he brought with him from Asia, including the energy of conquest, and the creative genius which endowed Morocco with once beautiful buildings, now falling into unchecked decay. Traces of the Soudan are general, from glossy blackness to the singular pallor of the octoroon, and the harems of the rich are full of negresses and coloured children. I am inclined to agree with M. de la Martinière, the French consul-general, who has studied the subject carefully, that

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much of the intellectual deterioration and decay of the Arab race in Morocco, and much of the sensuality and brutal passion which disfigures it, are due to the enormous and continual infusion of African blood.

The Jew occupies a totally different position from the negro in Morocco. Ubiquitous, irrepressible, in business dominating the coast towns; in Fez, Mequinez, and Morocco city making himself felt, his numbers estimated at a quarter of a million, he never amalgamates with those who of necessity tolerate him, or swerves by one hair's breadth from his Hebrew customs or from his exclusive devotion to the Old Testament and the Talmud. His rigid observance of the fourth commandment, from which nothing can tempt him, is stronger even than his passion for gain; but the people "dwell alone," and are not "reckoned among the nations." They count for nothing in Moorish politics; but being the usurers, bankers, and skilled craftsmen of the community, they are indispensable to its existence, and are, on the whole, let alone. The men and women are alike handsome, and everywhere the Barbary Jew has the unmistakable characteristics of his race stamped upon him. Everywhere there are synagogues, the Hebrew ritual, and synagogue schools, and in some cities there are very efficient high schools both for boys and girls, organised by the Israelitish Alliance. In the lofty villages of the Atlas, fairly flourishing Jewish colonies of ancient origin are found, each one with its rabbi and synagogue, its small industries, its trade in dates with Tafilet, its separate quarter, its unrivalled filth, and its protective gate.

The Berber mountaineers are a purer and finer race than the Arabs, though on the Tafilet road the contamination of black blood is evident in some of the sheikhs, notably in the Khalifa of Glawa. The Berbers are energetic, warlike, and hospitable; fanatical Moslems, though most lax in religious observances; given to blood feuds, tribal fighting, and manly games, and loving war above all other pastimes. The women, except those of the highest class, are not secluded or veiled, and have some influence in their villages. In striking contrast

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with the neglect of the Arabs of the plains to utilise for irrigation purposes the water supplies which Nature has placed within their reach, the Berbers, by carefully constructed channels, bring water from the higher levels and distribute it among their fields. In the Atlas range, stony and arid as it is, every valley is terraced for cultivation up to a great height; fine walnut trees abound, the stones picked off the land are utilised for retaining walls, and heavy grain crops, kept free from weeds, testify to the energy and persevering industry of the cultivators.

Travelling in the Atlas nominally as the Sultan's guest, I was hospitably received in the castles of the Berber sheikhs and khalifas, and witnessed a life which, though lived on a larger scale, resembles greatly that of the mediæval barons of our border castles. The fortress of the hereditary Kaïd of Glowa, the richest and most powerful of the chiefs who are tributary to the Sultan, is a huge, double-towered pile of stone on a height, with high walls enclosing the large area on which it stands. It is provisioned for a considerable term, and contains, besides 500 human beings, great wealth in slaves, flocks, herds, mules, horses, asses, arms, and ammunition. The stir through the daylight hours is ceaseless. The courts are always full of men and asses bringing in grain and forage, of slaves of all degrees of blackness hurrying on various errands, of armed horsemen dashing in and out on official business, of litigants and suppliants, of opposing parties seeking the settlement of their disputes, while couriers from Tafilet, bringing news of the French who were within three days of the Tafilet oasis, added excitement to the hubbub. The Khalifa, a young man with much coloured blood, charming in appearance and manner, is general, ruler, and judge, with the responsibility of all decisions great and small, formal and informal, resting upon him. He is ceaselessly appealed to, and on him rests at present the difficult duty of preventing any friction or collision between his tribesmen and the French; his brother, the Kaïd, being in command at Tafilet, the holy city, the cradle of the present dynasty, for the same purpose.

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There, as well as at the Castle of Zarktan and elsewhere, the khalifas spoke most energetically and with apparent frankness of their own and Berber feeling towards the French, whom they regard as their bitter enemies, and whom they are burning to fight, while they are furious with the Sultan for holding them back. "The French are seeking their own graves," said the young Khalifa of Glowa, drawing himself to his full height, and fingering longingly the trigger of his richly decorated gun. "My tribe has five divisions, and each can put into the field 1200 men, all good shots. Victory must be ours," he said. "What are their quick-firing guns? Allah is on our side, and he is stronger than they, and we will force them back into the waterless desert," and so on, every fighting man talking in the same strain, and speaking fiercely of the inaction to which the Berbers are compelled. Reports, doubtless much exaggerated, were daily brought in by passing refugees, who said they had fled into Tafilet from the brutal treatment they had received from the French in the neighbourhood of Igli, Figuig, and Tuat; that there were 18,000 of them, all destitute, and that they had asked the Tafilet tribes to help them, but in consequence of stringent orders from the Sultan they had refused to do so, for the Government had warned them that if they molest the French the Sultan will lead an army against themselves, and has solemnly assured them that if they render obedience, the French will not encroach upon them. In spite, however, of the war fever, and the effervescence of the Berbers and their khalifas, I believe that things will remain *in statu quo* for some time, especially as the Riff difficulty with France has been settled by the payment of an indemnity.

In any forecast of the future of Morocco the race question must bulk largely, for the population of the empire is composed of races which have only an accidental cohesion and a common bond in Islam, and between which an innate antagonism exists, with divergent and often clashing interests. This common religion is, and must remain, at once the bond and the curse of Morocco, and the most formidable obstacle in the way of its progress, chaining all thought in the fetters of the

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seventh century, steeping its votaries in the most intolerant bigotry and the narrowest conceit, and encouraging a fanaticism which regards with approval and admiration the delirious excesses of the Aissawa and the Hamdusha.

In addition to the broad features of racial distinction which mark Berber from Arab, an important element of the position is the sharp division of both races into tribes. In actual but much overlooked fact, the native population of the empire is almost altogether tribal, each tribe being closely welded by tradition, intermarriage, custom, common interests in lands and pasturage, common wrongs, and a measure of tribal government.

The nomadic pastoral tribes, dwellers in brown tents pitched in circles, and migrating at short intervals with their flocks and herds, are rigidly ruled by their sheiks and headmen. The agricultural tribes, living largely in bee-hive houses built of reeds, are also under the sway of their headmen in local matters, and all are entitled to a certain amount of autonomy. Some of the tribes are large, rich, and powerful, and successfully defy the Government, being able to render impossible even the passage of armed forces through a great extent of country. The Beni Hassan and Zemmur tribes can each put from 5000 to 6000 horsemen into the field. The more powerful tribes, such as the two latter, are frequently fighting each other, and their belligerent habits are a great obstacle in the way of internal trade. Tribal feeling is very strong, and even dwellers in the cities are linked by acknowledged ties of blood with their pastoral and agricultural brethren.

Much as I had heard and read of the misgovernment of Morocco, I was not prepared to find the reality far worse than had been reported, or for the remarkable consensus of opinion among Arabs, Jews, and Europeans as to the infamies of the administration with which the country is cursed. Alike in the trading cities of the coast and the interior, and in the clusters of reed huts or brown tents which are the permanent or migratory dwellings of the agricultural and pastoral populations, the same tales are told, and *told truthfully*, of intolerable exactions at the pleasure of the kaïds and their

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underlings, of the absolute insecurity of the earnings of labour, of the restrictions placed upon trade, and the prohibition of the movement of grain from districts where there is an abundant harvest to those in which a bad yield is producing severe scarcity; of the confiscation of crops by the kaïds, of the right liberally exercised by them of throwing their enemies and all men rich enough to be worth robbing into dungeons, and leaving them to rot to death; of the growing insecurity of property, of the crimes done in the Sultan's name, of the enormous bribes necessary for the carrying of legal or business matters through fiscal or judicial hands, and of innumerable other wrongs, all of which they contend have increased in intensity since the vigorous hands of Mulai Hassan ceased to hold the reins of power, and since the present Sultan was emancipated from what was practically close imprisonment by the death of the strong Vizier, who had been all-powerful since the death of his father. It is claimed that some of these evils, specially the throwing of rich and powerful men into dungeons, have been accentuated since el Menebhi became Vizier.

No peasant is so ignorant as to be unaware of the circumstances which make his position all but intolerable; and even the women, in spite of their timidity with foreign men, make such remarks to them as "The Government is like a fire burning into us." It is useless to disguise the fact that the Court, rich as it is, is always greedy of money, and is absolutely unscrupulous as to how it obtains it. It sells offices to rich men who are willing to pay heavily for lucrative posts, *i.e.*, for fair chances for extortion. It deprives them of office without rendering a reason, confiscates their property, and throws them into dungeons. It appropriates the property of every kaïd at his death. It exacts costly official presents, and has the prison ready for those whose gifts are unsatisfactory. It allows rich aspirants to governorships to buy out the actual occupants, making huge profits by the transaction. This example in the highest quarter is so closely imitated by officials of all grades, that with the people "official" and "robber" have come to be synonymous terms.

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The kaïds, having paid enormously for posts which are not salaried, and being authorised to collect the Imperial taxation, to throw men into prison who are likely to be squeezeable sponges, and who have very fair prospects of ending their own days in dungeons, "make hay while the sun shines." Of every three dollars of legitimate taxation it is estimated that only one reaches the Treasury. In addition to the large sums gained by this process of subtraction, they make forced requisitions and raise forced loans, of which the lender seldom receives principal or interest. Their spies report to them any one who is supposed to have money or goods; an interview is arranged, and the kaïd demands a large share. If the owner is contumacious he is thrown into one of those prisons, the horrors of which are well known in England, either till he dies or emerges a broken and impoverished man. No list of prisoners is kept. Most of them are not criminals at all, but men possessed of property which may be squeezed out of them, or whose friends are able to pay a heavy ransom. Many of the unjustly incarcerated only survive a few weeks or months; some become lunatics, and many more would lose their reason were it not for the fatalism which is a feature of their creed, an absolute resignation—of the completeness of which we have no conception—to what is believed to be the Divine will.

Each kaïd has a prison, frequently on his own premises. In a prison in the courtyard of the kaïd of one of the central provinces, part of which is a dungeon formed by roofing over a stone quarry, I saw ninety-five men crowded together, many of them heavily shackled, most of whom were there because they had possessions enough to excite the cupidity of a rapacious tyrant.

Since the Earl and Countess of Meath, Miss Hanbury, and Mr. H. Gurney made their hideous revelations of the horrors of Moorish prisons, and the efforts, chiefly of the British Minister, Sir A. Nicolson, have improved the condition of the prisons in Tangier, stringent orders have been issued by the Government to the effect that no European is to be admitted into a Moorish prison. It has been hoped that foreign

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representations have led to the abolition of the fiendish tortures which were practised and to certain reforms, but I do not believe this to be the case, except where, as in Tangier, foreign officials are on the alert.

Instances of the practice of brutal cruelties were told to me on good authority while I was in Southern Morocco, as occurring during my visit, and the following admits of no question. A high Court official was reported, truly or falsely, as having spoken disparagingly of the Sultan, and an order was signed for him to be thrown into the Mogador prison. Before leaving Morocco city the palm of the culprit's hand was deeply gashed with two cross cuts, and a stone was inserted in the intersection, the hand being afterwards stitched up in a piece of raw hide, the shrinking of which produces great agony. Mercifully, gangrene supervened, and the victim died on the road to Mogador. The infliction of this punishment, either by placing a stone or salt and quicklime in the gashed palm, renders the hand useless for life. It is, however, *the prison system as a whole* which demands the reprobation of all civilised nations, and an emphatic condemnation of its infamies, and it would be superfluous to write further of the dark and fetid dungeons in which thousands of innocent men live and die; of cold and hunger; of starving, naked captives clothed only with the iron chains and collars which fasten them to the walls; of prisoners slowly done to death or swept off by typhus the offspring of starvation and indescribable filth; of prisoners forgotten and perishing in chains and darkness; of guiltless men paying for the soldiers who seize them, for the gaolers who keep them, for the chains they wear, for the bolting on of their heavy ankle irons, and for their lodging in these foul dens, often incurring "prison bills" which neither they nor their friends are able to pay, some who would otherwise go free remaining in captivity for the debt.

The result of gross injustice and official rapacity is seen in the poverty of a country of great natural capabilities, in the stagnation of all enterprise, and the abandonment of former industries. I mention only two—ship-building and horse-breeding. Few horses worth anything can now be bought in

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Morocco. The mares are execrable, and their progeny are soft, weedy, narrow-chested, goose-backed brutes, without stamina and weak in the hind quarters—for no man will go to the trouble and expense of breeding animals which, if they show any good points, are pounced upon by the kaïds. It is out of the universal practice of official robbery and the rapacity of a Court which, under the young Sultan, gives itself to frivolous expenditure on costly trifles[1] that the well-known system of "protection" has grown up, and at this time it may be safely assumed that, whenever a Moor is making money in trade or by other legitimate means, and is not afraid to keep a large stock of expensive goods, ride valuable mules, make frequent purchases for his harem, and live comfortably, he has "protection papers," which have been granted him by a European Power or by Brazil or America. To procure such papers, which protect them from the infamous rapacity of their own administration, and secure to them some of the rights possessed by the subjects of the Powers issuing them, Moors will do almost anything. France is using this fact to strengthen her influence in Morocco. In the early part of June the northern roads are thronged with harvesters on their way to reap the harvests of Algeria and Tunis. A number of these men annually enlist in the French army for a time, at the expiration of which they receive "protection papers," and France, by this method, is accumulating a drilled force in Morocco.

Projects of reform are talked about, more with the view of disarming English criticism and of depriving the Powers of a plausible excuse for intervention in the internal affairs of the empire than with any intention of improving the condition of the people. It must be remembered by the sanguine that all Moorish officials, and specially the man who at present is all-powerful, have "vested interests" in things as they are, *i.e.*, in

[1] Among these may be classed two photographic cameras just made for his Majesty by Messrs. Adams & Co., of Charing Cross Road, the one costing 2000 guineas, in which every particle of metal is 18-carat gold, the other costing £900, in which the metal work is solid silver, the actual instruments being simply Adams' well-known "De Luxe" cameras.

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sustaining infamies of administration which are without a parallel on earth, and that the young Sultan is altogether in their power, not one of the influences which surround him, except that of Kaïd Sir Harry Maclean, being in favour of righteousness. The following are the most noteworthy features of the reforms which have been suggested.

The idea is to begin with an experiment in two provinces, by appointing a sufficiently salaried governor to each for one year, who, if successful, is to be eligible for re-appointment. Such governors are to collect taxes and give receipts for them, keeping counterfoils of all sums received. They are to be responsible for the administration of justice and for the good order of their districts, and are to compel the people to cultivate all land within their boundaries. It is suggested that if the poverty of the peasantry renders this impossible, funds for the purpose shall be advanced by the Government on condition that it receives one half of the crop. Governors are to furnish the Government with lists of prisoners, and particulars of each case. Inspectors appointed by the Court are to visit the experimental districts annually and are to furnish reports, giving the population of villages, the extent of village land under cultivation, the number of cattle, the state of the prisons, and complaints made by the people. A duplicate of this report is to be furnished to the heads of tribes, and any inaccuracy will, upon the evidence of twelve elders, be sufficient to lead to proceedings against the inspector. Any kaïd, inspector, or other official tampering with the administration of justice, or taking bribes, is to be liable to 2000 lashes or ten years imprisonment! The practice of one kaïd buying out another is to be abolished. In addition, it is suggested that the country be supplied with roads, bridges, and telegraphs; that the army be reorganised and made strong enough to support the Sultan's authority; that foreign residents bear their fair share of taxation, and that mixed tribunals be instituted for the trial of European criminals.

It will be obvious to those who know the system of government, that this project of reform leaves the worst evils untouched.

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There can be no real remedy for the woes of Morocco which does not lay "the axe to the root of the tree," *i.e.*, to the irresponsible power of the Court, and which does not aim at the destruction of the present accursed system of mal-administration, *root and branch*. As opposed to officialism in general, with its "vested interests" bound up with corruption, there is but one man who runs straight, and who undoubtedly desires reform and the good of the people—Kaïd, Sir H. de Vere Maclean, for twenty-five years instructor of infantry to the Moorish army. His charming personality has won the affection of the Sultan, and such influence as he has is in favour of reform; but on the other side are powerful officials, vested interests, tradition, custom, ancient grooves of misgovernment which have the sanctity of antiquity, and a total lack of honest men. Morocco can never be reformed from within, and any measure of amelioration of her disgraceful and deplorable condition must be carried out by men brought up in other schools than those of Moorish tradition.

It is quite possible that the Moorish Envoy, the Grand Vizier, el Menebhi, may have been induced while in England to promise certain reforms. Powerful intrigues against him were made in his absence, and his return was only just in time to avert his downfall. There are now two parties at Court, led respectively by el Menebhi and el Gharnit, the acting Vizier during the Envoy's absence, and these share the principal posts. Probably, if it be a genuine condition of things, el Menebhi will not be long in weeding out his opponents, when he will have a chance of showing the stuff he is made of. It may, however, be merely a situation designedly contrived to afford plausible reasons for not carrying out any reforms which may have been urged upon him in Europe.

ISABELLA L. BISHOP.

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CHILDREN'S WORKSHOPS IN SWEDEN

THE Swedish Arbetsstugor, Children's Workshops or Homes of Industry, will repay much careful consideration. The system has been designed as a supplement to the ordinary elementary school system of the country, and owes its origin, like almost every other social movement in Sweden or elsewhere, to private initiative.

The object of the Arbetsstugor is threefold:

First: To take charge of poor children, or of children whose parents, engaged in factories or elsewhere during the day, are unable to supervise them. The hope is thus to save young children from the dangers of the street, particularly from the temptation to spend the hours in which they are not at school in begging or casual street trading.

Secondly: To inspire early in a child a love of work, to equip the child with manual dexterity, and to put it in the way of gaining an honest living later on by steady application to some regular trade or occupation.

Thirdly: To supplement pedagogic influences and discipline by a discipline and by influences analogous to those to be found in a thoroughly good working-class home.

The movement began in Denmark and in Finland, thence it spread to Norway and Sweden; from Sweden, where it has reached its highest development, it bids fair to make its way into Russia and France. The extraordinary vitality of the

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movement in Sweden is attested by the following figures: The first children's workroom in Stockholm was opened in 1886. There are now 39 in Sweden generally, 12 of them being in Stockholm alone. The number of children in attendance at these 12 amounts to 1500. Considering that the total number of children in attendance at the public elementary schools of the city does not much exceed 27,000, the proportion of these who also frequent the workrooms is astonishingly high. The session is for the six winter months. The age of the children admitted is from seven to fourteen years. The elementary school teachers play a useful part in selecting the children who shall be invited to attend the workrooms. They pick out the poorest, or those whom they know to be neglected by their parents. The number of scholars in each home of industry varies from 60 to 200. The younger children, those from seven to ten years of age, work from 11 to 1, and are given their dinner; they attend the ordinary elementary school in the afternoon. The elder children, those from ten to fourteen years of age, come to the home of industry from 5 to 7 in the evening three times a week, and get their supper there. A certain number of children, whose home circumstances entitle them to special regard, stay at the home of industry from 1 to 7.30 in the evening. They have their dinner there, do any home lessons set at school, play in the open air, have two hours manual work at various occupations, and get their supper. The meals are a reward for work done.

The homes of industry are directed without fee by ladies of the leisured class, but they are assisted by salaried female teachers, and so far as regards the trades by skilled artisans.

The cost of the homes is trifling. Each one receives at its foundation, to defray the cost of installation, a sum of from 700 to 1400 francs from a fund raised as a memorial to the well-known Swedish Member of Parliament and Publicist, Lars Hierta. The cost of maintenance is defrayed by public grants, by gifts and by the sale of children's work. The Municipal Council of Stockholm gives an annual grant of about 28,000

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francs, and the parochial authorities generally give the buildings free of charge and a small subvention. The mean cost per head for each child comes to about twenty francs a year. This covers disbursements for the salaries of teachers and artisans, the cost of materials, light, heating and food. A central committee holds the management of the different homes together, but each home has its local committee. The homes work quite independently of one another; each has, within limits, its special characteristics, and follows its own lines of development; a healthy rivalry between them is thus secured.

The occupations practised are numerous and varied; they include tailoring, dressmaking, shoemaking, cobbling, mending of clothes, weaving, plaiting and basket-making in innumerable forms, brush-making, mat-making, carpentry, cabinet-making, woodcarving, work in metal, toys, small ornaments for Christmas-trees, and so on.

The executive of the central committee is always on the look-out for fresh models. Sweden itself furnishes a great variety of excellent models for articles in wood and basket-work, but models are welcomed from any source. Persons interested in the work are constantly picking up little articles which they find on their travels through the Continent, and sending them to the Central Museum established in her own house by Fru Hierta-Retzius, the foundress of the Swedish Arbetsstugor and President of the Executive Committee. A good illustration of what has been done in this direction has been the introduction of South Italian models into Sweden by the Arbetsstugor. The attention of Fru Hierta-Retzius, when travelling in Sicily, was attracted by the serviceable and artistic work in twisted palm leaves—*e.g.*, the plaited chair bottoms, to be found there. She learnt how to manipulate raphia in a similar way, with the result that through the medium of the homes of industry these charming southern patterns promise to become acclimatised in the North.

Two important functions of the Central Committee at Stockholm remain to be noticed. All the Arbetsstugor in the

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Swedish provinces send up an annual report to the Central Committee, and throughout the year the President Fru Retzius keeps up a constant correspondence. Further, a six-weeks course of instruction for teachers (voluntary and paid) is held every autumn. This is gratuitous; teachers from Finland, Denmark, and Norway, as well as from provincial towns in Sweden, are welcome, and take full advantage of the invitation. There is thus a constant interchange of ideas and experiences going on, and fresh energy from time to time circulates like blood through the whole system.

Such is a brief statement of the objects, methods, and characteristics of this flourishing movement. It is worth while considering it seriously in connection with three important questions now more prominently before the British public than they have ever been:

(*a*) Are there any limits to the extent to which pedagogy pure and simple, generally accepted as capable of indefinite extension in the sphere of reading, writing, and arithmetic, may usefully be applied to discipline and manual training?

(*b*) To what extent is the labour of young children, outside school hours, to be tolerated?

(*c*) What is the value of the so-called American methods in education, to which so much prominence has been given by the Paris Exhibition, and by the writings of Mr. Charles D. Leland and Mr. Liberty Tadd, the Elisha on whom Mr. Leland's mantle seems to have fallen?

With regard to (*a*) it is impossible not to see in the Arbetsstugor of Sweden a revolt against the tendency to place the whole of a child's life "under the ferule of the pedagogue." This is shown in four particular points which come most strikingly before any one who has the opportunity of studying these homes of industry on the spot.

First of all, in the management of them. This is purely voluntary. There is no bureaucratic paraphernalia. Aids are welcomed which are abhorrent to the straitest sect of educational Pharisee; not even the bazaar is disdained. Withal the

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movement is directed with such energy and intelligence that there is surprisingly little that is amateurish in the style in which the work is done.

Next, as regards the buildings occupied. These, as has been pointed out above, are generally granted by parochial authorities rent free. What sort of buildings are they? In many cases they are tumble-down old buildings situated in some quarter which is about to be demolished. The best possible provision is made for light, ventilation, and warmth, and overcrowding is guarded against, but the simplicity and homeliness of the rooms in which the children's work is done are welcomed as among the most valuable influences of the system. The children feel at home; they are not seated at single desks or dual desks, they are seated on ordinary chairs or benches, and have in front of them or beside them ordinary tables. Many of the rooms are small. The premises consist either of large barn-like rooms or of a rabbit warren of little rooms, as snug as a child could desire. There is no glazed brick to be seen anywhere; there are no maps on the walls, no hideous tables of diagrams of weights and measures printed and coloured in Germany. It is recognised that hygienic conditions are not limited to the province of the sanitary engineer, that, in fact, provided a child feels happier and more at home, he may be more healthily seated on a bench without any support for his back, and in a room with a fluffy wall paper, than in an apartment with glazed walls and fitted with a patent seat, on the construction of which the most careful attention to height and angles has been lavished.

Then, again, take the method of teaching and working. This brings up the extremely difficult question now agitating a good many minds, whether it is better for the teaching of trades to have your pedagogue equipped with a superficial trade qualification or your artisan with an elementary teaching qualification. The Swedish home of industry seems to have settled the matter in the most sensible way by securing the advantages of both; the Sloyd classes of the ordinary elementary schools provide your pedagogue with the superficial trade

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qualification; so in the Arbetsstugor let the skilled artisan have a chance. The notion is that, as the pedagogue in teaching may hope to acquire more and more skill as a workman, so the artisan, in showing boys actually how to make articles, will gradually acquire the capacity of teaching. This last contention the Arbetsstugor claim, and with reason, to have made good. It is interesting that it should be recognised in Sweden, from which country undoubtedly came the great impetus to manual instruction classes in elementary schools at home, that Sloyd or manual instruction is valuable so far as it goes, but does not, as a matter of fact, go as far as people hoped when it was introduced; that though it does to a certain extent relieve the intellectual pressure of the merely literary side of the school curriculum, familiarise the child to a limited extent with the use of tools, and cultivate the faculty of observation, it does not give manual dexterity nor does it inculcate industry. The time given to it is too short, and the conditions of exactness, &c., required so stringent that the work done is painfully slow. The child is too much harassed with the fear of making mistakes to work rapidly. In these Swedish homes of industry the child learns as much by watching the skilled workman as in any other way; he is asked to work at what he likes to work at, and is encouraged to work with the utmost rapidity. It is no surprise to any one acquainted with the work done in Industrial Schools at home to find that even at cobbling young boys in Sweden work with a relish. One of the simplest forms in which dexterity and the delight in dexterity is shown, both in Industrial Schools at home and in the Arbetsstugor of Sweden, is in the making of small boxes and baskets, match-boxes for example at home, chip baskets in Sweden. The pleasure of making match-boxes by the dozen in a few minutes with sharp nervous movements is not an exalted one perhaps, but is a functional enjoyment just as intelligible as the delight of fast pedalling along a level, however uninteresting, road.

Lastly, as regards the discipline. There is no compulsion on the children to attend; there is no bribe even in the meal

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which they have earned by their own exertions. As a privilege some of the elder children are allowed to take work home, and are paid a small sum for such work; the children must volunteer, and then may obtain the privilege as a reward. There is no straining after the "order" to be found in the large public elementary school. In many of the Arbetsstugor no attempt is made to keep the children sitting absolutely still; they can even change their seats as they please if there are vacant places. The object of the ladies managing the homes of industry is to make the children feel at home. It must not be supposed from all this that there is any feud between public elementary schools and Arbetsstugor. The Arbetsstugor are not rivals to the elementary schools; they simply seek to supplement them. Each may fail to appreciate to the full the limitations and possibilities of the other, but each is sufficiently satisfied that good within limits is being done by methods not exactly its own to secure cordial co-operation.

(*b*) With regard to the important question of employment of children outside school hours, the experience of the Swedish homes of industry goes to show that, so far from prohibiting the employment of children outside school hours, such employment ought not merely to be tolerated, but positively encouraged so long as it is carried on under proper conditions; that it is even desirable for the working classes that the hours of attendance at a public elementary school should be shortened, if thereby a child can work at suitable handicrafts under proper conditions; and that, given these conditions, over-pressure on the child is more likely to be found in the schoolroom than in the workshop. It may be said: "Quite so, but how on earth are you to secure the proper conditions?" This is a difficult question, to which it will take many years to find the answer, but enlightened opinion in Sweden, and also, it may be claimed, in America, tends to the conviction that, if you deprive a child of the opportunity of acquiring manual dexterity, you are, in the guise of philanthropy, playing the part of a Chinese parent and crippling the child for life; that, in a

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word, any attempt to solve the difficulty of child-labour by ruthlessly prohibiting it is the refuge of a suicide.

With regard to (*c*). The so-called American methods in education have been urged upon us at home for many years by writers and thinkers both English and Scotch. They are largely based on the undoubted facts that a child left alone is hardly ever idle, seeking with its hands to give visible realisation to some concept of its young mind; that, to quote Mr. Leland, "From seven to fourteen years of age a certain suppleness, or knack, or dexterous familiarity with a pencil or any implement may be acquired, that diminishes with succeeding years," and that this manual activity of the child is just as worthy of cultivation as its intellectual faculties. The valuable element in the Swedish system as supplementing the American is the proof that the plain and the ornamental are not as sharply divided in a child's mind as Mr. Leland would have one believe. Mr. Leland has complained that he is not fairly chargeable with preaching the ornamental as opposed to the useful, but there is undoubtedly running through his writings a tendency to exalt decorative as opposed to plain work and even to confound design with ornament. It is a mistake to shut our eyes to the fact that we have to provide large numbers of artisans who will have to earn their living, not by designing furniture, carpets, china, and so forth, but by actually making them, and to pattern. We have to train workmen who do little else than play with their fingers on a complicated machine like a well-practised pianist. In the homes of industry at Stockholm it is a fact that you will see children cobbling their boots or mending garments brought from their own houses with the same zest as children carving or painting the picturesque wooden utensils for which Sweden is famous.

It may be permissible to give a quotation from the writings of a gentleman who has fought hard for the proper recognition of the physiological basis of education, Dr. John Strachan, of Dollar. In a pamphlet published by him in 1892, he pleaded for an ideal play-place into which to tempt street arabs from

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the street and the gutter. There should be sections for children under seven and over seven. Between the latter section " and the street might be workshops with wired partition towards the section, and doors and windows to the street; let to appropriate tradesmen, as shoemakers, saddlers, &c., at a reduced rent on the understanding that they encourage the children to watch over and take an interest in their work, as is done in industrial exhibitions. In this way some knowledge of and taste for particular kinds of work might be acquired. If facilities for handling tools could be arranged for, it would be a great advantage, and be eagerly made use of." This may be scouted as a fantastic dream, but it is more than half realised in the Swedish Arbetsstugor.

There remain for consideration the practical lessons to be drawn from a study of the Arbetsstugor. It may be admitted that circumstances in Stockholm render it much easier to work such a system there than would be the case in London, or indeed any of the principal seaport and manufacturing towns in this country. Stockholm, after all, is not a large city according to our standard. The population is about 250,000. Then, again, you may walk every street in Stockholm through from end to end without seeing anything that corresponds to the English term " slum." The peculiar class of child known as " slum children " hardly seems to exist. The sort of children who attend the Arbettstugor are like well-to-do Board school children in London, so far as appearance goes.

The material to be worked upon in Stockholm is to this extent more facile, and voluntary workers have in another way less strain than would be the case in London. The school to which they devote their sympathy and attention is probably within a walk of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour of their own houses. It is therefore one thing for them to go for three days a week to an Arbetsstugor close by, and quite another for a lady living in South Kensington to go once a week to a Working Girls' Club in Bethnal Green.

The conclusion must be that the Arbetsstugor as an insti-

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tution to be found in Sweden cannot be imported into the large cities at home. But there is a principle underlying the work of the Arbetsstugor which might very effectively be brought to work in English cities. There is a crying need for schools combining the characteristics both of the English Day Industrial Schools and the Swedish Arbetsstugor. The excellence of many of our modern elementary schools, and their adaptability to large classes of the population, cannot be questioned; nevertheless we are straining in the effort to fit the square pegs we find into round machine-drilled holes, and, when we fail, blaming, like bad workmen, our tools. Certain districts in all big towns should be scheduled, and relief schools should be established by the ordinary school authority. Here the instruction in pedagogic subjects should be limited to three hours a day. For another three hours the children should be kept at varied occupations on the lines followed in the Swedish Arbetsstugor. One hour, three times a week, taken from the working time, should be devoted to Kindergarten games and free gymnastics, as much in the open air as possible. These schools should be treated as in all respects certified efficient schools. It will be found that the child from a poor home will learn quite as much as it does under the present system, so far as literary knowledge goes, and a great deal more, so far as concerns the business of its life. You will be giving it bread instead of a stone. In two other ways good will be done. First, by the proper use of free gymnastics, which can be made just as attractive as play, physical deterioration, one of the conspicuous dangers of town life, will be checked. Secondly, as a legitimate alternative to fining and imprisoning parents, the force of self-interest can be brought into play. Conceive how the attitude of the poverty-stricken overworked mother towards the school authorities would change if she found that her daughters could take some of the week's washing and mending to school and do it for her there!

The expense of these relief schools will not be greater than that of an ordinary elementary school. The very place for one

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of them is a school-building condemned as not good enough for the up-to-date elementary school of the conventional type. Turn half the class-rooms into laundry and workshops, and the relief school is to hand.

Possibly there lies in this suggestion the germ, at any rate, of an idea which may prove the solution of the vexed question of the employment of children outside school hours. Let the hours within which children may work be rigidly fixed, say between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. Let them do their work within the permitted hours, either (*a*) at their school, or at an annex to their school, or (*b*) in connection with their own homes, or their father's shop or workshop, under licence granted by the school managers.

There is another important lesson to be learned and conclusion to be drawn. In this country the danger of our belittling the professional element in education is slight. We realise so vividly what the nation has suffered from the amateurish handling of the subject, that now we have a skilled professional class at work we prize it highly, and our danger is rather that we may expect of it, entrust to it, too much. After all, much is to be gained from the inspired amateur. There is a freshness of thought, a freedom of style about the amateur which, if brought properly into play, will co-operate successfully with the stonewall methods of the professional; the one will react wholesomely on the other. We have a large number of people with leisure who are interested in education as in other social questions, and are willing, where opportunity offers, to devote personal service to it. It should be the earnest endeavour of School Boards to cultivate this spirit. Some do; others do not. We are told that decentralisation is needed in more than one branch of the national administration. In more than one large town the advantage of devolving on local managers of schools, with whom might well be associated the head-teacher, several of a School Board's powers and duties should not be less obvious.

J. G. LEGGE.

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THE BATTLE-PIECE BY PAOLO UCCELLO, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

AMONG the many fine examples of the rarer Italian masters which the National Gallery contains, the "Battle-piece" by Paolo Uccello is especially remarkable as being the only work of first-rate importance by the painter which now remains in a fine state of preservation. Indeed, so rare are the works of this master, that beside the frescoes in the Cathedral of Florence and the cloister of Santa Maria Novella, only seven or eight panels by his hand have hitherto been recognised: namely, the three Battle-pieces in the National Gallery, the Louvre, and the Uffizi; the long panel with the portraits of Giotto, Uccello, Donatello, Antonio Manetti and Brunelleschi, a much repainted work, also in the Louvre; the "predella" in the gallery at Urbino; the "Midnight Hunt," in the University Gallery at Oxford, an admirable furniture-panel in an exceptional state of preservation; and two other smaller furniture-panels of "St. George and the Dragon," both in private collections, one at Paris and the other at Vienna. The version belonging to Count Lanckoronski, at Vienna, is known to me only through Mr. Berenson's Index in his "Florentine Painters": the other version in the collection of Madame Andrè at Paris, is treated in a more fantastic vein, and is, perhaps, less forcible in drawing, than are the

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undoubtedly authentic works of Uccello. However, it is not with these smaller panels, but with the three large battle-pieces, that I am concerned, for the moment.

The Battle-piece in the National Gallery is thus described in the official catalogue:

No. 583. The Battle of Sant' Egidio, July 7, 1416.

In which Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, and his nephew, Galeazzo, were taken prisoners by Braccio di Montone.

From the fragments of arms, &c., strewed upon the ground, the battle has been already fought; and the incident represented appears to be an attempt at rescue; which supposition is strengthened by the fact that Malatesta is marching under a strange standard. Of the many armed knights on horseback represented, only four are engaged, but all except Malatesta and his nephew have their faces concealed by their visors. The young Galeazzo, not yet a knight, carries his bassinet in his hand. The figure lying on the ground to the left is an illustration of the painter's love of foreshortening. In the background is a hedge of roses mixed with pomegranate and orange trees, and some hilly ground behind.

In tempera, on wood, 6 ft. 4 by 10 ft. 5 in. *w.*

One of four battle-pieces originally painted for the Bartolini family in Gualfonda; subsequently the property of the Giraldi family in Florence, from whom it was obtained in 1844 by the late proprietors. Purchased at Florence from the Lombardi-Baldi Collection in 1857.

But is this "supposition" as to the subject of the picture "strengthened by the fact that Malatesta is marching under a strange standard"? As Dr. J. P. Richter has remarked, "the imposing attitude of the figure said to be Malatesta does not seem to suggest that he has been captured by those who follow him in the picture." Well, I shall show that the whole of this elaborate "supposition," in spite of the array of authorities learnedly quoted in the foot-note, is entirely supposititious. In how many successive editions of the National Gallery catalogue, I wonder, has this pedantic piece of absurdity appeared and reappeared; by how many successive Directors, has it been allowed to go unquestioned, as a matter of course? I do not exaggerate when I say, that this is a fair instance of the way in which the history of art is studied at Trafalgar Square.

According to this statement of the catalogue, the picture in

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the National Gallery is "one of four Battle-pieces, originally painted for the Bartolini family in Gualfonda." The catalogue of the Louvre likewise asserts that the battle-piece in that collection, No. 1273 (1661), is one of the same series of pictures, but wisely refrains from attempting to say which of the four Captains-General, mentioned by Vasari, the central figure in the painting represents. The picture came to the Louvre from the Musée Napoléon III., having been bought by the Emperor, with the rest of the pictures of the Campana collection in 1861. In the "Cataloghi del Museo Campana" [? Roma, 1859], Classe VIII., No. 166, we find the statement repeated, that the painting is "one of the four famous battles," mentioned by Vasari. Like the Battle-piece in the National Gallery, it had come from the Lombardi-Baldi collection, probably at the time of its dispersion in 1857. The compilers of the Uffizi catalogue are more cautious, and content themselves by merely describing the third picture, which is preserved in that gallery, No. 52, as a "battle." It is not mentioned in the inventory of the gallery taken in 1769, and occurs for the first time in a later inventory of the year 1784; and so it probably came to the Uffizi in the interval between those two dates. The archives of the gallery, I am told, afford no indication of its *provenance*.

The passage in Vasari, to which these various catalogues allude, occurs in his notice of Paolo Uccello: in the second edition of the "Lives," published in 1568, vol. i. par. 2, p. 272, the passage stands thus:

> In many houses of Florence are not a few pictures in perspective, forming the panels of benches, beds, and other small pieces [of furniture] by the hand of the same [master, Paolo Uccello]; and in Gualfonda, particularly, in the garden which formerly belonged to the Bartolini, there are, by his hand, in a *terrazzo* four stories on panel, filled with battles, that is to say, horses and armed men, in the trappings of those times, admirably beautiful; and among the men-at-arms are portrayed Paulo Orsino, Ottobuono da Parma, Luca da Canale, and Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, all Captains-General of those times. And these pictures since they were perished and had suffered [from exposure]

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were, in our own day, repaired by Giuliano Bugiardini, who has rather harmed than improved them.

In the edition of Vasari, published at Florence by Le Monnier, in 1845-56, vol. iii. p. 96, this passage is thus annotated in a foot-note:

> Of these four stories on panel, of great size, until now, one only has been recognised, namely, that preserved in the gallery of the Uffizi. . . . The fate of the other three was unknown until two of them chanced to be discovered, during the present year [1848] (one in a fine state of preservation) in the possession of the Signori Francesco Lombardi and Ugo Baldi. . . . The fourth battle is supposed to have gone to England.

Here, I think, we detect the legend at its source. So long as the commentators of this edition of Vasari, Signor Milanesi, the distinguished archivist, and his colleagues, confined themselves to the elucidation of documents, they rendered an inestimable service to the study of Italian art; but as soon as they put forward, as in the present case, some conjecture or criticism of their own, more frequently than otherwise they only succeeded in adding to the errors and confusion by which that difficult study is beset. In their note, they emphasise by italics the fact that these three Battle-pieces are painted on *panel;* for Vasari mentions other paintings by Uccello of "men-at-arms on horseback," in Casa Medici, which he says were painted on *canvas;* and incredible as it may seem, it was upon the mere fact that these pictures were painted on panel, and not on canvas, that the Florentine commentators must have based their assertion, that they were to be identified with the pictures painted for the garden of the Bartolini. Certainly, no other tittle of evidence exists which could go to support such a conclusion.

As it turns out, Vasari was in error when he stated that *all* the pictures by Uccello in Casa Medici were painted upon canvas. This point established, the least shadow of evidence in favour of the contention of the Florentine commentators vanishes, while abundant proof remains to show that these three Battle-pieces cannot be the pictures painted for the

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Bartolini. In the first place, although two of the three pictures are in bad condition, not one of them has suffered from extensive repainting: still less can the hand of Giuliano Bugiardini be anywhere detected in them. In the second place, neither the incidents represented in these pictures, nor the arms, or impresses, on the banners borne by the figures, are to be in any way connected with the four Captains-General who, according to Vasari, were represented in the Bartolini pictures. Again, although the pictures in the National Gallery and the Louvre both contain a portrait-figure of a military leader, the picture in the Uffizi does not contain any such portrait. But we possess yet another piece of evidence, which conclusively proves that the pictures in question cannot be the pictures once in the garden of Bartolini. Had the commentators of Vasari turned to the first edition of the "Lives," published in 1550, vol. i. par. 2, p. 256, they would have found the passage in the "Life of Paolo Uccello, which I have already quoted from the edition of 1568, in an earlier and somewhat different form. The passage as Vasari originally wrote it, runs thus:

> Many perspectives and pictures by his hand are to be seen in the houses of the citizens; among which are four [paintings] with stories in chiaro-scuro, of great size, containing many figures, horses, animals, and landscapes, now in the garden of the Bartolini. Howbeit an attempt to freshen the colours which were half gone, has rather harmed than improved them.

This, surely, is conclusive: the pictures of the Bartolini were in "chiaroscuro." They were painted, no doubt, in "terra-verde," with some local colour introduced here and there into the picture, in a purely decorative fashion; this being a method of colouring which Uccello commonly employed in his more important works. The three Battle-pieces which still exist are, on the contrary, in full colour.

According to Vasari, the paintings in the garden of the Bartolini formed the decoration of a *terrazzo;* no doubt, the elevated, open *loggia* of the *casino* attached to the garden, a building which in a modernised form still stands in Gualfonda,

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or Valfonda, a street in Florence running from the Piazza Vecchia of Santa Maria Novella, now called the Piazza dell' Unità Italiana, to the Fortezza da Basso. In less than a hundred years they had so suffered from exposure to the weather as to call for restoration at the hands of Giuliano Bugiardini. This restoration was probably carried out at the time that Baccio d'Agnolo, who built the palace opposite Santa Trinità for Giovanni Bartolini, gave his patron "many designs for his garden in Gualfonda."[1] When Vasari wrote in 1568, the house and garden had already passed out of the possession of the Bartolini. In 1598, they were purchased from Giovanni Vitelli, by Riccardo Riccardi; and in 1638, the *casino* was enlarged, and the gardens laid out according to the fashion of the time by the architect, Gherardo Silvani. The paintings of Uccello probably perished in that restoration. Giovanni Cinelli, who, in his edition of the "Bellezze di Firenze," published in 1677, has left a copious account of the *casino* and garden, makes no allusion to them. Another century of exposure to the weather must have reduced them to a worse condition; besides, the works of so primitive a master were little in accordance with the taste of that age. The greater part of the site of the "Orto de' Bartolini" is now covered by the Central Station of Florence and its annexes.

For whom, then, were the three existing Battle-pieces painted; and what event, or events, in Italian history do they represent? Are they to be identified with those other paintings of "men-at-arms on horseback" by Uccello's hand, which according to Vasari were once in "Casa Medici"?

These paintings formed the decoration of one of the rooms of the palace, which was built by Michelozzo Michelozzi, for Cosimo de' Medici, Pater Patriae, in the Via Larga, now the Corso Cavour. The building is now known as the Palazzo Riccardi, from the family who bought it from the Medici in the seventeenth century. Neither Vasari, nor his commentators,[2] have recorded the date at which this palace was erected.

[1] Vasari, ed. 1568, vol. ii. par. 3, p. 280.

[2] *Id.* ed. Sansoni, ii. 433.

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Angelo Fabroni in his "Magni Cosmi Medicei Vita," states that it was completed in 1440[1]; but contemporary documents show that this statement is erroneous. It appears from the "Portata al Catasto," or the Declaration made to the Officials of the Taxes, by Cosimo de' Medici, Pater Patriae, and Pierfrancesco, his nephew, towards the end of February 1446–47, that at that time the palace was still in the course of erection.[2] The first three houses set down in this "Denunzia," had been "united and builded," that is reduced to a single mansion: and this palace, in which Cosimo was living with his family in 1446–47, became the property of his nephew Pierfrancesco, on the division of the Medici estates, in December 1451, as appears from the "Portata" returned by his sons, Lorenzo and Giovanni, in 1480.[3] After the murder here of the Duke Alessandro by Lorenzino de' Medici, in 1536, the house was sacked and left in ruins; and on its site was afterwards erected the wing which the Riccardi added to the palace of Cosimo in the eighteenth century. On the site of the remaining houses enumerated in the passage from the "Portata" of 1446, which will be found printed in the appendix, the new palace of Cosimo was being built at the corner of the Via Larga: "murauisi il palagio sifa sulchanto di uia largha."[4] It appears from a later Portata of 1451 that the building of the palace had then been brought almost to completion. Indeed, it is clear that in order to provide for the partition of their family, consequent upon the division of the Medici estates which took place at the coming of age of his nephew, Pierfrancesco, in December 1451, Cosimo had prepared separate houses for his nephew and himself.

During the next ten years, the decorations of Cosimo's new palace were slowly being completed. We have it on the evidence of documents, that the chapel was in course of being decorated in fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli, in 1459;[5] and that in

[1] *L.c.* Pisis, 1789, p. 152.
[2] App. Doc. i.
[3] App. Doc. iii.
[4] *Id.* ii.
[5] Vasari, ed. Sansoni, iii. 47, note.

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1460, Antonio and Piero Pollaiuoli painted the three large pictures of the "Labours of Hercules," for the Sala Grande.[1] The paintings by Uccello were executed somewhat previously to these: they must have been begun before the death of Pesellino, in July 1457.

But first let us turn to the commentators. The Anonimo Gaddiano, in one of those passages which he appears to have derived from some source other than the "Libro di Billi," records that Uccello painted the pictures of the jousts in the palace of the Medici, in the Via Larga: "Dipinse e quadri delle giostre nel palazo de Medici nella uia Largha."[2] Vasari, in the first edition of the "Lives," briefly states in his notice of Uccello, that Paolo painted "in the house of the Medici, on canvas, some admirable stories of horses and other animals."[3] In the lives of Giuliano d'Arrigo, called Pesello, and Francesco di Pesello, Il Pesellino, in the same edition, Vasari, who confuses both these painters and their works, says that Pesello

> painted in the house of the Medici a very beautiful *spalliera* of animals, and the bodies of some *cassoni* with little stories of jousts on horseback. And there are still to be seen in this house at the present day, some paintings on canvas of lions who are looking out from behind a grate, and appear most living; and others he painted without [the grate], and likewise one that is fighting with a serpent; and in another canvas he coloured a bullock and a fox, with other animals, very spirited and lifelike.[4]

This notice reappears without alteration in the second edition of 1568; but in the life of Uccello, in the same edition, Vasari inserts after the brief reference to the stories of animals in Casa Medici, the following passage:

> In the same house [of the Medici, Paolo], among other stories of animals, painted some lions that were fighting among themselves, with movements and ferocity so terrible, that they appeared to be living. But a rare thing, among others, was a story in which a serpent, fighting with a lion, showed by its stalwart movement, its fierceness, and the venom that it darted forth at its mouth and

[1] Archivio Storico dell' Arte, ser. i. vol. v. p. 208.

[2] C. Frey, *Il Codice Magliabechiano*, cl. xvii, 17, Berlin, 1892, p. 100.

[3] Vasari, ed. 1550, vol. i. par. ii., p. 254.

[4] *Id.* vol. i. par. ii. p. 420.

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eyes; while a country girl who is near by, tends an ox, admirably done in foreshortening, the drawing for which by Paolo's own hand, is in our book of drawings; and likewise the drawing for the peasant girl, full of fear, and in the act of running away, as she flies from those animals. There are, likewise, in that picture certain shepherds which are very natural, and a landscape that was held a very fine thing in its day. And in other canvases, he made some shows of men-at-arms of those times on horseback, with many portraits done from life.[1]

It would seem that Vasari, in this passage, was attributing to Uccello the painting of the lion fighting with a serpent, which he had formerly ascribed to Pesello. Fortunately, however, we possess a document which, on this particular point, is of far greater authority than Vasari's description, namely, the Inventory of the Goods of Lorenzo de' Medici, Il Magnifico, which was taken at the time of his death in 1492, and of which an ancient copy is preserved among the Medicean Archives, at Florence. This copy, according to a note on the first page, was made in 1512, by order of Lorenzo di Piero de' Medici, in connection, no doubt, with the proclamation published on October 5, 1512, shortly after the return of the Medici to Florence, ordering all who were in possession of any of the goods of the Medici which had been sold by auction in 1494, after the flight of Piero de Medici, to notify the same under the pain of the gallows; by which means, as the writer of a contemporary diary records, "ne ritrovorno assai et assai cose."[2]

It appears, from the portion of this Inventory[3] which relates to the palace "situate at the corner of Via Larga, in the parish of San Lorenzo, called the Palace of Cosimo," that these pictures were "in the chamber on the ground floor, called the chamber of Lorenzo." On one side of this room, according to the Inventory, was

a framed *spalliera* [or wainscot, as we should say] of cypress with inlaid work and panels and cornices of walnut; in which *spalliera* are one cupboard with

[1] Vasari, ed. 1568, vol. i. par. ii. p. 270.

[2] A. Lapini, *Diario*, p. 85.

[3] App. Doc. iv.

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seven receptacles and two doorways, each 3¼ braccia high, the whole being 24 braccia long; and also a great chest at the foot of a part of the said *spalliera*, of the same wood and workmanship, the said chest being 15 braccia long and fitted with five locks.

On another side of the room, fixed against the wall, was

a bench of cypress framed with panels of walnut, and inlaid, with a cupboard at either end, of the same workmanship, in all 9¼ braccia long, and with four drawers under the said cupboards, and on high, there above the said bench, four fleurs-de-lys.

A third item in the Inventory goes on to describe

six pictures, framed in gilt frames, above the said wainscot and above the bench, 42 braccia in length, and 3½ braccia high, three painted with the rout of San Romano, and one with battles of dragons and lions, and one with the story of Paris by the hand of Pagolo Uccello, and one by the hand of Francesco di Pesello, in which is a hunt [appraised at] fiorini 300.

It becomes evident from this entry, that Vasari's description of these pictures was written from memory, and contains the kind of inaccuracy which, in his description of the other works of art, once in the same palace, has proved a stumbling-block to more than one writer on Florentine art. Of the story of Paris, Vasari makes no mention; but what he calls the "shows of men-at-arms," are clearly the three pictures of the rout of San Romano. For the rest, it is difficult to reconcile Vasari's description with the entry in this Inventory. We are, however, able to corroborate one of his statements; namely, that at the time when the second edition of the "lives" was published, in 1568, these pictures, or at least five of them, were still to be seen in the Palazzo Medici. Owing to these pictures having been framed upon the wall, it is possible that they may have escaped the general dispersion of the works of art, furniture and other household goods of the Medici,[1] which were sold by auction at Or San Michele, in 1495, after the flight of Piero di Lorenzo de' Medici. In an Inventory, taken in 1598, of the contents of the Palazzo Medici in Via Larga, the following pictures are enumerated:[2]

[1] L. Landucci, *Diario Fiorentino*, p. 114.

[2] App. Doc. v.

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Three great pictures of jousts, antique, all in one piece, with their frames gilt, fixed to the wall high above the door of the first great chamber, in the vestibule of the chapel.

These are clearly the three paintings of the rout of San Romano which are ascribed to Uccello, in the Inventory of the goods of Lorenzo, Il Magnifico. A careful examination of this Inventory of 1598 shows, that when a picture is not specifically stated to be on canvas, the compiler implies that it is painted on panel.

One large picture on canvas, torn, in a gilt frame, wherein is painted the battle of the dragon and the lion.

This, no doubt, is the "battles of dragons and lions," ascribed to Uccello, in the Inventory of 1492.

One large picture on canvas, torn, in which is figured several chases of animals, with a country girl who bemoans herself, antique, with its framed enrichment.

At first sight, it would seem, on the face of it, that the country girl in this picture, the "Villanella che si lagnia" in the phrase of this Inventory, is to be identified with Vasari's "villanella tutta piena di paura," a figure which, according to him, occurred in the painting of the serpent fighting with the lion, by Uccello. Is it possible that the compiler of the Inventory of 1492, misled by this running figure of the country girl, and those of the shepherds which also occurred in it, mistook the composition for a Rape of Helen, or as he expresses it, "la storia di Paris"? If this conjecture is admissible, the remaining picture, already wanting in the series, was the "Caccia" painted by Pesellino. Only by some explanation of this kind can we reconcile these partial and often, perhaps, somewhat loose descriptions of pictures which contained more than one incident. I may add that it appears from the Inventory of 1492, that one of the paintings described by Vasari of "lions looking out from behind a grate," by Pesellino, was painted for a different room of the Palazzo Medici, the "Sala grande." The picture is cited in two of the extant

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Plate — The Head of Sun Kwanna, showing the typical arrangement of the Painting by Paul Lewis,
now at London, Phoenix, and Paris.

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versions of the "Libro d' Antonio Billi": and it was still in the Palazzo Medici when the Inventory of 1598 was compiled.

These six paintings, then, originally formed a kind of frieze above the wainscot on two sides of a room, on the ground floor of the Palazzo Medici. This room, which in 1492 served as the bed-chamber of Lorenzo Il Magnifico, had been furnished and decorated by Cosimo, Pater Patriae, probably for his own chamber. In plan, the proportions of this room were as 3 to 4: that is to say, it measured 24 braccia, or 45 ft. 9 in. in length and 18 braccia, or 34 ft. 3¾ in. in breadth: the total length of the painting on the two walls being 42 braccia. Against one of the shorter walls was fixed a bench between two cupboards. This bench, *exclusive* of the cupboards, measured 9¼ braccia. Above the cupboards and the wainscot which formed the back of the bench, were framed three paintings on panel, divided no doubt by pilasters, and representing the "Rout of San Romano," as will appear from the sequel. The frame of these paintings, which they still retained in 1598, measured, therefore, 18 braccia, or 34 ft. 3¾ in. in length, and 3½ braccia, or 6 ft. 8 in. in height. Against one of the longer walls of the room was fixed another wainscot, containing a cupboard between two doorways. Above this wainscot ran a second series of three paintings on canvas, representing various stories of animals. These paintings, according to my reading of the various accounts of them, consisted of a combat of dragons and lions, by Uccello; a serpent fighting with a lion, with a country girl and shepherds in a landscape, also by Uccello; and a "chase," probably the picture of lions fighting among themselves to which Vasari alludes, by Pesellino. In 1598, these paintings had been removed from their original position, and hung in various parts of the Palazzo Medici. One, however, had already disappeared, and the two painted on canvas were torn. In the next century, small scruple would have been felt about consigning to the lumber room these damaged paintings, so little in agreement with the taste of the age.

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But to proceed to the next step in our inquiry: what was the Rout of San Romano? and by what general, or generals, of the Florentines was this defeat accomplished? Giovanni Cavalcanti relates at length in his "Florentine Histories"[1] how Bernardino della Carda, the famous *condottiere*, who married Aura, daughter of Guidantonio, Count of Urbino, and mother of Federigo, afterwards second Duke of Urbino (though whether by her father, or her husband, the historians are not agreed), abandoned the service of the Florentines, whose mercenary leader he had been. The Signoria of Florence having refused to ratify certain promises which Bernardino had made in their name, he went over in disgust to the Italian States with whom the Florentines were then at war. Having entered the service of the Duke of Milan,[2] and assumed the command of the Sienese, Bernardino at once began to ravage the Florentine territory, in the latter part of April 1432; and before the Florentines were aware, he took Marciano, Linari and Gambassi, and advanced to Montecalvi. In these straits, great blame was cast on Micheletto Attendoli da Cotignola, the captain of the Florentine army, for his negligence; notwithstanding his commission had ended with the month of April. Whereupon the Signoria, having debated the matter, resolved to give the chief command to Niccolò Maurucci da Tolentino; Micheletto being retained with the title of "Governatore." Tolentino, having assumed the command, immediately rode to Linari and retook it before the enemy had had time to fortify the place. But here I will follow the account which Scipione Ammirato,[3] an indefatigable student and a careful reporter of original documents, gives of the battle, in his "Florentine Histories":

> Here he [Tolentino] had news that the enemy were encamped, or about to encamp, at Montopoli, whereupon he came by way of Castelfiorentino and Ponte a Elsa, to Santa Gonda, on 1st June, 1432, at sunrise, having with him

[1] Ed. Firenze, 1838, vol. i. p. 456.

[2] *Id.* vol. i. p. 462.

[3] S. Ammirato, *Istorie Fior.*, ii. 1081.

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2000 horse, and 1500 foot-soldiers, with the intention of joining Michelotto, who was on the other side of the Arno, and going with their united forces in search of the enemy at Montopoli. But the squadrons having been left in the lag of his rear, and those which he had sent in front to scour the country, not having returned, he set out himself with not more than twenty horse towards the tower at San Romano, where he found that the enemy were attacking Montopoli, and that Rinieri del Frogia and Jacopo, called Accattabriga, son of Nanni da Castelfranco di Valdarno di sotto, the leaders of some of the troops of the Florentines, having been discovered at the outset by the enemy, had been attacked on the high-way and were stoutly beset: wherefore wishing to resist the assault and give courage to his men, that they might not fly until the other troops to whom he had sent word of the peril in which he found himself, came up, he also was put to flight and almost taken; Accattabriga who was at the head of fifty lances, and Niccolò da Pisa of a hundred, although they had carried themselves bravely, being in the meantime left prisoners. The soldiers having heard the danger in which Tolentino found himself, promptly came to his aid; and he having set up his standard at the tower, since the enemy having been warned that he was there with his men, had set up theirs at Castello del Bosco, at that place commanded that without further delay, they should begin the battle, having in the meantime sent horsemen in all haste to Cotignola, to join forces with him, giving him to understand that he was engaging the enemy. They fought, on one side and the other, continuously for eight hours, without a single writer mentioning that one drop of blood was spilt: from which, indeed, one is able to perceive how greatly those encounters differed both from ancient battles, and those of our own day; and that they had more resemblance to tournaments and military sports, than to real and effectual battles. But finally on Cotignola coming from beyond the Arno in great haste, to take part in the fight, the enemy, perceiving the cloud of dust raised by his men at Castelfranco, began slowly to retire; Tolentino still pressing on them to gain ground. But Cotignola having come up with the fresh troops, and having fallen impetuously on the rear of the enemy already worn out by the fatigue of a long encounter, none of them made any further resistance; Bernardino della Carda being one of the first to fly. There were taken 1500 horse-men of the enemy, among whom were more than 160 prisoners of quality who were sent to Empoli; although, according to the common practice of soldiers, opportunity was given to many of them to escape. Either by reason of the great fatigue endured in so long and exhausting a day, both by the men and the horses, or because the soldiers wished to divide, at leisure, the booty which they had taken, no attempt was made to follow the enemy, who having retired to the walled towns of Valdera which were all held for the duke, could either easily have been made prisoners within the towns, or assuredly forced to fly to the territory of Siena; instead of which the victors returned in the evening to lodge at Santa Gonda.

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Giovanni Cavalcanti, who freely confesses that he wrote his "Florentine Histories" in order to cool and give place to his passions, in "the infamous and fetid prisons" of the Stinche in Florence, where he had been thrown for failing to pay the heavy taxes occasioned by these wars, represents Niccolò da Tolentino as an audacious and headstrong, rather than a skilful, commander; and, indeed, this opinion of him seems to be borne out by the defeat which ended in his capture and death some two years later. Cavalcanti, moreover, declares that the battle was lost in consequence of the Conte Antonio da Pontedera having overruled the better judgment of Bernardino della Carda; and gives the names of the actual spot at which the battle was fought as "Le Capanne," a common name of farmsteads in Tuscany.[1] Another writer little partial to the side of the Florentines, Orlando Malavolti, the Sienese, asserts in his "Historia di Siena," Venetia, 1599, fol. 25, recto, that the rout of Bernardino della Carda was largely counterbalanced in its effect by the events which immediately succeeded it. The account of the fight which Domenico Boninsegni gives in his "Storie della Città di Firenze, dall' anno 1410, al 1460," Fiorenza, 1637, pp. 43–44, is quoted in great part by Ammirato, in his own version of the battle; and other notices will be found in Muratori, "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," in a life of Neri Capponi in Latin, vol. xx. col. 490, and elsewhere.

When we come to examine the three Battle-pieces by Uccello, which are still preserved in London, Florence and Paris, in the light of these researches, we find that they originally formed a single composition, though not a continuous picture. They were doubtless divided from one another, as I have shown, by carved pilasters. The painting now in the National Gallery formed the left-hand compartment of this triple piece: it represents Niccolò Maurucci da Tolentino, the leader of the Florentine forces, directing the attack against the Sienese, at San Romano. He is represented on horseback fully armed, except for his helmet, with the baton of command in

[1] *L.c.*, vol. i. p. 468.

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PLATE V.—Niccolo da Tolentino directing the Attack at San Romano: from the Painting by Paolo Uccello in the National Gallery

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his right hand. He wears on his head a rich *cappuccio*, or head-dress, of gold and purple damask; while his bascinet, covered with purple velvet, is carried by his helmet-bearer, who rides by his side: an obvious device of the painter's to obtain an occasion for a portrait which was one of the principal ends of the picture. Above the figure of Tolentino waves his standard powdered with his impress, the "groppo di Salamone," a knot of a curious and intricate form, in a white field. In the lower part of the funeral effigy painted by Andrea da Castagno in the Cathedral of Florence, in 1456, are two naked youths supporting shields. The shield to left bears the arms of Maurucci: gules, a lion rampant or, holding a sword argent; the shield to the right, the impress of the *groppo di Salamone* sable, in a field argent. (Plate 5.)

Groppo di Salamone

According to the account of Francesco Sansovino in his work "Della Origine et de' fatti delle famiglie illustri d'Italia,"[1]

> Niccolò, having run away from home as a young man, from fear of his father, because for some trifling reason he had beaten his mother-in-law, went to serve in Romagna with the captain of a squadron of men-at-arms, in the pay of Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. Having become practised under this captain, in the business of the trained bands, in which he always showed himself to be courageous and daring, Malatesta, recognising his valour, sent him with 600 horse in aid of the Florentines against the Emperor; and having encountered the Imperial army at Anghiari, he routed the enemy, and captured the general with the principal standard blazoned with Solomon's knot, which for a memorial of that honourable victory, was added as an impress to the arms of Casa Mauritia. Thence having returned to Malatesta by way of Tolentino, where he was received with open arms by his father and all the city, he was created Conte della Stacciola by Malatesta, in the year 1412, at Brescia.

After the death of Malatesta in 1427, Niccolò went into the pay of the Florentine, as I have already related; and on St. John's day, 1433, the year following the rout of San Romano,

[1] *L.c., Vinegia*, 1582, fol. 279, terzo.

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he publicly received the thanks of the Signoria, in an oration delivered by Messer Lionardo Bruni, who, after speaking of the honour which the Republic had done Tolentino, enumerates their gifts to him, "doni chauallereschi, cioe huno elmetto ricchamente hornato, e il chauallo chouerto di stragula ueste purpurea deaurata; dauisi anchora il bastone insegnio di pienissima autorita et obidienza." Some two years later, being General of the League between the Pope, the Venetians and the Florentines, against the Duke of Milan, he was made prisoner by Niccolò Piccinino, the general of the Milanese, near Imola; and soon after died in prison, on March 20, 1485, not without suspicion of poison, on account of his refusal to break faith with the Florentines. His body was taken to Florence, and solemnly interred in the Cathedral on the following April 14, in the presence "not only of all the ambassadors of the Italian Princes, but, also, of Pope Eugenius IV., and many other Lords and Barons."

Niccolò da Tolentino appears to have been held in great regard by Cosimo de Medici. In Cosimo's account of the events which preceded his own exile to Venice, in 1433, he speaks of Tolentino as his intimate friend, "era molto mio amico," and relates[1] how he made an attempt, which maturer counsels caused him to abandon, to rescue Cosimo when he was confined in the Palazzo della Signoria, that year. It was for this reason, and for his fidelity to the cause of the Florentines, which was believed to have been the cause of his untimely end, that Cosimo, no doubt, caused the "Rout of San Romano" to be commemorated in these paintings for his own chamber.

The Battle-piece now in the Uffizi formed the second, or central, picture of the composition. Unlike the other two paintings, it does not contain any portrait-figure; but represents the encounter, in the manner of "rather tournaments and military sports than real and effectual battles," between the forces of the Florentines and the Sienese. The painter has

[1] W. Roscoe, *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, Liverpool, 1795, vol. i. app. p. 5.

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Photo, Alinari

PLATE 3. The Retreat of the Saracens at San Romano. From the Painting by Paolo Uccello in the Gallery of the Uffizi.

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chosen the moment at which the Sienese turn in retreat, as Micheletto advances to attack them in the rear. In the middle distance of the picture, on the right, the Sienese horsemen are seen riding over the hill, as some of their bowmen attempt to cover their retreat against a body of Florentine soldiers who approach from the other side of the hill. The foreground of the painting is strewn with the bodies of knights and horses which have been overturned in the fray, and with the splintered fragments of their tilting lances. On a scroll painted on a shield which lies in the left-hand corner of the picture, is inscribed the legend:

PAVLI · VCIELLO · OPVS

The mark of contraction would signify the name at length to be VCIEL*IN*I. Perhaps we may here have a clue to the real origin of the painter's name; in contradistinction to the explanation of it which Vasari gives. The Uccellini who had their houses in the Sesto of Porta San Piero, were one of the noble Guelph families, exiled in 1260.[1] The painter's father, Dono, who was a native of Pratovecchio in the Casentino, may well have been descended from this exiled house.

The Battle-piece now in the Louvre formed the third, or right-hand, picture in this triple-piece. It represents Micheletto da Cotignola leading on his squadron to attack the Sienese in the rear. His men have not yet begun the attack; and neither broken arms, nor shields, strew the foreground of the picture. As in the first panel, the painter, wishing to devise an opportunity for a portrait, represents Micheletto in a huge *cappuccio* of damask. Above his head floats his standard, which is quartered, and bears 2 and 3, barry undée, argent and sable; 4, gules, an impress of a unicorn sejant or, with a scroll argent which once, no doubt, bore an inscription. The first quarter of this coat is out of the field of the picture. The unicorn was, no doubt, a personal impress. Paolo Giovio, in his "Dialogo dell' Imprese Militari et Amorose," mentions that

[1] G. Villani, *Cronica*, lib. vi. cap. 79.

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another *condottiere*, Bartolommeo d' Alviano, bore in his standard, as an impress, "the animal called the unicorn, whose virtue is an antidote against every poison."[1] A shield of arms on the monument by Sansovino, to Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, the son of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, and a near relative of Micheletto, in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, at Rome, bears 1 and 4, grand quarters, the serpent vorant a child, of the Visconti; 2 and 3, grand quarters, quarterly 1 and 4, an impress of the Cardinal's, 2 and 3, barry undée of four. The second and third grand quarters of this shield furnish, therefore, an instance of an impress quartered with a barry undée coat, which is exactly parallel to the standard of Micheletto, in Uccello's painting. The shield of the Cardinal Ascanio Sforza will be found engraved in Count Pompeo Litta's "Celebri Famiglie Italiane," vol. v., Fam. Sforza, pl. 15.

Micheletto Attendoli, although, like Tolentino, famous in his own time, is now so obscure a figure that some account of his origin and history appears to be necessary. According to Nicola Ratti, in his history of the family of the Sforza, Micheletto was cousin to Muzio Attendoli, surnamed Sforza, the founder of the house of Sforza, and the father of Francesco, Duke of Milan.[2] Micheletto, one of the most famous *condottieri* of his time, was General to the Pope, Queen Giovanna of Naples, the Marquis of Ferrara; to his kinsman, Francesco, before he became Duke of Milan, and to the Republic of Venice, as well as of Florence.[3] At the famous battle of Anghiari, which was fought on June 29, 1440, Micheletto was in command of the Florentine squadrons; and his name occurs in the memoranda of Leonardo da Vinci as one of the captains to be represented in the picture of the battle, begun for the decoration of the Sala dei Cinquecento, at Florence. He was made Captain-General of the Venetian forces in 1441, in the room of

[1] *L.c.*, ed. Lione, 1574, p. 75.

[2] N. Ratti, *Della Famiglia Sforza*, Rome, 1794, vol. i. p. 9.

[3] G. Bonoli, *Storia di Cottignola*, Ravenna, 1734, p. 83.

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PLATE I.—Michelotto Attendolo leading the Counter-attack of the Florentine Squadrons at San Romano
from the Painting by Paolo Uccello in the Louvre.

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Gattamellata;[1] and in 1446, after a series of almost continuous victories of the Milanese over the Venetians, he defeated the army of Filippo Visconti, under Niccolò Piccinino, at Casal Maggiore, "with great slaughter of the enemy and the capture of 4000 horse"; and having occupied the greater part of the possessions of the Duke of Milan in that part of Lombardy, he ravaged the country up to the gates of Milan. This famous rout, for which Micheletto was made Lord of Castelfranco in the March of Treviso by the Venetian Republic, is commemorated by Francesco Bassano, in one of the paintings of the ceiling of the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, in the Doges' Palace.[2] The success of Micheletto was, however, of short duration. In September 1448, his army was caught by Francesco Sforza at Caravaggio; and Micheletto, seeing that defeat was inevitable, deserted his men, and fled to Brescia; for which he was cashiered by the Signoria of Venice, and sent in disgrace into the March of Treviso.[3] Besides Castelfranco, he was Lord of several places in the kingdom of Naples, which he had with the dower of his wife, Polissena Sanseverino, daughter of the Duke of Venosa, and widow of Malatesta, Lord of Cesena and Fossombrone.[4]

The *pennoni dei trombetti*, the bannerets which depend from the trumpets, which occur in all three pictures, are blazoned with what would seem to be the ensigns of the various squadrons of the Florentines to which they are attached. Those in the pictures in London and Florence bear, in a field gules, a saltire variously and elaborately blazoned; and all of them carry on a chief, argent, a cross gules, which was one of the coats of the Florentine Republic, known as the "Croce del Popolo." So far as I know, it is no longer possible to identify these ensigns. The figure immediately behind the

[1] Muratori, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, vol. xxi. col. 826, E.

[2] G. Bardi, *Dichiaratione di tutte le Istorie che si contengono nei quadri . . . nelle Sale dello Scrutinio & del Gran Consiglio del Palagio Ducale . . .* Venetia, 1587, p. 49.

[3] Muratori, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, vol. xxii. col. 1128 A, and 1131 B.

[4] V. Coronelli, *Biblioteca Universale*, Venezia, 1701–6, vol. iv. col. 1423.

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figure of Tolentino in the picture in London, and two other figures to the right of the picture in the Louvre, bear in a roundel on their helmets, the red cross of St. George, the insignia of knighthood. The shields which lie scattered on the foreground of the first two pictures, appear to have been introduced for purely pictorial reasons, and the coats which they bear to have had their origin in the imagination of the painter.

These three paintings, then, answer in subject to three of the paintings by Uccello, described in the Inventory of 1492; but there is yet another question to be answered. How do their dimensions tally with the dimensions given in that Inventory? According to the later Inventory of 1598, these three paintings were at that time still framed together, "tutti in un° pezzo, con lor corniciette dorate," that is, in their original gilt frame. This frame, as I have argued from the indications given in the Inventory of 1492, must have measured 18 braccia, or 34 ft. 3¾ in. in length, and 3½ braccia, or 6 ft. 8 in. in height. The panel in the National Gallery measures 10 ft. 5 in. in length and 6 ft. in height; that in the Uffizi, 10 ft. 5 in. in length, and 5 ft. 10¾ in. in height; and that at Paris, 10 ft. 4½ in. in length, and 5 ft. 11 in. in height. If we allow some 8 in. for the breadth of each of the four pilasters which divided and contained the panels laterally, and another 4 in. each for the top and bottom rails of the frame, we arrive at the exact dimensions given in the Inventory of 1492, namely 18 braccia by 3½ braccia.

There is yet another question which I anticipate. How are the varying conditions of these three panels to be accounted for? The picture at the National Gallery has suffered from over-cleaning and from some local retouches; but it is, on the whole, in fine preservation for a work of its time. The picture in the Uffizi has suffered still more from over-cleaning and retouching, and the panel is cracked in more than one place. The painting in the Louvre is in still worse condition: the panel is badly cracked in many places, and the tempera is so darkened that the background of foliage is almost indistinguish-

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PLATE I. The Funeral Effigy of Niccolò da Tolentino: from the Fresco by Andrea da Castagno in the Cathedral at Florence.

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able. Such a condition could only have been caused by the exposure of the panel to alternate moisture and heat. The supposition that these three pictures, while they were still framed together, were placed in some loft, or lumber-room, where the weather drove in at one end in such a way as to affect the Louvre picture, but to leave the panel now in the National Gallery comparatively unharmed, and the picture in the Uffizi less protected, would account for their several conditions.

With regard to the condition of the panel in the National Gallery, I would remark that the horses have especially suffered from over-cleaning. Both the white and the gray horse in the centre of the picture have been stripped to the under-painting: and the flank of the darker grey horse, on the right, has been scaled almost to the brown ground. The hatched and drawn surface-painting which united the broad spaces of the under-painting, may be seen in part in the dark horse to the left of the picture. The silver armour has also been scoured and reglazed with bitumen which has parted; and some of the crests of the knights have been reglazed with an unpleasant, and metallic, blue. The blue of the crest of the knight bearing the cross of St. George on his helmet, immediately behind Tolentino, for instance, is partly original and partly new.

I have shown, I think, beyond any shadow of doubt, that these three Battle-pieces in London, Florence, and Paris, are the three pictures of the "Rout of San Romano" painted by Uccello, for the new palace of Cosimo de' Medici, in the Via Larga. The decorations of the room of which they formed a portion, must have been begun *c.* 1456, for Pesellino, who took a part in them, died according to the records of the Mercanzia, on July 30, 1457. Perhaps the small share which he had in the work, is to be explained by the fact that his death intervened before he had completed the pictures allotted to him. I have been obliged to confine myself entirely to the historical aspect of these paintings; but their artistic aspect is undoubtedly of still greater interest and value. Perhaps, at another time, I may

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find some opportunity to return to the study of these splendid pictures, by the earliest of really modern painters, of

> tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
> Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
> Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights

HERBERT P. HORNE.

APPENDIX

DOCUMENT I.—Firenze: *R. Archivio di Stato. Arch. delle Decime.* Quartiere, San Giovanni; Gonfalone, Lion d'Oro. Filza 1446. No. verde 676, No. 592. Denunzia of "Chosimo di Giouannj demedicj et Pierfranciescho suo nipote."

Vna chasa per nostra habitatione cholle sue massarizie posta nellauia Largha nel popolo disanLorenzo, et chonessa allato adetta chasa vna chasa nellaquale perlo adrieto soleua stare Ilmaestro Antonio dalla scharperia ridotto a vso della nostra habitazione.

Vnaltra chasa perlo adrieto nellauia largha pure allato alla nostra habitazione doue perlo adrieto staua Giouannj dj Guccio demedicj et altrj chessenaueua lanno fiorinj 22 dj pigione alpresente nonne piu detta chasa essi vnita et murata colla nostra habitazione di sopra.

Vna chasa posta perlo adrieto neldetto popolo purnellauia largha chellateneua appigione Giugliano da Bolognia et dauane dipigione fiorinj 24 alpresente detta chasa nonne chesse disfatta et fauisi Il palagio simura sulchanto diuia largha.

Item piu chasette perlo adrieto insieme poste dal chanto dellauia largha persino allachasa ditommaso dizanobj di ser Gino aueasene lanno dipigione fiorinj 40 hora sono tutte disfatte et murauisi Il palagio sifa sulchanto della detta via largha.

Vna chasa perlo adrieto nellauia diborgho san lorenzo posta nel detto popolo che perlo adrieto teneua appigione m^a^ Ghilla dj Falduccio et dauane lanno dipigione fiorinj 12. Alpresente he disfatta et nonujsta persona murauisi Il palagio sifa sulchanto.

DOCUMENT II.—Firenze: *R. Archivio di Stato. Arch. delle Decime.* Quartiere, San Giovanni; Gonfalone, Lion d'Oro. Filza 1451, 2^do^, No. verde 712. No. 640. Denunzia of "Chosimo di Giouannj demedicj et Pierfranc^o^ di Lorenzo suo nipote."

Vna chasa per nostra habitatione posta nellauia largha et nel popolo disan lorenzo et chonessa vna chasa allato alladetta che perlo adrieto vistaua Il maestro antonio dalla scharperia et vnaltra chasa allato alla detta

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diuerso san marcho chellasoleua tenere appigione Giouannj dighuccio demedicj et altrj. Che dette due chase non visono piu sonsi hunite e murate cholla nostra habitazione disopra.

Vna chasa posta nel detto popolo di sanlorenzo et nellauia largha chella teneua perlo adrieto apigione Giugliano da Bolognia per lire 24 lanno et oggi detta chasa nonne piu essi hunita & murata alnostro palagio.

Piu chasette insieme neldetto popolo disanlorenzo poste dalchanto dellauia largha sono alla chasa cheffu ditommaso ginorj diche senaueua lanno dipigione fiorinj 40 he buon peso che dette chase nonuj furono piu chessi sono disfatte et muratouj Il sopradetto palagio simura suldetto canto.

Vna chasa nellauia di borgho san lorenzo laquale perlo addrieto teneua appigione monna Ghilla dj falduccio per fiorinj xij lanno ladetta chasa nonne piu et niente sene dipigione che e hunita et murasi cholsopradetto palagio.

Document III.—Firenze: *R. Archivio di Stato Arch. delle Decime.* Quartiere. San Giovanni; Gonfalone, Lion d' Oro. Campione 1480 2°, No. verde 1016, fol. 402 recto. Denunzia of Lorenzo and Giovanni di Pierfrancesco de' Medici.

Document IV.—Firenze: *R Archivio di Stato. Archivio Mediceo innanzi il principato.* Inventory of the goods of Lorenzo de' Medici, Il Magnifico. 1492.

[Begins] qvesto libro dinuentarij e chopiato da unaltr° inventario elqu°le fu fatto alla morte de Mag^co^ L^o^ demedicj chopiate [*sic*] per me prete simone di stagio dalle posse oggi quest° 23 di dicembre 1512 per chommissione di Lorenzo di pier° demedicj.

Fol. 1, recto.—Inuentario del palagio . . . posto in sul chanto della via largha.

Fol. 6, recto.—Nella chamer^a^ grande terrena, detta Lachamera di Lorenzo.

Vna spalliera darcipreso riquadrata chontarsie & pettoralj et cornicie dinocie nellaquale spalliera sono vno armadio a 7 palchettj et dua vsci alti braccia iij ½ luno & lungha tutt^a^ braccia xxiiij et piu vna chassa apie duna parte didetta spalliera del medesimo legname & lauoro & lungha detta chassa braccia xv et e a 5 serramj distima tutta. Fiorinj 30.

Sej quadri chorniciatj atorno & messj dor° sopr^a^ ladetta spalliera et sopra allettuccio dj braccia 42 lunghj et altj braccia iij ½ dipintj Cioe tre della rotta di san Romano & uno dj battaglie & [? di] draghj et lionj et vno della storia diparis dimano di pagholo vcello & vno dimano difranc° dipesello entrovj vna chaccia. Fiorinj 300.

Fol. 6, tergo.—Vno lettuccio darcipresso riquadrato chompettoralj dinocie et tarsiato chonarmadio da ognj testa delmedesimo lauoro Lungho tutto 9 braccia ½ et chon quattr° chasette sotto edettj armadj suuj insu detto Lettuccio 4 giglj dipalij. Fiorinj 45.

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Fol. 13, tergo.

Nella sala grande

Vno panno sopraluscio della Sala dibraccia 4 corniciato intorno et messo dor° dipintouj dentro elionj nelle gratichole dimano difranc° dipisello. Fiorinj 4.

Document IV.—Firenze: *R. Archivio di Stato.* Guardaroba, No. 198. Inventari di Palazzi e Ville.

1598. Inuentario di piu robe e maseritie le quali sono nel palazzo de medici in uia largha, in mano a parugio Giandonati, comi[n]ciato ques^to dj 18 di Lug° 1598.

p. 20. I quadro grande in tela stracciato con corniciette dorate dipi[n]toui la bataglia del dragho e del lione.

p. 26. 3 quadri grandi di giostre antichi tutti in un° pezzo, con lor corniciette dorate, apicchati almuro alti sopra alla porta del primo salone, nellandito della cappella.

p. 27. I quadro grande, in tela stracciato, fiuratoui piu caccie danimali, con una villanella, che si lagnia, antichо, con suo adornamen^to di cornicette.

p. 29 [Stanze terrene]. I quadro grande in tela, dipintoui un lione in prigione.

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JOHN KEATS

KEATS had the courage of the intellect and the cowardice of the nerves. That "terrier-like resoluteness" which a schoolfellow observed in him as a boy was still strong when the first certainty of his death came to him. "Difficulties nerve the spirit of a man," he wrote, with a full sense of the truth to himself of what he was saying; and there is genuine intellectual courage in the quaint summing-up: "I never quite despair, and I read Shakespeare." When the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* attacked him, he wrote: "Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works." But, at the age of seventeen, he could write, with an equally keen self-knowledge: "Truth is, I have a horrid morbidity of temperament, which has shown itself at intervals; it is, I have no doubt, the greatest stumbling-block I have to fear; I may surer say, it is likely to be the cause of my disappointment." "I carry all matters to an extreme," he says elsewhere, "so that, when I have any little vexation, it grows, in five minutes, into a theme for Sophocles." To the man who has nerves like this, calmness under emotion is impossible; all that can be asked of him is that he shall realise his own condition, and, as far as may be, make allowances for it. This, until perhaps the very end, when, on his death-bed, he put aside unopened the letters that he dared not read, Keats had always the intellectual strength to do; after the event, if not before it, and generally

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at the very moment of the event. When he writes most frantically to Fanny Brawne, he confesses, in every other sentence, that he does not really mean what he is saying, at the same time that he cannot help saying it. And are not such letters, written, after all, with so touching a confidence in their being understood, seen through, by the woman to whom they were written, really a kind of thinking aloud? A letter, when it is the expression of emotion, is as momentary as a mood, which may come and go indeed while one is in the act of writing it down, so that a letter of two pages may begin with the bitterest reproaches, and end, just as sincerely, and with no sense of contradiction, in a flood of tenderness. One is loth to believe that Fanny Brawne ever complained of what the critics have been so ready to complain of on her behalf. She may have understood Keats very little as a poet, and the fact that he tells her nothing of his work seems to show that he was aware of it, and probably more than half indifferent to it; but if she did not understand him as a man, as a lover, if she would have had him change one of his reproaches into a compliment, or wipe out one of the insults of his agony, then she had less of a woman's "intelligence in love" than it is possible to imagine in a woman beloved by Keats.

That man must have loved very calmly and very contentedly, with a strange excess of either materialism or spirituality, who has not felt much of what Keats expressed with so intense and faithful a truth to nature. Keats was not a celestial lover, nor a sentimentalist, nor a cynic. He was earthly in his love, as in the very essence of his imagination; passion was not less a disease to him than the disease of which he died, or than the act of writing verse. Stirred to the very depths of his soul, it was after all through the senses, and with all the aching vividness to which he had trained those senses, that memory came to him. And he was no less critical of love than of everything else in the world; he had no blind beliefs, and there were moments when even poetry seemed to him "a mere Jack o' Lanthorn to amuse whoever may chance

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to be struck with its brilliance." Doubting himself so much, he doubted others, of whose intentions he was less certain; and, in love, doubt is part of that torture without which few persons of imagination would fling themselves quite heartily into the pursuit. Had he been stronger in body, he would have luxuriated in just those lacerating pains which seemed, as it was, to be bringing him daily nearer to the grave. It was always vision that disturbed him, the too keen sense of a physical life going on, perhaps so calmly, so near him, and yet as much beyond his control as if he were at the end of the earth.

Have you ever thought of the frightful thing it is to shift one's centre? That is what it is to love a woman. One's nature no longer radiates freely, from its own centre; the centre itself is shifted, is put outside oneself. Up to then, one may have been unhappy, one may have failed, many things may seem to have gone wrong. But at least there was this security: that one's enemies were all outside the gate. With the woman whom one loves one admits all one's enemies. Think: all one's happiness to depend upon the will of another, on that other's fragility, faith, mutability; on the way life comes to the heart, soul, conscience, nerves of some one else, no longer the quite sufficient difficulties of a personal heart, soul, conscience, and nerves. It is to call in a passing stranger and to say: Guard all my treasures while I sleep. For there is no certainty in the world, beyond the certainty that I am I, and that what is not I can never draw one breath for me, though I were dying for lack of it.

That, or something like it, may well have been Keats' consciousness of the irreparable loss and gain which came to him with his love. He was no idealist, able to create a world of his own, and to live there, breathing its own sharp and trying air of the upper clouds; he wanted the actual green world in which we live, men and women as they move about us, only more continuously perfect; themselves, but without a flaw. He wanted the year to be always at the height of

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summer, and there is no insect or gross animal, a butterfly or a pig, whom he does not somewhere envy for its power of annihilating every consciousness but that of sensuous delight in the moment. Conscious always that his day was to have so few to-morrows, he clung to every inch of daylight which he could capture before night-time. And there was none of to-morrow's aloofness in his apprehension of human qualities; in his feeling for women, for instance. He demanded of a woman instant and continuous responsiveness to his mood, with a kind of profound nervous selfishness, not entirely under his physical control.

> I am certain [he wrote in a letter] I have no right feeling towards women —at this moment I am striving to be just to them, but I cannot. Is it because they fall so far beneath my boyish imagination? . . . I have no right to expect more than their reality. . . . Is it not extraordinary?—When among men I have no evil thoughts, no malice, no spleen; I feel free to speak or to be silent; I can listen, and from every one I can learn; my hands are in my pockets, I am free from all suspicion, and comfortable. When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen; I cannot speak or be silent; I am full of suspicion, and therefore listen to nothing; I am in a hurry to be gone. . . . I must absolutely get over this—but how?

In all this there is properly no idealism, but rather a very exacting kind of materialism. His goddess must become flesh and blood, and at once put off and retain godhead. To the idealist, living in a world of imagination, which may indeed easily be a truer world, a world more nearly corresponding to unseen realities, there is no shock at finding earth solid under under one's feet, and dust in the earth. He lives with a life so wholly of the spirit that, to him, only the spirit matters. But to Keats every moment mattered, and the warm actual life of every moment. His imagination was a faculty which made the experience of actual things more intense, more subtle, more sensitive to pain and pleasure, but it was concerned always with actual things. He had none of that abstract quality of mind which can take refuge from realities, when they become too pressing and too painful, in an idea.

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Ideas with him, were always the servants, never the masters, of sensation.

What he most desired, all his life, was strength "to bear unhurt the shock of extreme thought and sensation." And he cries: "O for a life of sensations rather than thoughts!" On his death-bed he confessed that "the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers." "I feel the flowers growing over me," he said, at the last, with a last touch of luxuriousness in his apprehension of the earth. "Talking of luxuriousness," he writes in a letter, "this moment I was writing with one hand, and with the other holding to my mouth a nectarine. Good Lord, how fine! It went down soft and pulpy, slushy, oozy—all its delicious *embonpoint* melted down my throat like a large beatified strawberry." And, in a much earlier letter, he writes with a not less keen sense of the luxury which lies in discomfort, if only it be apprehended poignantly enough, to the point at which pain becomes a pleasure: "I lay awake last night listening to the rain, with a sense of being drowned and rotted like a grain of wheat." In this sensual ecstasy there is something at once childlike and morbid. It is like a direct draught from the earth, taken with violence. And it is part of his unquenchable thirst for beauty. "On my word," he writes, "I think so little, I have not one opinion upon anything except in matters of taste. I can never feel certain of any truth, but from a clear perception of its beauty." But Keats, remember, was not the priest of beauty, he was her very human lover, sighing after her feverishly. With him beauty was always a part of feeling, always a thing to quicken his pulses, and send the blood to his forehead; he could no more be calm in the presence of beauty than he could be calm in the presence of the woman he loved. With Shelley beauty was an ideal thing, not to be touched by human hands; his was "the desire of the moth for the star," while Keats', if you like, was sometimes that fatal desire of the moth for the candle-flame. It is characteristic that Shelley writes his confession of faith in a

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"Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'; Keats, in an "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

The poetry of Keats is an aspiration towards happiness, towards the deliciousness of life, towards the restfulness of beauty, towards the delightful sharpness of sensations not too sharp to be painful. He accepted life in the spirit of art, asking only the simple pleasures, which he seemed to be among the few who could not share, of physical health, the capacity to enjoy sensation without being overcome by it. He was not troubled about his soul, the meaning of the universe, or any other metaphysical questions, to which he shows a happy indifference, or rather, a placid unconsciousness. "I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness," he notes. "I look not for it if it be not in the present hour. Nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a sparrow were before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel." It is here, perhaps, that he is what people choose to call pagan; though it would be both simpler and truer to say that he is the natural animal, to whom the sense of sin has never whispered itself. Only a cloud makes him uneasy in the sunshine. "Happy days, or else to die," he asks for, not aware of any reason why he should not easily be happy under flawless weather. He knows that

> All charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy,

and he is not cursed with that spirit of analysis which tears our pleasures to pieces, as in a child's hands, to find out, what can never be found out, the secret of their making. In a profound passage on Shakespeare he notes how

> Several things dove-tailed in my mind, and at once it struck me what quality went to form a man of achievement, especially in literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously—I mean *negative capability*, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason. Coleridge, for instance, would let go by a fine isolated verisimilitude, caught from the penetralium of Mystery, from being incapable of remaining content with half measures.

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And so he is willing to linger among imaginative happinesses, satisfyingly, rather than to wander in uneasy search after perhaps troubling certainties. He had a nature to which happiness was natural, until nerves and disease came to disturb it. And so his poetry has only a sort of accidental sadness, reflected back upon it from our consciousness of the shortness of the time he himself had had to enjoy delight.

> And they shall be accounted poet-kings
> Who simply tell the most heart-easing things,

he says in "Sleep and Poetry," and, while he notes with admiration that Milton "devoted himself rather to the ardours than the pleasures of song, solacing himself at intervals with cups of old wine," he adds that "those are, with some exceptions, the finest parts of the poem." To him, poetry was always those "cups of old wine," a rest in some "leafy luxury" by the way.

That joy, which is fundamental in Keats, is a quality coming to him straight from nature. But, superadded to this, there is another quality, made up out of unhealthy nerves and something feminine and twisted in the mind, which is almost precisely what it is now the fashion to call decadent. Keats was more than a decadent, but he was a decadent, and such a line as

> One faint eternal eventide of gems,

might have been written, in jewelled French, by Mallarmé. He luxuriates, almost like Baudelaire, in the details of physical discomfort, in all their grotesque horror, as where, in sleeplessness,

> We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
> And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil.

He is neo-Latin, again like Baudelaire, in his insistence on the physical symptoms of his lovers, the bodily translations of emotion. In Venus, leaning over Adonis, he notes

> When her lips and eyes
> Were closed in sullen moisture, and quick sighs
> Came vexed and panting through her nostrils small;

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and, in a line afterwards revised, he writes at first:

> By the moist languor of thy breathing face.

Lycius, in "Lamia,"

> Sick to lose
> The amorous promise of her lone complain,
> Swooned, murmuring of love, and pale with pain;

and all that swooning and trembling of his lovers, which English critics have found so unmanly, would at all events be very much at home in modern French poetry, where love is again, as it was to Catullus and to Propertius, a sickness, a poisoning, or an exhausting madness. To find anything like the same frank subtlety of expression, we must, in English poetry, go back to the Elizabethan age, to which Keats so often comes as a kind of echo; we may also look forward, and, as Mr. Bridges notes, find it once more in Rossetti and his followers.

Keats, at a time when the phrase had not yet been invented, practised the theory of art for art's sake. He is the type, not of the poet, but of the artist. He was not a great personality; his work comes to us as a greater thing than his personality. When we read his verse, we think of the verse, not of John Keats. When we read the verse of Byron, of Coleridge, of Shelley, of Wordsworth, we are conscious, in different degrees, of the work being a personal utterance, and it obtains much of its power over us by our consciousness of that fact. But when we read the verse of Keats, we are conscious only of an enchantment which seems to have invented itself. If we think of the writer, we think of him as of a flattering mirror, in which the face of beauty becomes more beautiful; not as of the creator of beauty. We cannot distinguish him from that which he reflects.

And Keats was aware of the fact, and has elaborated it, with a not unnatural application to poets in general, in one of h letters.

> A poet [he writes] is the most unpoetical of any thing in existence, because he has no identity; he is continually in for, and filling, some other

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body. The sun, the moon, the sea, and men and women, who are creatures of impulse, are poetical, and have about them an unchangeable attribute, the poet has none, no identity . . . It is a wretched thing to confess, but it is a very fact, that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature. How can it, when I have no nature? . . . The faint conceptions I have of poems to come bring the blood frequently into my forehead. All I hope is, that I may not lose all interest in human affairs—that the solitary indifference I feel for applause, even from the finest spirits, will not blunt any acuteness of vision I may have. I do not think it will. I feel assured I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night's labours should be burnt every morning, and no eye ever shine upon them. But even now I am perhaps not speaking from myself but from some character in whose soul I now live.

There, subtly defined, is the temperament of the artist, to whom art is more than life, and who, if he realises that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," loves truth for being beautiful and not beauty for its innermost soul of spiritual truth. Very coolly the master of himself when he sat down to write, Keats realised that the finest part of his writing must always be that part which he was least conscious of, as he wrote it down. To have "no identity"; to be a voice, a vision; to pass on a message, translating it, flawlessly, into another, more easily apprehended, tongue: that was the poet's business amid the cloudy splendours of natural things. His own personality seemed to him to matter hardly more than the strings of the lyre; without which, indeed, there would be no music audible, but which changed no single note of the music already existing, in an expectant silence. And it is through that humility, in his relations with beauty, that Keats has come nearer than most others to a final expression of whatever he has chosen, or been chosen, to express. Byron has himself to talk about, Coleridge the metaphysics of the universe, Shelley, Wordsworth, each a message of his own which he searches for in natural things, rather than elicits from them; but Keats is the one quite perfect lover, offering and asking nothing, all blind devotion, and with an inexhaustible memory for delight.

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In his most famous line he has said, once for all:

> A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

Well, his own poetry has much of this joy, only a little pensive, as a human reflection steals in upon it now and again, of beautiful, changeless things, new every season, or every morning, or every minute, but returning, with inevitable patience, as long as time goes on. He is watching

> How tip-toe Night holds back her dark-grey hood,

and seems but to give choice words to the sight; seeming even to come more minutely close to the exact form and sound of things,

> As when heard anew
> Old ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore,
> Down whose green back the short-lived foam, all hoar,
> Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence.

He has that power, which he rightly attributes to Milton, of "stationing": "he is not content with simple description, he must station." He cannot name daffodils without seeing "the green world they live in." Distance, or the time of day, must be measured visibly:

> There she stood
> About a young bird's flutter from a wood,

he tells us of Lamia waiting for Lycius; and when Lycius comes to meet her, it is

> On the moth-time of that evening dim.

As Venus, in "Endymion," descends from heaven to find Adonis, the silent wheels of her car,

> Fresh wet from clouds of morn,
> Spun off a drizzling dew, which falling chill
> On soft Adonis' shoulders, made him still
> Nestle and turn uneasily about;

and the doves, as they come near the ground, are seen with "silken traces lightened in descent." And, with Keats, abstract

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things become not less visibly apportioned to their corner of the universe than the things which we call actual.

> Obstinate silence came heavily again,
> Feeling about for its old couch of space
> And airy cradle.

But his truth to nature, as we call it, to his own apprehension of things seen and felt, is always a beautiful truth, differing in this from some of those poets who have tried to come closest to realities. There are moments, rare enough, when he forgets his own wise care in this matter, and writes of one who

> Bent his soul fiercely like a spiritual bow,
> And twanged it inwardly.

But, even earlier than this, which we find in "Endymion," he has learnt the secret of precision in beauty, and, at twenty-two, can evoke for us the myrtle that

> Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds
> A silent space with ever-sprouting green.

He tells us, but always in beautiful words, because in words born of that "lust of the eyes" which in him was inseparable from sight, of "the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings," of "the lidless-eyed train of planets," of the "chuckling" linnet, the "low creeping" strawberries, the "freckled" wings of the butterflies. He realised at every moment that

> The poetry of Earth is never dead,

and it seemed to him a simple thing to transplant that poetry into his pages, as one transplants a root from the woods into one's own garden. All the tenderness of his nature seemed to go out to the green things which grow in the soil, to trees and plants and flowers, the whole "leafy world"; as all his feeling for the spiritual part of sensation, for the ideal, if you will, went out to the moon.

> Thy starry sway
> Has been an under-passion to this hour,

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he cries, in "Endymion"; and it is to the moon, always, that he looks for the closest symbols of poetry.

Keats has a firm common sense of the imagination, seeming to be at home in it, as if it were literally this world, and not the dream of another. Thus, in his most serious moments, he can jest with it, as men do with those they live with and love most. "The beauty of the morning operating on a sense of idleness" is enough to set him on a distant journey, in a moment of time; and he can reason about the matter so subtly and in such eloquent prose as this:

> Now it appears to me that almost any man may, like the spider, spin from his own inwards, his own airy citadel. The points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few, and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine web of his soul, and weave a tapestry empyræan – full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wanderings, of distinctness for his luxury. But the minds of mortals are so different, and bent on such diverse journeys, that it may at first appear impossible for any common taste and fellowship to exist between two or three under these suppositions. It is, however, quite the contrary. Minds would leave each other in contrary directions, traverse each other in numberless points, and at last greet each other at the journey's end. An old man and a child would talk together, and the old man be led on his path and the child left thinking.

"Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbour," he affirms; "let us open our leaves like a flower, and be passive and receptive, budding patiently under the eye of Apollo, and taking hints from every noble insect that favours us with a visit." That passive and receptive mood was always his own attitude towards the visitings of the imagination; he was always "looking on the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth and its contents, as materials to form greater things"; always waiting, now "all of a tremble from not having written anything of late," now vainly longing to "compose without fever," now reminding a friend: "If you should have any reason to regret this state of excitement in me, I will turn the tide of your feelings in the right channel by mentioning that it is the only state for the best kind of poetry

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—that is all I care for, all I live for." Perhaps it is this waiting mood, a kind of electrically charged expectancy which draws its own desire to itself out of the universe, that Mr. Bridges means when he speaks of Keats' "unbroken and unflagging earnestness, which is so utterly unconscious and unobservant of itself as to be almost unmatched." In its dependence on a kind of direct inspiration, the fidelity to first thoughts, it accounts, perhaps, for much of what is technically deficient in his poetry.

When Keats gave his famous counsel to Shelley, urging him to "load every rift with ore," he expressed a significant criticism, both of his own and of Shelley's work. With Shelley, even though he may at times seem to become vague in thought, there is always an intellectual structure; Keats, definite in every word, in every image, lacks intellectual structure. He saw words as things, and he saw them one at a time. "I look upon fine phrases like a lover," he confessed, but with him the fine phrase was but the translation of a thing actually seen by the imagination. He was conscious of the need there is for the poet to be something more than a creature of sensations, but even his consciousness of this necessity is that of one to whom knowledge is merely an aid to flight. "The difference," he says, in a splendid sentence, "of high sensations, with and without knowledge, appears to me this: in the latter case we are continually falling ten thousand fathoms deep, and being blown up again, without wings, and with all the horror of a bare-shouldered creature; in the former case our shoulders are fledged, and we go through the same air and space without fear." When Keats wrote poetry he knew that he was writing poetry; naturally as it came to him, he never fancied that he was but expressing himself, or putting down something which his own mind had realised for its own sake. "The imagination," he tells us, in a phrase which has become famous, "may be compared to Adam's dream—he awoke and found it truth." Only Keats, unlike most other poets, never slept, or, it may be, never awoke. Poetry was

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literally almost everything to him; and he could deal with it so objectively, as with a thing outside himself, precisely because it was an almost bodily part of him, like the hand he wrote with. "If poetry," he said, in an axiom sent to his publisher, "comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all." And so, continually, eagerly, instinctively, yet in a way unconsciously, he was lying in wait for that winged, shy guest, the "magic casements" always open on the "perilous seas." "The only thing," he said, "that can ever affect me personally for more than one short passing day is any doubt about my powers for poetry: I seldom have any; and I look with hope to the nighing time when I shall have none." His belief that he should "be among the English poets after his death" meant more to him, undoubtedly, than such a conviction usually means, even to those most careful of fame. It was his ideal world, the only aspect of spiritual things which he ever saw or cared to see; and the thought of poetry, apprehended for its own sake as the only entirely satisfying thing in the world, imprisoned him as within a fairy ring, alone with his little circle of green grass and blue sky.

"To load every rift with ore": that, to Keats, was the essential thing; and it meant to pack the verse with poetry, with the stuff of the imagination, so that every line should be heavy with it. For the rest, the poem is to come as best it may; only once, in "Lamia," with any real skill in narrative, or any care for that skill. There, doubtless, it was the passing influence of Dryden which set him upon a kind of experiment, which he may have done largely for the experiment's sake; doing it, of course, consummately. "Hyperion" was another kind of experiment; and this time, for all its splendour, less personal to his own style, or way of feeling. "I have given up 'Hyperion,'" he writes; "there were too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful, or, rather, artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations." He asks Reynolds to pick out some lines from "Hyperion," and put a mark, x, to the false beauty,

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proceeding from art, and 1, 2, to the true voice of feeling. It is just then that he discovers Chatterton to be "the purest writer in the English language." A little later he decides that "the marvellous is the most enticing, and the surest guarantee of harmonious numbers," and so decides, somewhat against his inclination, he professes, to "untether Fancy, and to let her manage for herself." "I and myself cannot agree about this at all," is his conclusion; but "La Belle Dame sans Merci" follows, and that opening of "The Eve of St. Mark," which seems to contain the germ of both Rossetti and Morris, going, as it does, so far along the road that Chatterton had opened up and then wilfully closed. It was just because Keats was so much, so exclusively, possessed by his own imagination, so exclusively concerned with the shaping of it into poetry, that all his poems seem to have been written for the sake of something else than their story, or thought, or indeed emotion. Even the odes are mental picture added to mental picture, separate stanza added to separate stanza, rather than the development of a thought which must express itself, creating its own form. Meditation brings to him no inner vision, no rapture of the soul; but seems to germinate upon the page in actual flowers and corn and fruit.

Keats' sense of form, if by form is meant perfection rather of outline than of detail, was by no means certain. Most poets work only in outline: Keats worked on every inch of his surface. Perhaps no poet has ever packed so much poetic detail into so small a space, or been so satisfied with having done so. Metrically, he is often slipshod; with all his genius for words, he often uses them incorrectly, or with but a vague sense of their meaning; even in the "Ode to a Nightingale" he will leave lines in which the inspiration seems suddenly to flag; such lines as

> Though the dull brain perplexes and retards,

which is nerveless; or

> In ancient days by emperor and clown,

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where the antithesis, logically justifiable, has the sound of an anitithesis brought in for the sake of rhyme. In the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," two lines near the end seem to halt by the way, are not firm and direct in movement:

> Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
> Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st.

That is slipshod writing, both as intellectual and as metrical structure; and it occurs in a poem which is one of the greatest lyrical poems in the language. We have only to look closely enough to see numberless faults of this kind in Keats; and yet, if we do not look very closely, we shall not see them; and, however closely we may look, and however many faults we may find, we shall end, as we began, by realising that they do not essentially matter. Why is this?

Wordsworth, who at his best may seem to be the supreme master of poetical style, is often out of key; Shelley, who at his best may seem to be almost the supreme singer, is often prosaic: Keats is never prosaic and never out of key. To read Wordsworth or Shelley, you must get in touch with their ideas, at least apprehend them; to read Keats you have only to surrender your senses to their natural happiness. You have to get at Shelley's or Wordsworth's point of view; but Keats has only the point of view of the sunlight. He cannot write without making pictures with his words, and every picture has its own atmosphere. Tennyson, who learnt so much from Keats, learnt from him something of his skill in making pictures; but Tennyson's pictures are chill, conscious of themselves, almost colourless. The pictures of Keats are all aglow with colour, not always very accurate painter's colour, but colour which captivates or overwhelms the senses. "The Eve of St. Agnes" is hardly more than a description of luxurious things: "lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon," a bed, with "blanched linen, smooth and lavender'd," moonlight through painted windows, "warmed jewels"; yet every word throbs with emotion, as the poet "grows faint" with the lover.

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Tennyson's "Palace of Art" is full of pictures, each in its frame, or of statues, each in its niche; but the pictures and statues are no more than decorations in a house of thought, somewhat too methodically arranged there. To Keats, the thing itself and the emotion were indistinguishable; he never saw without feeling, and he never felt without passion. That is why he can call up atmosphere by the mere bewitchment of a verse which seems to make a casual statement; because nothing, with him, can be a casual statement, nothing can be prosaic, or conceived of coldly, apart from that "principle of beauty in all things" which he tells us that he had always loved, and which to him was the principle of life itself.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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A SONG OF HOME-COMING

DARK and cold on the far battle-field
My comrades' blood is lying.
Cover their grave with the laurel sheen,
O let the laurel grow there!
Dark and cold is the blood that was shed,
But the blood in my heart is warm and red,
To the rapid drum it oft replies,
And swiftly must it flow there.

Dawn and dark on the far battle-field
Shall find their grave left lonely,
But rivers wide around it sweep
And ever gently fold them.
For the shining rivers that round them sweep
Are flowing salt and warm and deep,
Unbeheld of human eyes—
O eyes of God behold them!

Sound is their sleep on the lone battle-field
Who have finished their work and are weary,
And sighing ghosts on shroudy wings
That grieve there do not grieve them.
Mourning ghosts that have wandered far
Where a blind wind blows under many a star,

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Spirits of pain whose peace is o'er—
O peace of God receive them!

Comrades we sailed for the far battle-field,
We stood on the ship together,
To the mighty voice of a people's pride
A prouder voice returning;
And brave eyes smiled on us, dim with pain,
Where the long quay roared in a blur of rain.
Sombre ship return no more,
To bring the brave eyes mourning!

My comrades lie on the lone battle-field
And the racing ships run homeward.
Cover their grave with the laurel sheen!
But the banners are dancing o'er us.
The banners are dancing my heart above,
They are talking together of joy and love.
O life that is snatched out of death is sweet,
And good the years before us!

Wait me awhile on the far battle-field,
Till the phantom years have faded,
All, all forgotten, the sweet time and sad,
Homeward to you I shall wander.
Far away our dust may lie,
Under the stone or under the sky,
But one by one we shall muster and meet
In the camp of our glory yonder.

Life and Death from the lone battle-field
As a vapour at morn shall be lifted,
All be forgot save the due that we paid
And the day that our country remembers.

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In the hour of her need, for the battle of doom
She shall summon the cold dark blood from our tomb,
She shall kindle the hearts of her sons with our blood,
And the fires of her watch with our embers.

Late or soon on the wide battle-field
We comrades all shall be lying.
Cover our graves with the laurel sheen,
O let the laurel grow there!

MARGARET L. WOODS.

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TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CAT AND THE BELL

MR. GAINSBOROUGH lost his head. He might have endured the note that had been left for him—it said only that his daughter had gone to town for a couple of days with Mina Zabriska; besides he had had notes left for him before. But there was Mason's account of the evening and of the morning—of Harry's arrival, of the conference in the Long Gallery, of the sandwiches and the old brown, of the departure of the ladies at seven o'clock. Mason was convinced that something was up; knowing Mr. Harry as he did, and her late ladyship as he had, he really would not like to hazard an opinion what; Mr. Gainsborough, however, could see for himself that candles had been left to burn themselves out, and that china had been broken in the Long Gallery. Availing himself dexterously of his subordinate position, Mason was open to state facts, but respectfully declined to draw inferences. Gainsborough rushed off to the Long Gallery. There lay his bit of Chelsea on the floor—upset, smashed, not picked up! There must have been a convulsion indeed, he declared, as ruefully and tenderly he gathered the fragments.

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Quite off his balance and forgetful of perils, he ordered the pony-chaise and had himself driven into Blentmouth. He felt that he must tell somebody, and borrow some conclusions—he was not equal to making any of his own. He must carry the news.

He deceived himself and did gross injustice to the neighbourhood. Fillingford is but twelve miles inland from Blentmouth, and there are three hours between eight and eleven. He was making for Fairholme. While yet half a mile off he overtook Miss Swinkerton, heading in the same direction, ostentatiously laden with savings-bank books. With much decision she requested a lift, got in, and told him all about how Harry had escorted Cecily and Madame Zabriska from Fillingford that morning. The milkman had told the butcher, the butcher had told the postman, the postman had told her, and—well, she had mentioned it to Mrs. Trumbler. Mrs. Trumbler was at Fairholme now.

"Mr. Tristram had been staying with you, of course?" How nice to think there's no feeling of soreness!" observed Miss S.

In Gainsborough at least there was no feeling save of bewilderment.

"Staying with us? No, I haven't so much as seen him," he stammered out.

Immediately Miss S. was upon him, and by the time they reached Fairholme had left him with no more than a few rags of untold details. Then with unrivalled effrontery she declared that she had forgotten to call at the grocer's, and marched off. In an hour the new and complete version of the affair was all over the town. Mrs. Trumbler had got first to Fairholme, but she did not wrest the laurels from Miss S.'s brow. The mere departure from Fillingford shrank to nothing in comparison with the attendant circumstances supplied by Mr. Gainsborough.

"They don't know what to think at Fairholme," Mrs. Trumbler reported.

"I daresay not, my dear," said Miss S. grimly.

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"They were dining there that very night, and not a word was said about it; and none of them saw Mr. Tristram. He came quite suddenly, and went off again with Lady Tristram."

"And Mina Zabriska, my dear."

Mina complicated the case. Those who were inclined to believe, against all common sense, that Cecily had eloped with her cousin—Why, in heaven's name, elope, when you have all the power and a negligible parent?—stumbled over Mina. Well then, was it with Mina Harry had eloped? Miss S. threw out hints in this direction. Why then Cecily? Miss S. was not at a loss. She said nothing, no; but if it should turn out that Cecily's presence was secured as a protection against the wrath of Major Duplay (who, everybody knew, hated Harry), she, Miss S., would be less surprised than many of those who conceived themselves to know everything. A Cecily party and a Mina party grew up—and a third party who would have none of either, and declared that they had their own ideas, and that time would show.

Gossip raged, and old Mr. Neeld sat in the middle of the conflagration. How his record of evasion, nay, of downright falsehood, mounted up! False facts and fictitious reasons flowed from his lips. There was pathos in the valour with which he maintained his position; he was hard pressed, but he did not fall. There was a joy too in the fight. For he alone of all Blentmouth knew the great secret, and guessed that what was happening had to do with the secret. Harry had asked silence for a week; before two days of it were gone came this news.

"If they do mean to be married," said Janie, "why couldn't they do it decently?" She meant with the respectable deliberation of her own alliance.

"Tristram's queer fellow," pondered Bob Broadley.

"I only hope he isn't rushing her into it—on purpose. What do you think, Mr. Neeld?"

"My dear Janie——"

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"He may not want to give her time to think. It's not a good match for her now, is it?"

"I—I can't think that Harry Tristram would——"

"Well, Neeld," said Iver judicially, "I'm not so sure. Master Harry can play a deep game when he likes. I know that very well—and to my cost too."

What Janie hinted and Iver did not discard was a view which found some supporters; and where it was entertained, poor Mina Zabriska's character was gone. Miss S. herself was all but caught by the idea, and went so far as to say that she had never thought highly of Madame Zabriska, while the Major was known to be impecunious. There was a nefariousness about the new suggestion that proved very attractive in Blentmouth.

Late in the day came fresh tidings, new fuel for the flames. Mr. Gainsborough had driven again into Blentmouth and taken the train for London. Two portmanteaus and a wicker-crate, plausibly conjectured to contain between them all his worldly possessions, had accompanied him on the journey. He was leaving Blent then, if not for ever, at least for a long while. He had evaded notice in his usual fashion, and nearly driven over Miss S. when she tried to get in the way. Miss S. was partly consoled by a bit of luck that followed. She met Mina's cook, come down from Merrion to buy household stores; her mistress was to return to her own house on the morrow! There seemed no need to search for inferences. They leapt to light. Either Blent was to be shut up, or it was to receive a wedded pair. On this alternative the factions split, and the battle was furious. Mrs. Trumbler definitely fought Miss S. for the first time in her life. On one point only the whole town agreed; it was being cheated —either out of the wedding which was its right, or else out of the ball in the winter to which Miss S. had irrevocably committed Lady Tristram. The popularity of Blent fell to nothing in the neighbourhood.

The next morning Mr. Neeld gained the reward of virtue,

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and became a hero in spite of his discretion. At breakfast he received a telegram. Times were critical, and all eyes were on him as he read, and re-read, and frowned perplexedly. Then he turned to Iver.

"Can you let me have a trap this afternoon, Iver?"

"Of course, of course. But you're not going to leave us, I hope?"

"Only just for the evening; I—in fact, I have to go to Blent."

There was a moment's silence. Glances were exchanged, while Neeld made half-hearted efforts to grapple with an egg. Then Bob Broadley broke out with a laugh,

"Oh, hang it all, out with it, Mr. Neeld!"

"Well, I'm told to be silent; and it must become known immediately. Madame Zabriska telegraphs to me that they are to be married early this morning, and will come to Blent by the 1.30 train. She herself leaves by the 11 o'clock, will be there at five, and wishes me to join her."

"By Jove, he's done it then!" exclaimed Iver.

Everybody looked very solemn except Neeld, who was sadly confused.

"Dear, dear!" murmured Mrs. Iver.

"She must be very much in love with him," remarked Janie.

"It's his conduct more than hers which needs explanation," Iver observed drily. "And what do they want you for, Neeld?" If his tone and his question were not very flattering, they were excused by the obvious fact that there was no sort of reason for wanting Mr. Neeld—or, at any rate, seemed to all that party to be none.

"Oh—er—why—why no doubt it's—it's only a fancy of Mina Zabriska's."

"A very queer fancy," said Janie Iver coldly. It was really a little annoying that old Mr. Neeld should be the person wanted at Blent.

"I'll drive you over," Bob kindly volunteered.

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"Er—thank you, Broadley, but she asks me to come alone."

"Well, I'm hanged!" muttered Bob, who had seen a chance of being in at the death.

They were coming straight down to Blent. That fact assumed an important place in Neeld's review of the situation. And his presence was requested. He put these two things together. They must mean that the secret was to be told that evening at Blent, and that he was to be vouched as evidence, if by chance Cecily asked for it. On the very day of the wedding the truth was to be revealed. In ignorance, perhaps in her own despite, she had been made in reality what she had conceived herself to be; to-day she was Lady Tristram in law. Now she was to be told. Neeld saw the choice that would be laid before her, and, at the same time, the use that had been made of his silence. He fell into a sore puzzle. Yes, Harry could play a deep game when he chose.

"It's quite impossible to justify either the use he's made of me or the way he's treated her," he concluded sadly. "I shall speak very seriously to him about it." But he knew that the serious speaking, however comforting it might be to himself as a protest, would fall very lightly on Harry Tristram's ears; their listening would be for the verdict of another voice.

"Do you thing Disney will repeat his offer—will give him a chance of reconsidering now?" asked Iver, who had heard of that affair from Lord Southend.

"I'm sure he wouldn't accept anything," Neeld answered with remarkable promptitude and conviction. It was a luxury to find an opportunity of speaking the truth.

"The least he could do would be to leave that to her."

"She'd say just the same," Neeld assured him. "I'm convinced there'll be no question of anything of the kind."

"Then it's very awkward," Iver grumbled crossly.

In all his varied experience of the Imp—which included, it may be remembered, a good deal of plain-speaking and one embrace—Neeld had never found her in such a state as governed

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her this evening. Mason gave him tea while she walked restlessly about; he gathered that Mason was dying to talk but had been sore wounded in an encounter with Mina already, and was now perforce holding his tongue.

"They'll be here by seven, and you and I are to dine with them," she told him. "Quite informally."

"Dear me, I—I don't think I want——" he began.

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Are you going to be all day with those things, Mason?"

"I hope I haven't been slower than usual, ma'am," said Mason very stiffly.

At last he went. In an instant Mina darted across to Neeld, and caught him by the arm. "What have you to tell me?" she cried.

"To tell you? I? Oh, dear, no, Madame Zabriska. I assure you——"

"Oh, there's no need for that! Harry said you were to tell me before they arrived; that's why I sent for you now."

"He said I was to tell you——?'

"Yes, yes. Something you knew and I didn't; something that would explain it all."

She stood before him with clasped hands. "It's quite true; he did say so," she pleaded. "It's all been so delightful, and yet so strange: and he told me to be ready either to stay here or to go home to-night! Tell me, tell me, Mr. Neeld!"

"Why didn't he tell you himself?"

"I only saw him alone for an instant after the wedding; and before it he didn't say a word about there being anything to tell. There's a secret. What is it?"

He was glad to tell it. He had carried his burden long enough.

"We've all made a great blunder. Harry is Lord Tristram after all."

Mina stood silent for a moment. "Oh!" she gasped. "And he's married Cecily without telling her?"

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"That's what he has done, I regret to say. And I take it that he means to tell her to-night."

Mina sank into a chair. "What will she do?" she murmured. "What will she do?"

"There was a mistake—or rather a fraud—about the date of Sir Randolph Edge's death; his brother knew it. I'll tell you the details if you like. But that's the end and the sum of it. As to why he didn't tell—er—his wife sooner, perhaps you know better than I."

"Yes, I know that," she said. And then—it was most inconsiderate, most painful to Mr. Neeld—she began to cry. Unable to bear this climax of excitement coming on the top of her two days' emotion, she sobbed hysterically. "They'll be here at seven!" she moaned. "What will happen? Oh, Mr. Neeld! And I know he'll expect me to be calm and—and to carry it off—and be composed. How can I be?"

"Perhaps a glass of sherry——?" was Mr. Neeld's not unreasonable suggestion.

"No, the old brown would not serve here." But without its aid a sudden change came over Mina. She sprang to her feet and left the tears to roll down her cheeks untended as she cried:

"What a splendid thing to do! Oh, how like Harry! And it's to be settled to-night! What can we do to make it go right?"

"I intend to take no responsibility at all," protested Neeld. "I'm here to speak to the facts if I'm wanted, but——"

"Oh, bother the facts! What are we to do to make her take it properly?" She gave another sob. "Oh, I'm an idiot!" she cried. "Haven't you anything to suggest, Mr. Neeld?"

He shrugged his shoulders peevishly. Her spirits fell again.

"I see! Yes, if she—if she doesn't take it properly, he'll go away again, and I'm to be ready to stay here." Another change in the barometer came in a flash. "But she can't help being Lady Tristram now!"

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"It's all a most unjustifiable proceeding. He tricks the girl——"

"Yes, he had to. That was the only chance. If he'd told her before——"

"But isn't she in love with him?"

"Oh, you don't know the Tristrams! Oh, what are we to do?" Save running through every kind and degree of emotion Mina seemed to find nothing to do.

"And I'm bound to say that I consider our position most embarrassing." Mr. Neeld spoke with some warmth, with some excuse too perhaps. To welcome a newly-married couple home may be thought always to require some tact; when it is a toss-up whether they will not part again for ever under your very eyes the situation is not improved. Such trials should not be inflicted on quiet old bachelors; Josiah Cholderton had not done with his editor yet.

"We must treat it as a mere trifle," the Imp announced, fixing on the thing which above all others she could not achieve. Yet her manner was so confident that Neeld gasped. "And if that doesn't do, we must tell her that the happiness of her whole life depends on what she does to-night." Variety of treatment was evidently not to be lacking.

"I intend to take no responsibility of any kind. He's got himself into a scrape. Let him get out of it," persisted Neeld.

"I thought you were his friend?"

"I may be excused if I consider the lady a little too."

"I suppose I don't care for Cecily? Do you mean that, Mr. Neeld?"

"My dear friend, need we quarrel too?"

"Don't be stupid. Who's quarrelling? I never knew anybody so useless as you are. Can't you do anything but sit there and talk about responsibilities?" She was ranging about, a diminutive tiger of unusually active habits. She had wandered round the room again before she burst out!

"Oh, but it's something to see the end of it!"

That was his feeling too, however much he might rebuke

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himself for it. Human life at first-hand had not been too plentiful with him. The Imp's excitement infected him. "And he's back here after all!" she cried. "At least—Heavens, they'll be here directly, Mr. Neeld!"

"Yes, it's past seven," said he.

"Come into the garden. We'll wait for them on the bridge." She turned to him as they passed through the hall. "Wouldn't you like something of this sort to happen to you?" she asked.

No. He was perturbed enough as a spectator; he would not have been himself engaged in the play.

"Why isn't everybody here?" she demanded, with a laugh that was again nervous and almost hysterical. "Why, isn't Addie Tristram here? Ah, and your old Cholderton?"

"Hark, I hear wheels on the road," said Mr. Neeld.

Mina looked hard at him. "She shall do right," she said, "and Harry shall not go."

"Surely they'll make the best of a——?"

"Oh, we're not talking of your Ivers and your Broadleys!" she interrupted indignantly. "If they were like that, we should never have been where we are at all."

How true it was, how lamentably true! One had to presuppose Addie Tristram, and turns of fortune or of chance wayward as Addie herself—and to reckon with the same blood, now in young and living veins.

"I can't bear it," whispered Mina.

"He'll expect you to be calm and composed," Neeld reminded her.

"Then give me a cigarette," she implored despairingly.

"I am not a smoker," said Mr. Neeld.

"Oh, you really are the very last man—! Well, come on the bridge," groaned Mina.

They waited on the bridge, and the wheels drew near. They spoke no more. They had found nothing to do. They could only wait. A fly came down the road.

There they sat, side by side. Cecily was leaning forward,

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her eyes were eager, and there was a bright touch of colour on her cheeks; Harry leant back, looking at her, not at Blent. He wore a quiet smile; his air was very calm. He saw Mina and Neeld, and waved his hand to them. The fly stopped opposite the bridge. He jumped out and assisted Cecily to alight. In a moment she was in Mina's arms. The next, she recognised Neeld's presence with a little cry of surprise. At a loss to account for himself, the old man stood there in embarrassed wretchedness.

"I want you to wait," said Harry to the driver. "Put up in the stables, and they'll give you something to eat. You must wait till I send you word."

"Wait? Why is he to wait, Harry?" asked Cecily. Her tone was gay; she was overflowing with joy and merriment. "Who's going away? Oh, is it you, Mr. Neeld?"

"I—I have a trap from Mr. Iver's," he stammered.

"I may want to send a message," Harry explained. "Kind of you to come, Mr. Neeld."

"I—I must wish you joy," said Neeld, taking refuge in conventionality.

"We've had a capital journey down, haven't we, Cecily? And I'm awfully hungry. What time is it?"

Mason was rubbing his hands in the doorway.

"Dinner's ordered at eight, sir," said he.

"And it's half-past seven now. Just time to wash our hands. No dress to-night you know."

"I'll go to my room," said Cecily. "Will you come with me, Mina?"

A glance from Harry made the Imp excuse herself. "I'll keep Mr. Neeld company," she said.

Cecily turned to her husband. She smiled and blushed a little.

"I'll take you as far as your room," said he.

Mina and Neeld watched them go upstairs; then each dropped into a chair in the hall. Mason passed by, chuckling to himself; Neeld looked harmless, and he dared to speak to him.

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"Well, this is the next best thing to Mr. Harry coming back to his own, sir," said he.

That was it. That was the feeling. Mason had got it!

"I'm glad of it after all," Neeld confessed to Mina.

"Wait, wait!" she urged, sitting straight in her chair, apparently listening for any sound. Her obvious anxiety extended its contagion to him; he understood better how nice the issue was.

"Will you come in the garden with me after dinner?" asked Harry, as Cecily and he went upstairs.

"Of course—when they've gone."

"No, directly. I want to say a word to you."

"We must escape then!" she laughed. "Oh, well, they'll expect that, I suppose." Her delight in her love bubbled over in her laugh.

They came to the door of her room, and she stopped.

"Here?" asked Harry. "Yes, it was my mother's room. You reign now in my mother's stead."

His voice had a ring of triumph in it. He kissed her hand.

"Dinner as soon as you're ready," said he.

She laughed again and blushed as she opened the door and stood holding the handle.

"Won't you come in—just for a minute, Harry? I—I haven't changed this room at all."

"All is yours to change or to keep unchanged," said he.

"Oh, I've no reason for changing anything now. Everything's to be put back, in the Long Gallery!" She paused, and then said again, "Won't you come in for just a minute, Harry?"

"I must go back to our friends downstairs," he answered.

The pretext was threadbare. What did the guests matter? They would do well enough. It had cost her something to ask—a little effort—since the request still seemed so strange, since its pleasure had a fear in it. And now she was refused.

"I ask you," she said, with a sudden haughtiness.

He stood looking at her a moment. There was a brisk step along the corridor.

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"Oh, I beg your ladyship's pardon. I didn't know your ladyship had come upstairs." It was Cecily's maid.

"In about twenty minutes," said Harry with a nod. Slowly Cecily followed the maid inside.

After he had washed his hands Harry rejoined his friends. They were still sitting in the hall with an air of expectancy.

"You've told her?" cried Mina. "Oh, yes, Mr. Neeld has told me everything."

"Well, I've mentioned the bare fact——" Neeld began.

"Yes, yes, that's the only thing that matters. You've told her, Harry?" The last two days made him "Harry" and her "Mina."

"No, I had a chance and I—funked it," said Harry, slow in speech and slow in smile. "She asked me into her room. Well, I wouldn't go."

He laughed as he spoke, laughed rather scornfully.

"It's rather absurd. I shall be all right after dinner," he added, laughing still. "Or would you like to do the job for me, Mina?"

The Imp shook her head with immense determination. "I'll throw myself into the Blent if you like," she said.

"What about you, Mr. Neeld?"

"My dear friend, oh, my dear friend!" Undisguised panic took possession of Mr. Neeld. He tried to cover it by saying sternly, "This—er—preposterous position is entirely your own fault, you know. You have acted——"

"Yes, I know," nodded Harry, not impatiently but with a sombre assent. He roused himself the next moment, saying, "Well, somebody's got to bell the cat, you know."

"Really it's not my business," protested Neeld and Mina in one breath, both laughing nervously.

"You like the fun, but you don't want any of the work," remarked Harry.

That was true, true to their disgrace. They both felt the reproach. How were they better than the rest of the neighbourhood, who were content to gossip and gape and take

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the fortunes of the Tristrams as mere matter for their own entertainment?

"I've made you look ashamed of yourselves now," he laughed. "Well, I must do thing myself, I suppose. What a pity Miss Swinkerton isn't here!"

Cecily came down. She passed Harry with a rather distant air and took Neeld's arm.

"They say dinner's ready," said she. "Mina, will you come with Harry?"

Harry sank into the chair opposite Cecily—and opposite the picture of Addie Tristram on the wall. "Well, somehow I've managed to get back here," said he.

The shadow had passed from Cecily's face. She looked at him, blushing and laughing.

"At a terrible price, poor Harry?" she said.

"At a big price," he answered.

She looked round at the three. Harry was composed, but there was no mistaking the perturbation of the Imp and Mr. Neeld.

"A big price?" she asked wonderingly. "Isn't that a queer compliment, Harry?" Then a light seemed to break in on her, and she cried: "You mean the cost of your pride? I should never let that stand between you and me!"

"Will you make a note of that admission, Mina?" said Harry with a smile. "Because you didn't say so always, Cecily. Do you recollect what you once said? 'If ever the time comes, I shall remember!' That was what you said?"

She looked at him with a glance that was suddenly troubled. There seemed a meaning in his words. She pushed back her chair and rose from the table.

"I don't want dinner. I'm going into the garden," she said.

They sat still as she went out. Harry refolded his napkin and slowly rose to his feet. "I should have liked it better after dinner," he observed.

Mina and Mr. Neeld sat on.

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"Are we to dine?" whispered Neeld. "There is the body after all."

"Oh, yes, sir," came in Mason's soothing tones over his shoulders. "We never waited for her late ladyship." And he handed soup.

"Really Mason is rather a comfort," thought Mr. Neeld. The Imp drank a glass of champagne.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE CURMUDGEON

In his most business-like tones, with no more gesture than a pointing of his finger now and then, or an occasional wave of his hand, Harry detailed the circumstances. He was methodical and accurate; he might have been opening a case in the law-courts, and would have earned a compliment on his lucidity. There was something ludicrous in this treatment of the matter, but he remained very grave, although quite unemotional.

"What was my position then?" he asked. "I remembered what you'd said. I saw the pull I'd given you. If I'd told you before, you'd have had nothing to do with me. You'd have taken a tragic delight in going back to your little house. I should have given you your revenge."

"So you cheated me? It shows the sort of person you are!"

He went on as though he had not heard her indignant ejaculation.

"I had fallen in love with you—with you and with the idea of your being here. I couldn't have anybody else at Blent, and I had to have you. It was impossible for me to turn you out. I don't think it would have been gentlemanly."

"It was more gentlemanly to marry me on false pretences?"

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"Well, perhaps not, but a form of ungentlemanliness less repulsive to me—Oh, just to me personally. I don't know whether you quite understand yet why I gave up Blent to you. Just the same feeling has made me do this—with the addition, of course, that I'm more in love with you now."

"I don't believe it, or you'd have trusted me—trusted my love for you."

"I've trusted it enormously—trusted it to forgive me this deceit."

"If you had come and told me——"

"At the very best you'd have taken months."

"And you couldn't wait for me?"

"Well, waiting's a thing I detest."

"Oh, I've made up my mind," she declared. "I shall go back to town to-night."

"No, no, that's not it." Harry did not want the arrangement misunderstood. "If we can't agree, I go back to town—not you. I kept my fly."

"You needn't make fun of it anyhow."

"I'm not. I'm quite serious. You stay here, I go away. I accept this post abroad—the Arbitration business. I've got to send an answer about it to-morrow."

"No, I shall go. I'm resolved upon it. I won't stay here."

"Then we must shut the place up, or pull it down," said Harry. "It will look absurd, but— Well, we never consider the neighbours." For the first time he seemed vexed. "I did count on your staying here," he explained.

"I can never forgive you for deceiving me."

"You said you wouldn't let your pride stand between us."

"It's not my pride. It's—it's the revelation of what you are, and what you'll stoop to do, to gain——!"

"What have I gained yet?" he asked. "Only what you choose to give me now!"

She looked at him for a moment. The little scene in the corridor upstairs came back to her. So that was the meaning of it!

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"I've taken your freedom from you. That's true. In return I've given you Blent. I did the best I could."

"Oh, do you really delude yourself like that? What you did was utter selfishness."

Harry sighed. They were not getting on prosperously.

"Very well," he said. "We'll agree on that. There's been a revelation of what I am. I don't—I distinctly don't justify myself. It was a lie, a fraud."

"Yes," said Cecily, in a low but emphatic assent.

"I gained your consent by a trick, when you ought to have been free to give or refuse it. I admit it all."

"And it has brought us to this!" She rose as she spoke, a picture of indignation. "There's no use talking any more about it," said she.

He looked at her long and deliberately. He seemed to weigh something in his mind, to ask whether he should or should not say something.

"And you conclude that the sort of person I am isn't fit to live with?" he asked at last.

"I've told you what I've made up my mind to do. I can't help whether you stay or go too. But I'm going away from here, and going alone."

"Because I'm that sort of person?"

"Yes. If you like to put it that way, yes."

"Very well. But before you go, a word about you! Sit down, please." She obeyed his rather imperative gesture, "I've been meek," he smiled; "I've admitted all you said about me. And now, please, a word about you!"

"About me? What is there to say about me? Oh, you're going back to that old story about my pride again!"

Once more he looked long at her face. It was flushed and rebellious, it gave no hint of yielding to any weapon that he had yet employed.

"I'm not going to speak of your pride, but of your incredible meanness," said he.

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"What?" cried Cecily, rudely startled and sitting bolt upright.

"There's no harm in plain speaking, since we're going to part. Of your extraordinary meanness, Cecily—and really it's not generally a fault of the Tristrams."

"Perhaps you'll explain yourself," she said, relapsing into cold disdain, and leaning back again.

"I will. I mean to. Just look at the history of the whole affair." He rose and stood opposite her, constraining her to look at him, although her attitude professed a lofty indifference. "Here was I—in possession! I was safe. I knew I was safe. I was as convinced of my safety as I am even now—when it's beyond question. Was I frightened? Ask Mina, ask Duplay. Then you came. You know what I did. For your sake, because you were what you are, because I had begun to love you—yes, that's the truth of it—I gave it all to you. Not this place only, but all I had. Even my name—even my right to bear any name. Nobody and nameless, I went out of this house for you."

He paused a little, took a pace on the grass, and returned to her.

"What ought you to have felt, what ought you to have prayed then?" he asked. "Surely that it should come back to me, that it should be mine again?"

"I did," she protested, stirred to self-defence. "I was miserable. You know I was. I couldn't stay here for the thought of you. I came to London. I came to you, Harry. I offered it to you."

"It's you who are deceiving yourself now. Yes, you came and offered it to me. Did you want, did you pray, that it might be mine again by no gift of yours but by right? Did you pray that the thing should happen which has happened now? That you should be turned out and I should be put in? Back in my own place, my proper place? That I should be Tristram of Blent again? Did you pray for that?"

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He paused, but she said nothing. Her face was troubled now and her eyes could not leave his.

"You were ready to play Lady Bountiful to me, to give of your charity, to make yourself feel very noble. That was it. And now——." His voice became more vehement. "And now, look into your heart, look close! Look, look! What's in your heart now? You say I've cheated you. It's true. Is that why you're angry, is that why you won't live with me? No, by heaven, not that, or anything of the kind! Will you have the truth?"

Again she made no answer. She waited for his words.

"Are you rejoiced that mine's my own again, that I'm back in my place, that I'm Tristram of Blent, that it belongs to me? That I take it by my own incontestable right and not of your hand, by your bounty and your charity? Are you so rejoiced at that that you can forgive me anything, forgive the man you love anything? Yes, you do love me— You're welcome to that, if you think it makes it any better. It seems to me to make it worse. No, you can't forgive me anything, you can't forgive the man you love! Why not? I'll tell you why. Shall I? Shall I go on?"

She bowed her head and clasped her hands together.

"You hate my having come to my own again. You hate its being mine by right and not by your bounty. You hate being Lady Tristram only because I've chosen to make you so. And because you hate that you won't forgive me, and you say you won't live with me. Yes, you're angry because I've come to my own again. You hate it. Look in your heart, I say, and tell me that what I say isn't true, if you can."

She made no answer still. He came a step closer and smote his fist on the palm of his other hand, as he ended:

"You called me a liar. I was a liar. But, by God, you're a curmudgeon, Cecily!"

For a moment longer she looked at him, as he stood there in his scornful anger. Then with a low moan she hid her face

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in her hands. The next minute he turned on his heel, left her where she sat, and strode off into the house.

Mina and Neeld—now at their sweets—heard his step and exchanged excited glances. He walked up to the head of the table, to Cecily's chair, plumped down into it, and called out to Mason, "Something to eat and some champagne."

"Yes, sir," said Mason in a flurry.

"Oh, by the bye, you can say 'my lord' again. The lawyers blundered, and there's been a mistake."

The astonished Mason began to express felicitations. Harry was petulantly short with him.

"Oh, shut up that, my dear man, and give me some champagne." He drank a glass off and then observed. "I hope you two have had a decent dinner?" He had the manner of a host now.

"I—I hadn't much appetite," stammered Neeld.

"Well, I'm hungry anyhow," and he fell to on his beef, having waved soup and fish aside impatiently. "Tell them all downstairs what I've told you, Mason, but for heaven's sake don't let there be any fuss. Oh, and I suppose you'd better keep something hot for Lady Tristram."

Mason's exit was hastened by the consciousness of his commission. The moment he was gone Mina broke out:

"Where's Cecily?"

"I left her on the lawn," said Harry, frowning hard but eating heartily.

"You've told her?"

"Yes, I've told her."

"And what did she say?" The Imp's utterance was jerky from her perturbation.

"Look here, Mina, mightn't you go and ask her? It's a long story, and I'm deuced hungry, you know."

Mina needed no further permission. She rose and flew. Neeld, though uncertain what was expected of him, sat on, nervously eating gooseberries—a fruit which rarely agreed with

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him. Harry drank a second glass of champagne and his brow relaxed, although he was still thoughtful.

"I—I hope all has gone well?" Neeld ventured to inquire.

"I scarcely know. The interview took rather an unexpected turn." He spoke as though the development had surprised him and he could hardly trace how it had come about. "The whole thing will be settled very soon," he added. "Have a glass of port, Mr. Neeld? It will do you more good than those gooseberries."

Neeld laid a ready hand on the decanter, as he asked:

"Is—er—Lady Tristram not coming in to dinner?"

"Really I don't know. She didn't mention it." His thoughts seemed elsewhere. "Was I wrong to tell Mason to give me the title?" he asked. "Ought I to wait till I've formally established my claim?"

"Since it's quite clear, and there's no opposition from—from the dispossessed claimant——" Neeld smiled feebly and sipped his port.

"That's what I thought; and it's as well to put things on a permanent basis as soon as possible. When once that's done, we shall think less about all this troublesome affair." He sat silent for a few minutes, while Neeld finished his wine. "I'm going to have some cheese. Don't you wait, Mr. Neeld."

Old Neeld was glad to escape; he could not understand his host's mood and was uneasy in talk with him. Moreover it seemed that the great question was being decided in the garden and not in the dining-room. To the garden then he betook himself.

Harry smoked a cigarette when his meal was done, twisting his chair round so that he could see Addie Tristram's picture. He reviewed his talk, with Cecily, trying to trace how that unexpected turn in it had come about and at what point the weapon had sprung into his hand. He had used it with effect —whether with the effect he desired he did not yet know. But his use of it had not been altogether a ruse or an artifice. His sincerity, his vehemence, his very cruelty proved that.

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He had spoken out a genuine resentment and a righteous reproach. Thence came the power to meet Cecily's taunts in equal battle and to silence her charges of deceit with his retort of meanness.

"And we were married to-day! And we're damnably in love with one another!" he reflected. "I suppose we should seem queer to some people." This was a great advance towards an outside view of the family. Certainly such an idea had never occurred to Addie; she had always done the only possible thing! "Now what will she do?"

At least it did not seem as though she meant to have any dinner. The fact would have meant much had a man been concerned. With a woman it possessed no more than a moderate significance. With a Tristram woman perhaps it had none at all. A cigar succeeded the cigarette in Harry's mouth, as he sat there looking at his mother's picture and thinking of his wife. He did not in the least regret that she was his wife or that he had lied. Any scruples that he ever had on that score he had removed for himself by realising that she was a curmudgeon. Neither did he regret what he had called the troublesome affair. It had brought new things into his life; new thoughts and new powers had become his. And it had given him Cecily—unless one of them had still to go to town! He glanced at the clock; it was half-past nine. A sudden excitement came on him; but he conquered it or at least held it down, and sat there, smoking still.

Mason returned and began to clear away. "Madame Zabriska has ordered some soup and claret to be placed in the hall for her ladyship, my lord," said he, in explanation of his action.

Soup and claret might mean anything—peace or war—going or staying—anything except sitting down to table with him. On the whole their omen was not encouraging. A sudden thought shot across his brain: "By Jove, if she's taken my cab!" He jumped up; but in a moment sat down again. The *coup* would be a good one, but it would not beat him.

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He would walk to Mingham and get a bed there. He was quite clear that he would not sleep alone at Blent. He glanced at the clock again; to catch the train at Fillingford she must start at ten—and so with him. Stay though, she might go to Merrion. Mina would give her shelter.

She had looked very beautiful. Oh, yes, yes! Harry smiled as he conceded the natural man that point. It was seen plainly in retrospect; he had not noticed it much at the time. He had been too much occupied in proving her a curmudgeon. One thing at a time was the Tristram way—provided the time were reasonably short. But he felt it now, and began to wonder if he had said too much. He decided that he had not said a word too much.

At last he got up very deliberately and went into the hall. It was a quarter to ten; the soup and claret were there. Harry stood looking at them a moment, but they could not answer his question. With an impatient shrug of his shoulders he walked out into the garden. And there his first thought was not of Cecily.

It was of Blent, Blent his own again, come back to him enriched by the experience of its loss, now no more all his life, but the background of that new life he had begun to make for himself. He was no longer puffed up by the possession of it—the new experiences had taught him a lesson there—but he was infinitely satisfied. Blent for his own, in his own way, on his own terms—that was what he wanted. See how fair it was in the still night! He was glad and exultant that it was his again. Was he too a curmudgeon then? Harry did not perceive how any reasonable person could say such a thing. A man may value what is his own without being a miser or a churl.

Nobody was to be seen in the garden—not Neeld, not Mina, nor Cecily. In surprise he walked the length and breadth of it without finding any of them. He went on to the bridge and peered about, and then on to the road; he looked into the river in a curiosity that forgot the impossible.

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He was alone. With a quick step he came back and strode round the house to the stables. His fly was gone. He searched for a man to question; there was none; they had all gone to supper or to bed. And the fly was gone. He returned to the bridge with an uncomfortable feeling of loneliness.

Something came upon him, an impulse or an instinct. There was still a chance. She was not in the house, she was not in the garden. There was one other place where she still might be—if, indeed, she had not fled and left him desolate. Where? The answer seemed so easy to him, her choice of a spot so obvious. If he found her anywhere that night he would find her by the Pool, walking on the margin of its waters—where he had seen her first and started at the thought that she was his mother's phantom. He walked quickly up the valley, not thinking, his whole being strung to wait for and to meet the answer to his one great question.

On what things a man's life may seem to hang! A flutter of white through the darkness! That was all. Harry saw it with a great leap of the heart. His quick pace dropped to a leisurely saunter; he strolled on. She was walking towards him. Presently she stopped, and, turning towards the water, stood looking down into it. The pool was very black that night, the clouds thick overhead. But for her white frock he might never have seen her at all. He came up to her and spoke in a careless voice.

"Where's Neeld?" he asked. "I can't find him anywhere."

"He's gone back to Fairholme, Harry. It was late. I was to say good-night to you for him."

"And what have you done with Mina?" His voice was level, even, and restrained.

"Mina's gone to Merrion." She paused before she added: "She was tired, so I put her in your fly to go up the hill."

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There was silence for a moment. Then he asked: "Did you tell the fly to come back again?"

Silence again, and then a voice of deceptive meekness, of hidden mirth, answered him: "No, Harry."

"I knew you'd be here, if anywhere."

"Well, I was sure you'd come here to look for me, before you gave me up." She put out her hands and he took them in his. "It was all true that you said about me, all abominably true."

He did not contradict her.

"That's why I'm here," she went on. "When you've feelings like that, it's your duty not to run away from the place that excites them, but to stay there and fight them down manfully."

"I agree," said Harry gravely. "When you've basely deceived and tricked somebody it's cowardly to run away. The straightest thing is to stay with that person and try to redeem your character."

"How did you know it?" she asked. "I hardly knew it was in my heart myself."

"It sharpens a man's wits to be called a liar—and not to be able to deny the name."

"And you called me a—curmudgeon! Oh, how did you happen on that funny old word?" Her laugh rang fresh and gay through the quiet of the night. "After you'd gone, Mina came to me."

"What happened then?"

"Well, I ought to have cried—and Mina did."

"Did Mina stop you going?"

"Mina? No!" The acme of scorn was in her voice.

"What then?" he asked, drawing her a little nearer to him.

"I wanted to obey your wishes. You said I was to stay—and you'd go."

"Yes, but you've sent away the fly," objected Harry. "Well, all that you said of me was true too."

"We should start on a clear understanding then."

"I'm a liar—and you're a curmudgeon? Yes."

"What awful quarrels we shall have!"

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"I don't care a hang for them," said Harry.

"And what about the Arbitration?"

"Absurd, if I'm going to live in a state of war!"

Suddenly came a sound of wheels rolling briskly along the road from behind them. Cecily sprang away with a start.

"Oh, the fly's not come back?" she cried.

"Perhaps there's still a chance for one of us."

She caught him by the arm. "Listen! Is it stopping? No! It must be past the house!"

"Do you want it to stop?" he asked.

She turned her eyes on him; he saw them gleam through the darkness. He saw her lips just move; he heard no more than the lingering fear, the passionate reproach, of her murmured exclamation, "Oh, Harry!"

The next instant a voice rang out in the night, loud, mellow, and buoyant. They listened as it sang, its notes dominating the sound of the wheels and seeming to fill the air around them, growing louder as the wheels came near, sinking again as they passed on the road to Mingham:

> "Drink to me only with thine eyes,
> And I will pledge with mine:
> Or leave a kiss but in the cup
> And I'll not look for wine.
> The thirst that from the soul doth rise
> Doth ask a drink divine:—"

Gradually, melodiously, and happily the voice died away in the distance, and silence came. Harry drew his love to him.

"Dear old Bob Broadley!" said he softly. "He's driving back from Fairholme, and he seems most particularly jolly."

"Yes," she murmured. Then she broke into a low, merry, triumphant laugh. "I don't see why he should be so particularly jolly." She pressed his hand hard, laughing again. "He's only engaged," she whispered. "But we're married, aren't we, Harry?"

"My dear, my dear, my dear!" said he.

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CHAPTER XXX

TILL THE NEXT GENERATION

MAJOR DUPLAY had taken a flat in town, and Mina had come up to aid him in the task of furnishing it. The Major was busy and prosperous in these days. Blinkhampton was turning up trumps for all concerned, for Iver, for Harry, for Southend, and for him; the scheme even promised to be remunerative to the investing public. So he had told Mina that he must be on the spot, and that henceforward the country and the Continent would know him only in occasional days of recreation. He also murmured something about having met a very attractive woman, a widow of thirty-five. The general result seemed to be that he had forgotten his sorrows, was well-content, and a good deal more independent of his niece's society and countenance than he had been before. All this Mina told to Lady Evenswood when she went to lunch in Green Street.

"Yes, I think I've launched uncle," said she, complacently, "and now I shall devote myself to the Tristrams."

"You've been doing that for a long time, my dear."

"Yes, I suppose I have really," she laughed. "I've been a sort of Miss Swinkerton—I wish you knew her! Only I devoted myself to one family, and she does it for all the neighbourhood."

Lady Evenswood looked at her with a kindly smile.

"You were rather in love with Harry, you know," she said.

"Which was very absurd, but—yes, I was. Only then Cecily came and—well, it was altogether too artistic for me even to want to interfere. If I had wanted, it would have made no difference, of course. They've been pressing me to go on living at Merrion, and I shall."

"Oh, if you could get nothing but a pigsty on the estate, you'd take it. Though I don't know what you'll find to do."

"To do? Oh, plenty! Why, they're only just beginning

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and—!" The wave of her hands expressed the endless possibilities of the Tristram household.

"And gradually you'll glide into being an old woman like me—looking at the new generation!"

"Her children and his! There ought to be something to look at," said Mina wistfully. "But we've not done with Harry himself yet."

"Robert says he's too fond of making money, or he might do something in politics."

"It isn't money exactly. It's a good deal Blent. He wants to make that splendid. Perhaps he'll come to the politics in time."

"He's made you believe in him anyhow."

"Yes, and I know I don't count. All the same I've seen a good deal of him. Mr. Neeld and I have been in it right from the beginning."

"And in the end it was all a mare's nest. Fancy if Addie Tristram had known that!"

"I think she liked it just as well as she thought it was. And I'm sure Harry did."

"Oh, if he's like that, he'll never do for the British public, my dear. He may get their money but he won't get their votes. After all, would you have the country governed by Addie Tristram's son?"

"I suppose it would be rather risky," said the Imp reluctantly. But she cheered up directly on the strength of an obvious thought. "There are much more interesting things than politics," she said.

"And how is Cecily?" asked Lady Evenswood.

"Oh, she's just adorable—and Mrs. Iver's got her a very good housekeeper."

The old lady laughed as she turned to welcome Lord Southend.

"I've just met Disney," he remarked. "He doesn't seem to mind being out."

"Oh, he'll be back before long, and without his incum-

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brances. And Flora's delighted to get a winter abroad. It couldn't have happened more conveniently, she says."

"He told me to tell you that he thought your young friend—he meant Harry Tristram—was lost for ever now."

"What a shame!" cried Mina indignantly.

"Just like Robert! He never could understand that a man has a history just as a country has. He is and ought to be part of his family."

"No sense of historical continuity," nodded Southend. "I agree, and that's just why, though I admire Disney enormously, I——"

"Generally vote against him on critical occasions? Yes, Robert makes so many admirers like that."

"Is his work at Blinkhampton nothing?" demanded Mina.

"He got in for that while he was dispossessed," smiled Southend. "I say, thank heaven he wouldn't have the viscounty!".

"That would have been deplorable," agreed Lady Evenswood.

"It's all a very curious little episode."

"Yes. No more than that."

"Yes, it is more," cried Mina. "Without it he'd never have married Cecily."

"Romance, Madame Zabriska, romance!" Southend shook his head at her severely.

Mina flinched a little under the opprobrium of the word. Yet why? In these days we have come to recognise—indeed there has been small choice in the matter, unless a man would throw away books and wear cotton-wool in his ears—that the romance of one generation makes the realities of the next, and that a love affair twenty years old becomes a problem in heredity, demanding the attention of the learned, and receiving that of the general public also. So that though the affair and the man be to all seeming insignificant, consolation may be found in the prospect of a posthumous importance; and he who did nothing very visible in his lifetime may, when his son's biography comes to be written, be held grandfather to an epic

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poem or a murder on the high seas—and it seems to be considered that it is touch and go which way the thing turns out. Are there then any episodes left? Does not everything become an enterprise of great pith and moment, with results that will probably, some day or other, be found to admit of mathematical demonstration? Happily the human race, in practice if not in theory, declines the conclusion. We know that we are free, and there's an end of it, said Dr. Johnson. Well, at least we can still think that we are doing what we like—and that's the beginning of most things.

That temporary inferiority of Bob Broadley's, on which Cecily had touched so feelingly, was soon redressed, and after the wedding Harry had a talk with the bride. It was not unnatural that she should blush a little when he spoke to her—a passing tribute to the thought of what might have been. Harry greeted it with a laugh.

"I suppose we'd better be straightforward about this?" he said. "Mingham's so near Blent, you see. We're both very glad, aren't we, Mrs. Broadley?"

"I imagine so," said Janie. "You show no signs of pining anyhow."

"And as to our behaviour—there's not a father in the kingdom who wouldn't think us right."

"I was the worst—because I think I was in love with Bob all the time."

"I was just as bad—because I thought you were too," said Harry.

"How could we do it then?" she asked.

"That's the odd thing. It didn't seem at all out of the way at the time," he pondered.

"You'd do it again now, if the case arose, but I shouldn't. That's the difference," said she.

Harry considered this remark for a moment with an impartial air. "Well, perhaps I should," he admitted at last, "but you needn't tell that to Cecily. Content yourself with discussing it with Mina or Mr. Neeld."

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"I'm tired of both of them," she cried. "They do nothing but talk about you."

That night as he sat in the garden at Blent with his wife, Harry returned the compliment by talking of the Imp. He looked up towards Merrion and saw the lights in the windows.

"I think Mina is with us for life, Cecily," said he.

"I like her to be," she answered with a laugh. "First because I like being loved, and she loves me. And then I like you to be loved, and she loves you. Besides, she's been so closely mixed up with it all, hasn't she? She knew about you before I did, she knew Blent before I did. And it's not only with you and me. She knew your mother, Addie Tristram, too."

"Yes, Mina goes right back to the beginning of the thing."

"And the thing, as you call it, is what brought us here together. So Mina seems to have had something to do with that too. It all comes back to me when I look at her, and I like to have her here."

"Well, she's part of the family story now. And she'll probably keep a journal and make entries about us, like the late Mr. Cholderton, and some day be edited by a future Mr. Neeld. Mina must stop, that's clear."

"It's clear anyhow—because nothing would make her go," said Cecily.

"Let's go up the hill and see her now!" he suggested.

Together they climbed the hill and reached the terrace. There were people in the drawing-room, and Harry signed to Cecily to keep out of sight. They approached stealthily.

"Who's with her? I didn't know any one was staying here," whispered Cecily.

Harry turned his face towards her, smiling. "Hush, it's old Neeld!"

They peeped in. Neeld was sitting in an arm-chair with some sheets of paper in his hand. He had his spectacles on and apparently had been reading something aloud to Mina; indeed they heard his voice die away just as they came up. Mina stood in front of him, her manner full of her old excitement.

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"Yes, that's it, that's just right!" they heard her exclaim. "She stood in the middle of the room and—" Harry pressed his wife's hand and laughed silently—"she cried out just what you've read. I remember exactly how she looked and the very words that Mr. Cholderton uses. 'Think of the difference it makes, the enormous difference!' she said. Oh, it might have been yesterday, Mr. Neeld!"

Harry leapt over the window-sill and burst into the room with a laugh.

"Oh, you dear silly people, you're at it again!" said he.

"The story does not lose its interest for me," remarked old Mr. Neeld primly, and he added, as he greeted Cecily, "It won't so long as I can look at your face, my dear. You keep Addie Tristram still alive for me."

"She's Lady Tristram—and I'm the enormous difference, I suppose," said Harry.

Mina and Neeld did not quite understand why Cecily turned so suddenly and put her hand in Harry's, saying, "No, Harry, there's no difference now."

Meanwhile, down in Blentmouth, Miss Swinkerton looked up from the local paper and remarked across the table to Mrs. Trumbler:

"Here's an announcement that Lady Tristram will give a ball at Blent in January. You'll remember that I told you that two months ago, Mrs. Trumbler."

"Yes, Miss Swinkerton, but that was before all the——"

"Really I'm not often wrong my dear," interrupted Miss S. decisively.

"Well, I hope there won't be any more changes," sighed Mrs. Trumbler. "They're so very startling."

She might rest in peace awhile. Addie Tristram was dead and the title to Blent was safe till the next generation. Beyond that it would not perhaps be safe to speak in view of the Tristram blood and the Tristram ways.

THE END.

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ABDUR RAHMAN: COMMANDER OF THE FAITH

THE late Amir of Afghanistan, in that part of his Autobiography which appeared in the first number of the MONTHLY REVIEW, spoke of "several books" written by himself, "which have been printed at the Kabul Press." A copy of one of these is now in the British Museum: it is a pamphlet on *Jehad* or the Holy War against the Infidel, which was issued in 1887, and was taken at the time by certain newspaper correspondents to be a symptom of trouble brewing between Afghanistan and this country.[1] Another pamphlet was published by the Amir some seven years ago, recording the proceedings of the Durand Mission to Kabul in November 1893. It was circulated among the officials and people of Afghanistan in order that they might understand the nature and advantages of the friendship then ratified between their own country and England. "That our interests may be identical and our hearts sincere," says the Amir to his people in his own report of his own speech at the great Durbar, "I have obtained verbal as well as written promises from her Gracious Majesty the Queen, her Government, and her officials, to help us as our friends to such an extent that should there be one rupee only in the British Treasury, half of it will be spent to help Afghanistan at any time of danger, and our friendship has advanced so far that we

[1] In 1888 appeared an *authorised* treatise on "The Establishing of the Faith," which was discussed by the *Times* in September 1897.

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will both join hands to oppose our enemies." He then thanks God for this "successful understanding, which causes a great pleasure to friends and a great disappointment and sorrow to the enemies whose plots for causing a quarrel between us have failed," and concludes as follows: "The agreements were signed yesterday, and I wish to tell you most emphatically that the British Government, being your true friend, is ready to give you every help by men, money, and arms, and does not wish anything in return. You are bound to hold fast to the friendship of the British Government, which is anxious to see you strong without asking anything in return. I congratulate you on your good fortune in having secured such a friendship, the fruits of which will be numerous in the interests and the welfare of the country."

Nothing is said here about infidels: nothing could be further from the preaching of war, holy or other, against England. It seems probable that the bellicose tendency of the former pamphlet was exaggerated by the Press, or that it was taken more seriously by its European critics than by the Afghan public, who understood it perhaps in some Pickwickian sense. This supposition is borne out by the tenor of the Amir's latest book on *Jehad*, published at Kabul in Persian last year, and hitherto, we believe, entirely unknown in this country. The translation of it, which we here give, has been made by Sultan Mohammed Khan, who was formerly Mir Munshi to the Amir, and to whom we are already indebted for the translations of the Amir's "Life" and of his "Instructions" to his son Nasrullah on his visiting England. The intention of the book is evidently not political: according to the very natural account given of its conception, it is an amplification of a discourse held by the Amir to his courtiers at one of his evening gatherings, and aimed in the first place at the correction of a "vulgar error" among the Afghans as to the meaning of an important word in the definition of their creed. To us, however, it is equally instructive in other ways. We learn from it that for a Moslem there are more ways than one to

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Paradise: he may travel as it were first, second, or third class. If the practice of a full ritual be beyond his means or opportunities, he may fall back on a simpler and, it would seem to us, a more spiritual form of worship; failing in this again he may be saved by hatred of the unbelievers. It is this third and no doubt easier method that once constituted a danger to the Christian world, and ought theoretically even now to make an Anglo-Afghan agreement impossible. To Abdur Rahman the difficulty does not seem even to have presented itself: in the general he exhorts to a most stringent exclusion of infidels and those who consort with them; in the particular he is anxious to share their last rupee, and congratulates his people on a friendship which will bear fruit in the prosperity of the country. Is it cynicism, mere worldly wisdom, that so completely ignores the inconsistency? Miss Hamilton, we are told, found the late Amir something of a sceptic in private, though he was looked upon throughout his dominions as a loyal and sincere Defender of the Faith. We prefer to think of him as having been, like many better men, more sincere than orthodox; or rather to look upon his inconsistency as unconscious, and to take it as a welcome indication that Afghan Mahommedanism is beginning to outgrow its early ferocity; that a religion which at many points approaches Christianity is ceasing, under the influence possibly of the Sultan's envoys and the Mecca pilgrimage, to act, even in Afghanistan, up to its orthodox principles as a propaganda of hatred and exclusiveness. If this faith is really becoming, in any serious degree, a matter of long beards and big turbans on the one hand and of tacitly ignored prohibitions on the other, it must be passing out of the stage of barbarous fanaticism. Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan, before he was freed from the Wheel of Things, laid many crimes upon his soul; but he was a mighty ruler of men, and we would gladly believe that he contributed to the progress of the Church as he certainly did to that of the State, in dominions so closely connected with our own.—EDITOR.

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BE IT KNOWN to the consciences of the followers of the Mahommedan religion and the protectors of the reputation and faith of that religion, that as his Majesty Abdur Rahman Khan, Defender of the Faith, is very kindly disposed towards his people and anxious to protect his religion, he always confers benefits upon them by his verbal and written advice and instructions. It is therefore the duty of all his Majesty's subjects in general to be grateful to him and strictly follow his advice.

> The words of a Professor of Learning are always useful.
> Happy are those who hear and follow them.

This also is one of the directions and instructions which his Majesty has preached to his courtiers and those in his presence in one evening's gathering, namely:

That for the believers of the true faith the great "honour" is their religion, and not, as some selfish people believe it to be, simply the habit of praying and a nominal religion.

If the wife, children, sisters, and other belongings of this world may be considered as a man's honour, then there is nobody who has a lasting honour, because these relatives and belongings are always changing, as in the case of marriage or divorce, and daughters and sisters take the name of their husbands the moment they are married, and are no longer members of the same family, and in the same way the other belongings of a man keep on coming and going, and nobody is considered to have lost his honour by these changes, but if anybody does anything against the teachings of his faith it will injure his honour and leave him no excuse.

"Honour" literally means the credit of one with another or with others, and that is the reason why the wife of a man is called his "honour,"[1] and an insult to her is considered as an

[1] The Mahommedans say that a man who does not give his life willingly in fighting for his *nāmūs* (honour or reputation) is a coward and an infidel. The belief of the Afghans was that by this was meant the honour of their wives: the Amir in this book explains to them that it really means their religion and faith, and therefore to save that faith they must fight for their country and their king. Sultan Mohammed Khan.

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injury to the honour of her husband, because she and her husband are in credit together. Therefore an insult to his religion, which takes him to Paradise, and which is a credit between him and his God, is the greatest loss and injury to his honour, for if the faith, the means of reaching God, is injured or broken, then the means being broken there is no other way to reach God.

As the fourth chapter of Kauran gives this verse:

If any man change his Religion from Islam his new Religion will not be accepted, and he will be a loser in the Day of Judgment.

The Angel Gabriel is also called *Great Honour*, because he is the medium of conveying all religion from Heaven to the Prophet.

The other reason of my naming true religion only as the great honour is this:

That by the religious law the moment a man breaks his religion he has no legal right over his wife, children, property, or any of his belongings, and is considered an outcast from his people. In fact, he is considered as out of existence, and as if he had never existed in that community; since all the books on religion fully agree on this subject, it is clearly proved that all belongings and honour and wife and everything are gone by the loss of religion, and therefore faith is the only honour and credit, and without faith there is no honour.

Religion is the soul and spirit, and all the other kinds of honour or good name are the outcome of this. Therefore it is the duty of every Moslem to protect and defend the dignity and good name of this great honour of his religion of Islam.

In the chapter *Shurah* the Kauran says as follows:

Your God has given to you the same rules of Faith which were the instructions given to Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Jesus Christ, namely, that you must hold fast to your belief in God and not divide or dissemble, but be united in Religion.

But in following and defending the true faith the love of God and His Prophet is necessary, because religion is not only

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to be considered as "honour," but also as a love for God. The Kauran says:

Love God and love all those who have God's love; or, God loves His true believers and the true believers love God.

In the book called *Bukhari* the Prophet says:

Not one of you is a true believer so long as he does not love God more than his parents, children, and all men else.

There are many verses of the Kauran and sayings of the Prophet to confirm this doctrine, but as it is a well-known fact to all true believers that without loving God and His Prophet nobody is considered a true believer, therefore this one reference above mentioned is sufficient.

Then the signs are proved of the love of God and His Prophet, and we are exhorted, first, to follow the sayings and doings of Mahomet and his faith, as the Kauran says:

O Mahomet, say to your followers that if they do love God they must follow your example so that God shall love them and forgive their sins.

God is most merciful and compassionate, and the highest degree of love is this—that a true believer should take a pleasure in following every step of the blessed Prophet. Sincere belief requires a true desire and comfort in following the laws of God and His Prophet, and a sacrifice of all selfish motives, desires, and even one's belongings, riches and everything, for that belief, because the essential part of all prayers is the soul of the worship or prayer and not the outward action.

In short, the true worship of God is to desire that everything that one does is done in the heart to please God and His Prophet. The Kauran says:

God requires true worship of the heart and not outward show.

The Prophet says in the book of *Bukhari*:

The reward for your good actions depends upon the intention of your heart.

For instance, if a man leaves his home with the intention of serving God and His Prophet he becomes a Champion of

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the Faith, but if he leaves his home to collect plunder or to bring back a slave wife, then his fighting is not to please God or His Prophet, but for his own selfish ends, and therefore there is no reward for him near God.

A man who fights for the love of God and His Faith—he is a Gazi, and if he dies he is rewarded. What he plunders in fighting is his property, but if he goes merely for the sake of plunder he has no reward near God for fighting or being killed.

The Middle Way for the lovers of God is this, that if a man cannot follow all the details of religion and the doings of Mahomet, he must not leave the essential duties of that religion, and he must be especially careful of one essential duty, and that is not to do any injury to others, as God and His Prophet have strictly forbidden this. The Kauran says:

> Be afraid of God in usurping the rights of others, and satisfy those who have any claim on you, if you are really obedient to the commands of God and His Prophet, and if you are true believers.

Mahomet says in *Bukhari:*

> The best of all in the believers is that they do not do any injury to any one by their hands or tongue, by their doings or sayings.

A Fighter for the Truth is a man who keeps away from all such doings which are wrong.

Again Mahomet says:

> None of you is counted as a believer of the Faith who does not wish the same good to others which he desires for himself.

Therefore to regard the rights of other believers, and to safeguard such rights, is an essential duty upon all of you, and is next to the duty of your allegiance to God, to His Prophet, and to your King, who is a deputy of the Prophet.

If any man being tempted by temptations fails to carry out this first degree and the second degree of the love of God and His Prophet, as mentioned above, there is only one third way of duty left by following which he shall be forgiven, and the Prophet will be a medium to intercede on his behalf for his error, and that third degree is as follows:

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Love for the sake of God, and enmity also for the sake of God: that is to say, to love God and all those who are true believers of God, and to hate and be enemies with all those who are not followers of the true faith, and to shun the evil ones.

To explain this fully, suppose a man cannot follow all the restrictions, rules, and sacrifices mentioned in the religion of Islam, he must take up this last responsibility as his duty—he must be a supporter and well-wisher of the true faith and of those who are the supporters of the true faith openly and privately—to gain favour with God; and this is the essence of the love of God: and he must be an enemy of the infidels and of the friends of the infidels, as they are enemies of God; and this is the essence of saying that enmity for God—that this enmity—is to please God; as God says in the Kauran:

> O, true believers, be not friends of your fathers and brothers if they prefer infidelity or unbelief to the true belief and if they be against Islam; and if any of you keep friendship with them he will be reckoned a sinner, and one who has gone beyond the limit and is an outcast.

On this point the command of God is so very strict that if any man's father, brother, or son becomes a friend of the infidels in his heart, you must cut him off from you.

The Prophet says in *Bukhari:*

> Any man who has these three virtues is a true believer:
>
> (1) He who loves God and his Prophet more than all the rest of the world.
>
> (2) He who loves all those who love God, for the sake of God's love.
>
> (3) He who keeps away as much from him who joins the scoffers as one keeps away from being thrown into a fire.

This is plainly understood, that friendship with the infidels inclines one to be an infidel oneself, and to be a friend of Islam means to be an Islamite oneself, and though God is very merciful and compassionate so that all sinners expect to be forgiven by him, yet if any man does any injury to Islam, or helps those who are enemies of Islam or becomes friendly with them, he is entirely deprived of the mercies of God; and the

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intercession of the Prophet according to the faith of Islam will be for those who are the greatest sinners, but not for those who are unbelievers; and to slight Islam or to lower the dignity of Islam, and to be a well-wisher of those who are against Islam and to injure those or to differ from those who are well-wishers of Islam is the grossest infidelity.

Therefore considering that this is the secret of the system whereby the Mahommedan Monarchs are to be Commanders of the Faith, as has been laid down from the time of the Prophet, and that the commands of God and His Prophet are all in the Kauran, and other books or tradition books of the Prophet, stating or ordering the oath of allegiance or faithfulness and obedience to the Islam rulers of the times, this is the reason why the religion of Islam is the greatest honour, and the sovereigns of Islam are appointed by the Prophet to protect and defend this great honour, and all the people who believe in the faith are ordered or commanded to obey or bear allegiance to support them.

God says in the Kauran:

Those to whom We give a high place near Us, and whom We honour with authority are the Kings or Commanders of the true Faith. They say their prayers, give charity, or order the people to do good, and forbid them to do wrong, and for everything the account ends with God.

This proves that the religion of Islam is the greatest honour, and is the true religion, and its kings are the protectors and God's guards of this honour, and that is the reason why the Prophet has ordered as an essential duty that

Every man should obey the orders of the Sovereigns or Monarchs of Islam.

The Prophet says in *Bukhari:*

Any man who obeys my commands obeys the commands of God, and he who rejects my commands rejects the commands of God; and any man who obeys the commands of his Amir, obeys my commands, and he who rejects the commands of the Amir rejects my commands: and in fact the Amir is a shelter for all Moslems who fight by his help and with him against the Scoffers and rebellious enemies, and he is the defender against the arms of the

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enemies and rivals; and if the Amir orders you to defend the faith and bestows justice he will gain a reward for his commands, and if he does contrary to this, upon him will be the sin.

It shows that the people have no right to raise objections or to criticise the actions of their Amir, and make their own objections the cause of sinning and acting against his instructions, but in everything and in every condition they must obey their Amir, because God and His Prophet have delivered affairs to him, and he will have to answer for the good or bad results on the Day of Judgment, as he has been appointed to have the authority—to be the shepherd of God's creation—so thousands of sorrows be upon those wrongdoers who do not know the value of *the honour* of their faith and religion, and who only follow ceremonies and customs, and only trouble themselves to defend their wives and their children as their great honour, and keep long beards and big turbans as a token of true religion. If they break any of the laws of their faith, in the first place they do not understand what they have done —they pass it as a jest. The Prophet has truly said:

The true believer, notwithstanding his good works, still fears God, and a sinner, notwithstanding his wrong doings, still laughs.

As Bedil, a learned saint, says:

Men do more wrong by blindly following each other than by their own intentions they desire.

What unfortunate people those shall be who, claiming to be Moslems, and boasting of the true faith, have their hearts so far from the love of God and His Prophet that they do not follow even one of these three stages of grace. Those are the people concerning whom God says in the Kauran:

The severe punishments are for those hard-hearted ones whose hearts are away from God, and who have fallen into darkness; especially those who possess not the third and most essential virtue, which is the love of God and enmity for God. This last is the essence of the true faith, and is not one of those formalities which are of no value, but rather do harm.

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HUMILIATION, REAL AND IMAGINARY

"IT is an illusion," said Mr. Frederick Harrison in a recent address, "to imagine that the British name has covered itself with glory in the war." To average Continental opinion, as it is to be gathered from newspapers and in conversation with friends and acquaintances abroad, no utterance, seeing its source and occasion, could be more astonishing. It was an utterance made by a man of high integrity, in devout abhorrence of the war and in transparent sincerity of conviction. It is necessary to insist on this indisputable point; for Mr. Harrison's dictum contains the suggestion that some such feeling of pride as he reprobates exists amongst Englishmen, and such a suggestion must be so startling to the average foreigner that he might be driven to doubt the speaker's seriousness. But a short consideration of the remainder of his lecture would convince the most sceptical of the intensity of his feeling. It carried him, historian as he is, into historical parallels so raw and unphilosophical as to leave no doubt that nothing but emotion of the most genuine and the deepest kind could have so entirely routed his scholarship. Further than this, he exhibited the spectacle of a man who, though no mean observer of national character, was trying to persuade Englishmen to give in because they were nearly beaten—surely a symptom of acute emotional disturbance. It was to this end he arrayed his instances of empires which had

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broken themselves in an effort to subdue a small people. Of the instances in which empires had vastly increased their own power and the welfare of the small people by successfully carrying through the same process he naturally remembers none. It is upon the other phenomenon that his mind is fixed, and he presents us with a case in each of the four last centuries. First, in the sixteenth, he quotes the case of Philip the Second attempting, as he puts it, to subjugate Holland; and the ruin it brought to Spain, as Mr. Harrison knew quite well two years ago —the long wars to which he alludes—arose out of an attempt by the Hapsburg dynasty to revive in its own favour a modern form of the Roman Empire. It was an attempt which was naturally objected to and opposed by half the rest of Europe, and purely from the strategical conditions of the case the resultant struggle was to a large extent focused about the rebellion of some of the richest provinces in Philip's hereditary dominions. It was not Philip's attempt to reduce his Dutch rebels to subjection that ruined him. It was that this attempt was a step to ulterior designs which were perfectly well known and which involved him in a naval war with England, and land wars on all his frontiers. Yet in this vast European struggle—in which was fought out the question whether the Imperial system of Rome was to be revived or the new system of nations established—Mr. Harrison can see a parallel to the English resolve to preserve a colony and govern it on her own lines—a resolve in which she does not so much as threaten the interests of any other country. His second instance is of the same stuff—"the war," as he puts it, "which Louis the Fourteenth waged upon Holland in the seventeenth century, a war which ruined the French monarchy and almost ruined France." In spite of a suspicion that Mr. Harrison is confusing this struggle with that of the Spanish Succession, we must take him by his dates to allude to the war which ended with the Peace of Ryswick, and in which to the war with Holland were added such trifles as wars with England, the Empire, Spain, and Brandenburg. In short, it was a contest in which again Europe deservedly

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punished a disturber of its solidifying national system. That it was again the strategical conditions which caused it to focus round the same "little people" is a detail to which two years of emotion have closed Mr. Harrison's eyes.

From this point he passes to his instance of the eighteenth century, and cites "the attempt which George the Third made to crush what was then called a rebellion in our colonies." There was a time when Mr. Harrison would have seen this as a recrudescence of the Seven Years War, when the three great naval Powers of the world saw a chance of using England's domestic trouble as a means of regaining what she had lately taken from them. Here the parallel is closer; and were it not that Europe has grown reconciled to England's Colonial Empire, it would be closer still. The weak point, however, is that it did not ruin England. Ruin, if there was ruin, came in the vengeance which England speedily took on the Powers that had played her such a trick. The last instance is, by some strange phantasy, the escapade of Napoleon the Third in Mexico. The citing of this case of an effort to conquer a distant little people can only be explained by the necessity of finding something to fill the nineteenth century, and is too fantastic to be considered seriously.

But we must not be unjust. A glimmer of the historian's old sagacity prompted him to protect himself. "I do not pretend," he said, "that the analogy could be carried out in details." But the entry of such a *caveat* only makes things worse. It is not the details that are at fault; it is the unscholarly oblivion and perversion of the main lines. As he proceeds the disorder of his thought reaches a culmination—even his geography goes to pieces. In a general way, he said, he would draw attention to the fact that in four successive centuries there had been four successive attempts by great and overwhelming empires to crush and subjugate a distant and small people struggling for independence, and that in every case not only had the attempt failed, but it had brought shame, humiliation, and ruin upon the people who made the attempt.

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When a scholar is so far carried away by his feelings as to speak of Holland as a country distant from France in the same way that South Africa is distant from England, no one can doubt their intensity or genuineness. For this is undeniably the stone with which he crowns his pyramid of confusion.

We can therefore safely assure our foreign critics that Mr. Harrison is not jesting. Indeed, no scholar or political student abroad, when he sees an esteemed *confrère* so hypnotised out of his wits, will be able to doubt his seriousness or the honesty of his conviction. Yet here he is, as it were in the ecstasy of his deliverance, and when he has so much else to denounce, spending time and virtue on warning an audience of disciples that they must not be proud of the war. What is the explanation? Unless our foreign friends can find means to put it aside, with the fantastic history and twisted geography, they will be bound to receive it as incontestable evidence that a large section of the British nation is not ashamed of the war. To the average foreigner such a suggestion will be as incredible as the sponge which Mr. Harrison has passed over his learning. If there is one point upon which the mass of foreign opinion is agreed with regard to the present war, it is the absolute humiliation of the once proud England. They see us hanging our heads in shame. Their journals, with more or less rudeness as their temper suggests, openly gird at us, and even personal friends, for all their keenness to enjoy the satisfaction of sympathising, will approach the subject delicately for fear of giving pain. The idea that the subject is not a painful one in this aspect, or that we can by any possibility take a pride in speaking of it, never so much as suggests itself.

So far, indeed, has this view of our sufferings gone that it is passing from the region of enjoyment and beginning to present itself as a serious danger to Europe. A new note is coming from the foreign press. About a week before Mr. Harrison's lecture, the *Novosti*, by no means the most Chauvinistic of the Russian papers, sounded the alarm with all the solemnity of a greater prophet. The title of the article which bore the

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weighty message to a mocking world may be rendered "Dangerous Eventualities." Its burden is that men must cease to gloat over the humiliation of England and prepare for the devastating storm it is brewing. Europe must remember that England, with all her faults, is not a nation to sit down meekly in the abject position to which she has fallen. The proud name she once held before the civilised world, and especially before her great Indian dependency, has been grievously, even dangerously, tarnished. The fame of her land forces has been dimmed, if not totally eclipsed. The British army has failed to maintain its traditions in South Africa. There is only one way in which she can recover her self-respect, and that is by her navy. A moment's consideration therefore will show the gravity of the danger. The war is on the eve of concluding, and England is only waiting for its end to pick a quarrel with some nation, probably France, in which her navy will be able to lift her from the slough of shame into which her army has plunged her once glorious name.

It must not be supposed that this queer phantom is not a real apparition to the writer. As a view of the English character and the sentiments of Englishmen in the present situation it is no more astonishing than Mr. Harrison's, and yet it is almost incredible to us that any political student can hold such views about the British people.

The truth is that Englishmen are wholly insensible to their supposed humiliation. So far, Mr. Harrison is abundantly right. They see no reason why they should feel humiliated and, this being so, the adverse opinion of foreigners is indifferent to them. Were the expressions of contempt abroad a dozen times more violent and ill-founded, it would not stir them to raise a finger to justify themselves. Naturally this is an attitude which foreigners, who for good reasons are sensitive in the matter, cannot understand. It is an outcome of the exaggerated self-reliance and isolation of our people to be at heart indifferent to adverse criticism from outside. It is simply set down to ignorance, misunderstanding, jealousy, or some

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other such cause, and men are content to wait till their critics learn to know better. Nor is this characteristic in any way affected by our love and even eagerness for praise. Self-conceit is but the disease of self-reliance, and it is possible to take an almost childish delight in praise without being so much as moved by censure. So long, therefore, as Englishmen's trust in their cause and their ability remains unshaken by facts, the most persistent and widespread views of their position which are held and expressed abroad will do nothing but harden their self-reliance, if, indeed, they touch them at all.

At present the mass of Englishmen can see nothing either in their cause or the progress of their arms to arouse in them either shame or humiliation. It is even doubtful whether there is a single chancery in Europe where on either point the popular continental view is held. As to the merits of our cause, whatever may be the opinion of foreign statesmen on the way it has been managed, in no single first-rate chancery is there any doubt of its justice. In no single case is there a doubt that had they been in our position they would have done what we have done long ago, and with greater severity. Russia, Austria, Prussia, and America have all in recent times shown us how, with the applause of the mass of their peoples, they do such work; and it is but natural that the censure of the mass of those peoples on which Mr. Harrison so earnestly insists can have no possible weight with us. He assures us it is not from mere jealousy that they scold. It is from a "deep-down feeling of an outraged sense of humanity." It may be so; but in the face of their practice it is impossible to be moved by their preaching. We do not deny the sincerity of the "deep-down feeling" any more than we doubt the sincerity of Mr. Harrison's historical parallels. We only believe that there is something below both, deeper down still, and can only deal with them as they look to us. As for the cries of the smaller nations, that is different. Still, even these we can regard with no deeper feeling than we should the angry tears of children who see

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another child beaten. Had Mr. Harrison visited the Continent as recently as he has America, he would, moreover, have discerned signs of the change for which Englishmen are content to wait in impregnable patience. Since the reports of the various Consuls in South Africa have been published, and, above all, since mercenaries have returned, sadder and wiser men, the tone of society abroad has largely changed, and the leaven of understanding is spreading every day. As to the extent to which this movement has already gone opinions will differ with each man's personal experience, but few will probably have failed to observe that generally the relation of censure to sympathy is directly as the particular circle or individual is ill or well informed in political affairs.

On the military side of the question much the same may be said. Rightly or wrongly, the effects of the war, with all its blunders and disasters, has been for the bulk of Englishmen exactly the reverse of what the Russian writer assumes. It is not too much to say that most of us have been astounded at the military strength the Empire has suddenly developed. No one not in the inner circle of military administration, and few, perhaps, even there, dreamed that such a display was possible in so short a time. We had grown accustomed to regard ourselves as having long fallen out of the race with the great military Powers, and believed that the inefficient army corps were the utmost we could handle across the sea. Therefore, as we say, Englishmen are most agreeably astonished at the strength they have shown, and, what is more, they believe that their astonishment is shared by experts abroad. Such a view of our military position may be right or wrong, but the point is that it is widely held at home and suspected of being not unknown abroad. The result is that, so far from hanging our heads in shame and seeking to wipe away our disgrace with a naval war, Englishmen believe that their trials in South Africa have distinctly raised their status as a military Power.

However debatable this view of the situation may be, it is certainly not without some show of reason on more than one

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ground. It is a conspicuous feature of military history that from time to time a great war or a great commander will create a tradition which, at first embraced as a revelation, is clung to till it becomes a set of shackles that deliver whole armies, bound hand and foot, into the hands of a new genius. The most widely recognised of such traditions was that of Frederick the Great; bound and bemused by it, when its science had withered to pedantry, the old monarchies entered the contest with the French Revolution and were broken to pieces. A similar tradition was created in 1870. Although between the weapons of that time and the weapons of yesterday there is as great a difference as between the long-bow and the musket, we entered upon the present war still bound and bemused by the Prussian tradition. The result was the usual disasters suffered by the disciplined troops at the hands of the undisciplined—by those who had been taught at the hands of those who had taught themselves. The lesson was severe and dearly bought, but it was understood, and thence sprang the fruit we cherish. Whatever it has done, and however it may be judged, the army of South Africa has broken with the tradition of 1870. This will be the priceless treasure it will bring back to the nation. We are conscious of a stride forward which must never be retraced, and which has placed us ahead of those we have been humbly following. The recent manœuvres abroad have shown us unmistakably that those who have not felt the rod have not learned the lesson. It is clear that for all that is so plain to us the Continental Powers are still dominated by the effete tradition. The old formations, the old movements, and the old methods remain, scarcely modified to fit the new weapons; and competent observers lead us to believe that were the army of South Africa to meet a typical continental army to-morrow, the result would in all probability be a repetition in our favour of much that happened at our first contact with the Boers. It may be a false judgment. Time only can prove its value. In any case, such reversals have happened in every age, and twice

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at least in modern times it was the genius of Englishmen that brought them about. Once it was when the chivalry of France went down before the archers, and again when "the thin red line" enabled Wellington to stultify the calculations of Napoleon's marshals. It is as certain as the march of time that other such points will be marked in military history; and Englishmen, in view of the past, can see no reason why one more should not be marked to them. The sense that this stride has perhaps been taken already is enough to justify, or at least excuse, the increased confidence and pride the country feels; and there are two more points to add. Our experiences in the war have certainly given us an increased sense of security against the possibility of a successful invasion, and they have also taught us that the fighting power of our material shows no sign of decadence.

How long this sense of advantage will last under existing conditions is another matter. It is not enough that the army in South Africa should have broken with the traditions which brought us to the brink of disaster. The War Office must break with them too. For a sign that this will be done the country is anxiously watching and watching with an ever-diminishing hope. It is trying hard to persuade itself that the treasure it has so dearly bought is not to be thrown on the dunghill. Its faith and loyalty die hard; but shock after shock has been received, and the country is reeling back bewildered into its old hopelessness. It was promised a great reform based on the lessons our disasters had taught us, and what did it get? A system based on the old army corps—the very rib of the old tradition. In 1870 the word was cast upon us like a spell, and ever since the thing has been a Procrustean bed on which our army has tortured itself to lie, and risen maimed and mutilated to do its best whenever the Empire called it forth at need. No one could doubt who marked the time in which the longed-for reform was announced that the spell of 1870 was on us still. The whole scheme was odorous with the spent air in which it was engendered. No breath of South

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Africa could be perceived. Still there was hope. The new beds of Procrustes were to be handed over to the men who had learned the lesson, and there was hope that they would find a means of letting our army lie easier, of permitting it to stretch its limbs and rejoice in its own strength against the time when it should next be needed. Then came the next shock. The men who were to have the charge were not to be the new men after all. One is the man who is notoriously the embodiment in the British army of the Prussian tradition; another is a man grown grey in it, who is confessedly past active service; and the third is the man whose lamentable performance in South Africa gave the shock that set the revolution on foot, and whose only title to be a reformer is the levity with which, on his own showing, he disregarded the cardinal and unchanging principles of the art of war. Where, then, is there a sign that those to whom our army is committed appreciate the opportunity? If we turn from organisation with a hope that perhaps a great change there may come later, and look to details, it is just the same. Even a serious consideration of equipment would be a crumb of comfort; some effort, let us say, to lighten and make more mobile—anything, indeed, that we might catch at. We look for such things as these and they give us—a new cap for the Guards! How long the confidence of the country will survive such trifling it is hard to tell. And it is worse than trifling. For it is a clear sign that the machine is still grinding along the old ruts. The only hope is that when the confidence goes patience may go too.

It is hence, and not from the war itself or from its tiresome and unexpected prolongation, that humiliation threatens us, the humiliation of being unable to produce a man equal to the high occasion. Yet such a feeling would be hardly just to those who are doing the work. It is not that the men are wanting. It is the old story, that not one of them is allowed time to think. The making of what we fondly call our new organisation is an open secret. It was produced, not from the cleansing furnaces of South Africa, though again and again we

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were assured it was from there it was to come. It was produced from the desks of the War Office at a time of excessive pressure and overwork, when they were crowded and littered with detail that they could scarcely contain. It was then submitted to a man of the highest capacity and ripest experience, it is true, but still to a man whose force and vigour of mind had been exhausted in the effort of retrieving the fortunes of the war. He gave it a weary endorsement, and long before the two had had time to think, it went forth with the sanction of his great reputation. So it was that the new wine was hastily condemned to the old bottles, when, with a little thought and patience, new ones might so easily have been had. It is a forlorn hope that they may show signs of bursting before much harm is done, and that even yet we may be saved from a great and real humiliation.

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ON THE LINE

IN **Kim**—(Macmillan. 6s.)—Mr. Kipling has undertaken a task which is well within his power, and within that of no other living writer. He gives us in this "story without an end" a brilliant and moving panorama of the life of India: that life in which Englishmen and the English Raj are only an element like any other. Kim, the son of an Irish colour-sergeant, brought up on the streets of Lahore by a half-caste woman and a mixed circle of native guardians, is found at last, as his dying father had prophesied, by "nine hundred first-class devils, whose god was a Red Bull on a green field," and sent by the Regimental Chaplain, Father Victor, to St. Xavier's College to be educated as a young Sahib. But his double nature never leaves him: he is half Indian through all, and ends as a valuable member of the Secret Service: not a very desirable profession, but one requiring remarkable qualities.

Something I owe to the soil that grew—
  More to the life that fed—
But most to Allah, who gave me two
  Separate sides to my head.

I would go without shirts or shoes,
  Friends, tobacco, or bread,
Sooner than for an instant lose
  Either side of my head.

It is Mr. Kipling's secret too; he has the double gift; he sees from the outside while he knows from the inside. It is a great thing that out of all the wallahs, sirdars, shikarris, and

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"first-class devils" we have poured into India, one at least should return to show us things in something like their true proportion; to show us our restlessness, our materialism, and the pettiness of our social and religious conventionalism, as well as our better qualities, dwarfed and yet relieved by the vast background of a dozen creeds and a hundred races older and more dignified than our own. "Kim" is an eloquent tract against the wrong kind of imperialism—the imperialism of the steam-roller method and the witless music-hall conceit.

To those who already know and appreciate Mr. Maurice Hewlett we need say little of his **New Canterbury Tales** (Constable. 6*s.*). Two of them remind us of the "Little Novels of Italy," one of "The Forest Lovers," one of "Pan and the Young Shepherd," two of "Richard Yea and Nay": and yet they are no repetitions; by their originality alone they might win a distinguished place. They are perhaps a little monotonously young and full-blooded, but the fault is a good fault: the style is no doubt what R. L. Stevenson meant by "tushery," but it is wielded with irresistible ease. We say nothing of the by-play and persons of the Pilgrimage: it was not meant to challenge Chaucer and it certainly does not do so; but the main characters are well dashed in, though their voices have too strong a family resemblance. We wonder too how the company, some of whom should have known better, passed without rebuke the brag of that astonishing liar the Scrivener, who dared to claim the famous Countess of Salisbury as his grandmother, after repeating all Froissart's mistakes about her, and adding many worse fabrications of his own. By the ending especially he spoils a noble story, believed and treasured by twenty generations of Englishmen.

It has been truly said that one great secret of good novel-writing is the power to develop character—to change it as it is changed by life, not suddenly and obviously, but by subtle, almost imperceptible touches, so that, on the last page, the

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hero may be a different man from the man on page 1—and yet the same. Mr. Julian Sturgis has accomplished this difficult feat with wonderful success. Out of a showy, confident young prig a gentleman is evolved—not quite an English gentleman—how could he be when his name is **Stephen Calinari** (Constable. 6s.)—but a sympathetic fellow enough. Not a dull page, not a dull sentence goes to the making of him. The life-like sketch of Jowett at Oxford is followed by a brilliant picture of London society. After Lord Ranmore's refusal to allow Stephen to press his suit with Lady Elfida the Coop family comes on the scene; and of the Coop family we never can hear enough. The melodramatic death of Stephen's father, after the fighting in the Shipka Pass, strikes a wrong note; and Daria, a kind of musical Marie Bashkirtsef, might become a little tiresome if it were not for the pair of guardian aunts who are by way of looking after her. The plot is not very skilfully contrived, but what does that matter? The people of the play are worth far more than the play itself. The light, crisp, sparkling style calls to mind the crystal clearness of Cherbuliez. It is not often marred by that abuse of Biblical phraseology which is fashionable among writers of fiction. The dusty taste of disillusion is given with marvellous force in a chapter called "At the Dinner Table." As for Stephen's mother, she is beyond praise.

Few modern story-tellers are possessed of the eerie gift that makes it dangerous for people of weak nerves to read a tale by Hawthorne, or a certain chapter in a certain volume by Dickens, after 11 P.M. Scott had it not. He would have used it if he could; he knew the artistic value of a shudder; but, like the boy in the fairy-tale, he had never learnt how to shudder, and a man who slept as soundly in the room with a corpse as if he had been at Ashiestiel or at Abbotsford, could not invent a ghost frightening enough to scare even a baby. To certain breezy natures the mere idea is inconceivable, except as an effort of the brain. It would be of interest to know

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whether the magician—to frighten other folk as much—must not be, to some extent, frightenable himself, but this is a delicate question. Mr. Quiller Couch has taken his degree in the Black Art; and the story called **The Laird's Luck,** which gives its title to his last volume—(Cassell. 6*s.*)—is a masterpiece. Perfect as the humour of it is, the reader dare not laugh. He is afraid to move—he holds his breath—he trembles—he is a haunted man for hours afterwards. There are excellent scenes in "Three Men of Badajoz" and "The Two Scouts"—they have an admirable air of the Wellington time, and the Duke lives—but they are ever full of blood; and the horrors of "The Poisoned Ice" cannot but stand condemned. The grim subject of "D'Arfet's Vengeance" is worked out with fine, fierce touches. For sixty years the wronged husband cherishes the thought that he will find the grave of the wife who deserted him in youth, so that he may be buried between her and her lover. The old sea-captain who took the "Bean Pheasant" cannot fail to make other and easier conquests. The last two stories in the book are highly poetical, and redolent of their Cornish origin.

A charm like that of scent, not powerful but sweet, hangs over **Doom Castle** (Neil Munro. Blackwood. 6*s.*). The name is one to attract a certain class of mind, and the style answers to the name. The arrival of the chivalrous French count, Victor de Montaiglon, is the first of a series of adventures and escapes that are good reading by an autumn fire, when frost has not yet stung the brain to desire a livelier tune of words—a drama instead of a dream. There is a hint, calculated to alarm at first, of James Stuart of Appin. We seem to have heard enough of that gentleman—but it is a barren hint, and no harm comes of it. Mungo is too suggestive of Caleb Balderstone, and Mr. Munro did ill to copy the famous "*Un!*"—"*Deux!*" of "Monte Cristo." Such words as "inadmirable," "clamant," "bearance," savour of affectation, and the abundant French quotations are sometimes, like

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ladies' Greek, "without the accents"; but these are trifling faults, to be forgiven lightly for the sake of such a passage as that in which Count Victor sees the light at Olivia's window:

> It was so bright that it might be a star estrayed, a tiny star and venturesome, gone from the keeping of the maternal moon, and wandered into the wood behind Doom to tangle in the hazel bougha.

The writer of **Frederick Uvedale**—(Edward Hutton. Blackwood. 6*s.*)—has an eye for colour. The hills about Lucca are to him "those marble mountains, white and pink and heliotrope." Every one who has suffered from frequent abuse of the hue of the amethyst as applied to hills—especially to Italian hills—will recognise the delicacy of this "heliotrope." The description of the white Pope blessing the people in St. Peter's should be compared with the vivid presentation of the same scene in Mr. Bagot's "Casting of Nets," and with the still more beautiful description given by Mr. Warre Cornish some time ago in the columns of *The Pilot*. Story there is none in the book. It is the study of a gentle, mystical nature, religion-haunted, yet for ever unable to rest, either in religion or out of it. The reader yields to the irresistible spell that Frederick Uvedale throws over all who come near him, so that they unburden their hearts in confidence to one who does not seek it. The record is too long. It "goes dotty" about Rome, and something of the simple sweetness of the earlier chapters, which deal with life in Devonshire, is lost. The words "just that" and "like a dream" recur too often. But the sincerity of the hero—his love passages with Elianor and with the Princess Maria—his honourable behaviour among the dishonourable politicians of modern Italy—his meeting with the enthusiast whom the poor people of the South take to be the Messiah—all this endears him to us; and when he falls at last in the endeavour to help others during one of the awful riots at Milan, his death is the proper ending to a life spent in the pursuit of the highest.

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In the difficult art of making parables the Russians are supreme. Except Tourguènief's "Poems in Prose" there is nothing that can be compared with the tales of Tolstoi. Allegories are to be found in other countries, and beautiful they may be, but they are far more elaborate. The simplicity of these tales, and the inevitable truth of every one of them, carry conviction of the highest genius. They were never made to convey a meaning. Form and meaning seem to come together like body and soul in Spenser:

> For Soul is Form, and doth the Body make.

No one would venture to say, "It might not have ended like that." However hard of acceptance the moral may prove, there is nothing for it but to admit, "so it was, so it must have been." The **Tales from Tolstoi**—(Jarrold. 6*s.*)—just published, with a biography of the author, by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, deserve a warm welcome. The translation is so good that, if it were but a shade better, the discomfort caused by the fact that it *is* a translation, would be entirely removed. Why is it necessary to dash into the present tense, a tense abhorrent in narrative English? Why do the peasants talk about "bee-swarms" instead of "swarms of bees?" Why do they leave off "snuffing" instead of "taking snuff?" And why, oh why, do they "knock with the door-ring?" Mr. Nisbet Bain's own style is free from these vagaries; it is clear, vivid, consistent. If he would but employ it when he translates as he does in those historical books which are the delight of many readers, we should owe him an eternal debt of gratitude. It is a great matter to have so many gems in one casket. The biography is full of interest, and a fine portrait enhances its value. Tolstoi's mother, of whom he says himself, that she was one of those "who do not so much die as fly to Heaven," would have rejoiced perhaps in these tales as in no other part of her son's work.

> It is said that when she was in a ball-room she quickly gathered round

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her a bevy of curious damsels who forgot their partners and everything else as they listened spellbound to the stories of the Princess Volkonskaya.

She died when he was only three.

The beautiful complete edition of the **Poetical Works of Robert Bridges**—(Smith Elder. 6s.)—has now reached the third volume, which contains the first part of "Nero," and "Achilles in Scyros." Of these two fine plays the first is perhaps the more interesting, the second the more beautiful. "Nero" may almost be reckoned as a new publication, for very few copies survive, we believe, of the original edition, the bulk of which perished accidentally by fire: the book has been for years unprocurable except by chance and at famine prices. It is not less rare in merit than in numbers, for the plot is an absorbing one, full of intrigue and counter-intrigue on a grand scale, and for the greatest of all stakes; while the characters have a vividness and individuality so penetrating that the action of the stage is not needed to make them live before us. This is the more fortunate, since the length of the play—some 3200 lines—makes it unsuitable for presentation in modern England, where custom now demands that serious drama shall be slowly and laboriously emphasised, and punctuated with frequent gasps of expressive silence. This play then is for the chamber, and the reader will find in it the keen pleasure of an imperial game of chess. The very metaphor is daringly put into the mouth of Seneca in Act ii. scene 1, where he is sharply contrasted with the equally clear-sighted but more loyal and downright Burrus. The end and climax of the tragedy is the assassination, long delayed, of that terrible and most imperially wicked old actress, Nero's mother Agrippina, whose death terrified her murderers but not herself.

> Then looked I to have seen
> Her spring, for her cheek swelled, and 'neath her robe
> Her foot moved; ay, and had she been but armed,
> One would have fallen. But if she had the thought
> She set it by, choosing to take her death

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With dignity. Then Anicetus raised
His sword, and I fled out beyond the door
To see no more. First Tigellinus' voice,
"To death, thou wretch!" then blows, but not a groan;
Only she showed her spirit to the last,
And made some choice of death, offering her body,
"That bare the monster," crying with that curse,
"Strike here, strike here!"

The "Achilles" is a comedy, and a bright and picturesque one, though the shadow of fate broods over the end of it. It is full of pregnant sayings and passages of great beauty. When the play opens Achilles is luxuriating in the island of Scyros, disguised as a girl, Pyrrha, the favourite companion of the Princess Deidamia.

ACH. See, while the maids warm in their busy play,
We may enjoy in quiet the sweet air,
And thro' the quivering golden green look up
To the deep sky, and have high thoughts as idle
And bright as are the small white clouds becalmed
In disappointed voyage to the noon.
There is no better pastime.
DEID. I will sit with thee
In idleness, while idleness can please.
ACH. It is not idleness to steep the soul
In nature's beauty: rather every day
We are idle letting beauteous things go by
Unheld, or scarce perceived. We cannot dream
Too deeply, nor o'erprize the mood of love,
When it comes on us strongly, and the hour
Is ripe for thought.

Pages 204–5 contain a magnificent description, borrowed in part from Calderon, of the Grecian fleet coming into Aulis out of the morning mist. The old King Lycomedes has two good speeches on pages 207 and 258, very Greek and very modern in tone, discussing war and action in general, and whether the inglorious meditative life be not more truly "the best life." Lastly, Thetis foretells to Deidamia the glory of Achilles in this triumphant and unforgettable lament:

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But lo, I am come to give thee joy, to call
Thee daughter, and prepare thee for the sight
Of such a lover, as no lady yet
Hath sat to await in chamber or in bower
On any walled hill or isle of Greece;
Nor yet in Asian cities, whose dark queens
Look from the latticed casements over seas
Of hanging gardens; nor doth all the world
Hold a memorial; not where Egypt mirrors
The great smile of her kings and sunsmit fanes
In timeless silence: none hath been like him;
And all the giant stones, which men have piled
Upon the illustrious dead, shall crumble and join
The desert dust, ere his high dirging Muse
Be dispossessèd of the throne of song.

Was it not Mr. Gosse who wished that a woman, when she wrote poetry, would write it as a woman, not as a different kind of man? The **Songs of Lucilla**—(Elkin Mathews. 8*s.* 6*d.*, net)—must surely delight him or any other who knows a poem when he sees it and has not deadened his soul with verse. Who but a woman could have written thus of another woman?

'Tis with her beauty as an autumn day
That watery sunbeams with vague splendour gild,
When from some rose, late-bloomed on the rose-spray,
A most soul-ravishing sweetness is distilled.

When all the land lies like Elysium,
Lapped in a dream—daylong with dew bepearled;
But in a night the first mad frost may come
And make to-morrow winter of the world!

Who but a woman would have thought of the simile in the second of these two stanzas?

Sometimes for me decreed, meseems,
That I in life no love should find,
Except to dream of in my dreams,
And muse of in my mournful mind,
But that my songs of love, thereby,
Might learn some strange sweet quality.

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As they in damp vaults had to sit,
Who worked old Alençon's rare lace,
Because that so they gave to it
Its delicate celled-seaweed grace,
While others, homely stuffs that spun,
Beside their doors sat, in the sun.

The last song but one—as bitter a thing as could be—the true, hateful, beautiful little song about songs that comes last of all—these are songs that only a woman could write. The flowers are not carved flowers—they are the flowers that a woman's hand gathers. A man who could venture to dedicate a song to the sky-lark after Hogg, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Robert Bridges, might be called audacious; but there are some feats requiring courage in a man which do not require it in a woman, and her birds justify Lucilla. She is a woman who has travelled and studied. She writes of pictures and statues (statues of Fauns more especially) with exquisite insight; her description of Botticelli's Venus could not be bettered. She will take a sound like "twire" or "shard" and use it as one who has read Shakespeare reverently may. She likes to look at beetles, the moon, daisies, lizards, and the sea, not for themselves alone, but because Shakespeare, Sidney, Froissart, Dante, and Homer noted them. This is a woman's way of reading nature into poetry and poetry into nature; and the arrangements and the chronology are alike feminine. She has no false shame about her songs. She knows they are good, just as a pretty woman knows she is pretty. Her little book is—from the first page to the last—entrancing.

A vivid and melancholy picture of the last years of Cowper is given by the **Letters of Lady Hesketh**—(Jarrold. 7*s.* 6*d.*)—edited by Mrs. Barham Johnson, a kinswoman of the Rev. John Johnson to whom the letters were written. Readers of Southey's "Life of Cowper" will remember Mr. Johnson as "Johnny of Norfolk," or "the wild boy Johnson, for whom I (Cowper) have conceived a great affection." From

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these letters and from the excellent portrait which faces page 88, we get some idea of the devoted cousin who during those trying years was the friend, host, nurse, counsellor, and correspondent of the poet's sad little circle, and the sole contributor of whatever life and health it may have possessed. The real point of the book is, however, strange to say, a humorous one. The character of Harriet, Lady Hesketh, as revealed by herself, is one of the most exquisitely feline we have ever met. Miss Austen alone could have done her justice. Never once does she mention Mrs. Unwin without the claws peeping from the velvet: "the Enchantress . . . those inexplicable sounds she makes, poor Soul, and which, when one has by dint of painstaking found out her meaning, pays one so ill for one's trouble." ". . . We looked into futurity, and making two *very long necks* contrived to peep over the old Lady's grave." "She is not the least trouble in the world in regard to *talking*, . . . as nobody can understand her except those who have been quite used to her." "That he (Cowper) always considered her in the light of a *Mother*, I am ready to make Oath if necessary." There are also some rapturous purrings over George III., "this good and Gracious Monarch" and his "Sweet family"—the Queen's face is "full and convincing proof of the triumph of *Countenance* over *features*," and she "has the most Superior Talents for Conversation." The portraits are of unequal merit, but they include a fine drawing of Cowper by Romney, which appears never to have been reproduced hitherto.

A Garden Diary. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. (Methuen. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) This book has a pleasantly misleading title. If the public were to name it anew, it should, by rights, be called "The Diary of an Original Woman who has a Garden." Those who expect in it an apotheosis of "Sutton's Catalogue" will find themselves disappointed. They had far better have a horticultural consultation with one of the amiable feminine Faculty who have lately been publishing so much floral advice.

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Miss Lawless' volume has its seed-lists and its garden plans, but for all that it is a human document, and the house and the copse and the rose-beds that she talks of become adjuncts of herself, untainted by professionalism. She is inspired by a *grande passion*, and it is for Nature. There are few who have written about Nature with the same concentrated sentiment, the same romance and knowledge; for, like all true Nature-worshippers, the love of beauty and the love of science are almost equal forces—make really one force—in her. She herself speculates as to whether the singer or the man of science has the deeper insight into Nature, and she comforts us by reflecting that our prosaic age has come nearer to uniting the two types, and may be preparing the way for "feats of reconciliation." Some of her more lyric passages even recall, in their eloquent sincerity, the writings of that eldest daughter of Nature, George Sand.

A hundred hours of intolerable dulness and stagnation pass over our heads [says Miss Lawless], then comes the hundred and first, and lo! the dull brain wakes, and the deaf ear hears. A new perception of the unperceived relationship of things, a new perception of the invisible splendours lying unnoticed around us, becomes for the moment almost startlingly visible. . . . For the suggestiveness of what lies about us is no mere fancy, but is absolutely real; real as the light upon yonder tree-tops; real as the sorrow in our hearts; real as the love that makes all things endurable; real as the death which puts an end to pain.

Miss Lawless gives us her thoughts about many things besides Nature—about the war, about friendship, about Sir Thomas Browne and Jean François Millet. She suggests much, and is wise enough to conclude little. Such conclusions as she makes cannot be better summed up than in her own last words:

An attitude of despair [she writes] hardly befits fast disappearing mortals—life has a hundred compensations. Enchanting things spring up by thousands in the ugliest of clefts, and the barren trees may serve as a perch for some winter-singing robin.

La Comtesse d'Houdetot. Par Hippolyte H. Buffenoir. (Calmann Lévy. Paris. 7*fr.* 50c.) There are many lovers of

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the eighteenth century, and the eighteenth century is summed up in Sophie, the Comtesse d'Houdetot. Its state and its graciousness, its sound sense and absurd sensibility, its moral lightness and intellectual seriousness, its Crébillon and its Jean Jacques, are all expressed in her name—a name which, in itself, is like an air of Grétry's, like a world of bygone music. Only in the eighteenth century could a sweet and good woman have given more than fifty years of devotion to her adoring lover, Saint-Lambert, with the countenance of her amiable husband, the Comte d'Houdetot. Saint-Lambert's love for her was so faithful that, when she was seventy-two, she had only to knock three times with her high-heeled slipper on the floor, to bring him from below to converse with her. Yet she duly celebrated her golden wedding with the count in the company of Saint-Lambert. She was sixty-eight, her husband was eighty, her lover eighty-four; but he became so jealous at the notice that was taken of Monsieur le Comte that his fury was apparent to all the guests—and this, although his lady had propitiated him long since by a *fête* on the forty-first anniversary of *their* union. All readers of the "Confessions" know that Rousseau also had a *grande passion* for her, and that she repaid it by a fervent friendship; but after three years, the violence of his feeling and her loyalty to Saint-Lambert, obliged her to break with him, though they continued to correspond occasionally. Madame d'Houdetot had a salon, from which her poor military husband was glad to escape. He even begged a guest to take his place. "Vous me remplacerez, entendez-vous? Cette surabondance d'esprit souvent si bruyante me fatigue. J'irai dîner rue de l'Université avec de bons amis." Yet he was ever his wife's warm friend, and would have been more had not his heart also been engaged elsewhere. Indeed it was impossible not to love one who made it her profession to love others and to be loved by them; one who used all her tenderness and brilliance to bring happiness wherever she went. If she is representative of the eighteenth century, her indulgent spirit and sweet gaiety make her an exception in all ages.

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Her once famous verses are mediocre; her letters are the pretty letters of her day. But her deeds and her wit remain to charm us, and her *bons-mots* are often delicious, with the radiant grace of Boucher Cupids swinging on ropes of roses in the blue. Madame d'Houdetot had not a tragic or intense nature, and after Saint-Lambert's death, when her husband also had passed away, she cheered her declining years by a "maternal attachment" for her neighbour, M. de Sommariva, to whom she sent bouquets every day. She died in 1813, talking to the last of the enjoyment she had had in living. All this M. de Buffenoir has told with a deftness and a charm —an almost lyric charm—that he has caught from the century he loves. Perhaps he longs a little too much that he too might have held the hand of Madame d'Houdetot under a tree beside a stream; but this is a fault of sensibility, and Sophie would have been the first to forgive it.

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GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY: A STUDY IN EDUCATION

IT is more than twenty years since Mr. Matthew Arnold succeeded in attracting for a time the attention of thoughtful people to certain problems of British government. Of these problems one was the condition of Ireland. His diagnosis of that condition was that it was due to certain differences of temper and outlook between the people of Ireland and ourselves. The desire for Home Rule he set down as a consequence rather than a cause, as the outcome of our failure to blend Ireland with ourselves in national feeling, as we had succeeded in blending Scotland and Wales, and as Celtic and Catholic France had once succeeded in blending German and Protestant Alsace. The adequate remedy of the disease, he predicted, would not be found in the results of Irish Church Disestablishment, or yet in land legislation, proper and useful though these might be. Nor yet in either governing Ireland as a Crown colony, or, on the other hand, casting her as nearly as practicable adrift. What we really had to do was to put intelligence and courtesy into our mode of dealing with the people of Ireland, to shake off certain habits of mind which were but too characteristic of the governing classes in England, and particularly of the great middle class.

The temper [he wrote] of the Irish must be managed and their good affections cultivated. If we want to bring the Irish to acquiesce cordially in

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the English connection, it is not enough even to do justice and to make well-being general; we and our civilisation must also be attractive to them.

And this involved nothing less than that we must, "and that as speedily as we can, transform our middle class and its social civilisation." Prophetically he pointed out in passing ("Irish Essays," p. 75), that we should be confronted with an evil, similar to that in Ireland, in the Transvaal, where the English

will all be commercial gentlemen—commercial gentlemen like Murdstone and Quinion. Their wives will be the ladies of commercial gentlemen, they will not even tend poultry. The English in the Transvaal, we hear again, contain a wonderful proportion of attorneys, speculators, land-jobbers, and persons whose antecedents will not bear inspection. Their recent antecedents we will not meddle with, but one thing is certain: their early antecedents were those of the middle class in general, those of Murdstone and Quinion. They have almost all, we may be very sure, passed through the halls of a Salem House and the hands of a Mr. Creakle. They have the stamp of either Murdstone or Quinion. Indeed we are so prolific, so enterprising, so world covering, and our middle class and its civilisation so entirely take the lead wherever we go, that there is now, one may say, a kind of colour of Salem House all round the globe.

Yet he was not as one without hope. He knew, he wrote, that the most flagrant narrowness of the British middle-class mind in its attitude in Irish affairs would be hard to get rid of. What he held to be of several things the one most wanted, the establishment in Ireland of "schools and universities suited to Catholics, as England has public schools and universities suited to Anglicans, and Scotland such as are suited to Presbyterians," could not at the moment be done even by Mr. Gladstone. But the English people were, he believed, improvable. "Slowly this powerful race works its way out of its confining ruts and its clouded vision of things, to the manifestation of those great qualities which it has at bottom—piety, integrity, good nature and good humour." Commenting on the friendly Goethe's criticism of our race, "Der Engländer is eigentlich ohne Intelligenz," he remarks that Goethe did not say that the Englishman was stupid, but only that he is particularly apt, from a certain insularity, from some want of suppleness in his mind, and indeed from his very strength, to take as the rule of things

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what is customary, or what falls in with his prepossessions and prejudices, and to act stoutly and without misgiving, as if it were the real natural rule of things. What he needs most is, in the language of Arminius in "Friendship's Garland," to get "Geist," a larger outlook and understanding.

It was not only Ireland that Mr. Arnold had before his mind when he wrote to this effect. It was the great subject of education, in which he saw his countrymen sadly fallen behind other nations. The battle for State regulation of elementary education he knew was virtually won. But he pointed out that the battle for middle-class education was yet to be fought before we could enter on the process by which alone the want of "Geist" in our middle and governing classes could be made up for. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since he wrote, and but for one circumstance this battle would still be remote, but that one circumstance has arisen, and it is a circumstance fraught with potency. Our middle classes find their position threatened by a new commercial combination. They have been forced to realise that courage, energy, enterprise are in these modern days of little more avail against the weapons which science can put into the hands of our rivals in commerce, than was the splendid fighting of the Dervishes against the shrapnel and the Maxims at Omdurman. It is not wonderful that instead of having, as a few years ago we had, the lead of the world in the manufacture of iron and of steel, we have fallen behind the United States with their natural resources. But it is startling that we have also been beaten in this particular race by Germany. Great Britain regards herself as the leading industrial nation. She has been so for long, and until recent times her place has not been seriously disputed. She *must* continue to increase her commercial output. For it is the foundation on which rest her financial resources, her fleet, her hold on her colonies and dependencies. And yet, if anything is clear, it is that she is under the necessity, in these early days of the twentieth century, to make a resolute and successful effort if she is to hold her own. Continue to surpass the United States

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she may not. Nature has handicapped her in the race with America. But Great Britain has got, not only to maintain the volume of her trade, but to increase it, as the demand for expenditure goes on increasing.

Let us glance at one or two instances of the phenomena which are causing national concern in these islands. I will start, as a good illustration, with the brewing industry. Thirty years ago Germany exported no beer, to-day she exports almost as much as Britain. In former times the knowledge of brewing was at a low ebb in Germany. The whole brewing process was carried out empirically, according to the ideas of the individual brewer. There was no understanding of the chemical changes which took place in the process, no estimate of the output of the malt, very little machinery, no ice cellars, no saccharometer. At last two German brewers, Sedlmayr of the Spatenbrauerei in Munich, and Dreher of Vienna, visited England in order to learn our methods. In England the then methods were still empirical, but the native skill of our brewers had been greater than that of the Germans, and their efforts had been much more successful. Sedlmayr and Dreher learned a great deal before they returned to Germany, and they realised that there was more still to be learned from science. In 1862 the "Brauerbund" was formulated for the promotion of the common interests of the German brewers, and by 1871 it was thoroughly organised. Its motto was this: "Die Wissenschaft ist der goldene Leitstern der Praxis; ohne sie nur ein blindes Herumtappen in dem unbegrenzten Reiche der Möglichkeiten." The result of the efforts of the "Bund" were twofold. Scientific stations were established, notably a great one at Munich, to which the technical problems which confronted the practical brewer could be referred, and where these problems were solved. As we shall see presently, this kind of institution has taken root in Germany in other industries also with great results. In the second place, brewing schools were founded. There are now, if Austria is included, ten of these in different parts of Germany and Austria. The largest

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are those at Weihenstephan near Munich, at Worms, in Berlin, and in Vienna. These schools, and this is so with the six smaller ones also, are provided with class-rooms and laboratories, and have in all cases experimental maltings and a brewery attached to them, and their teachers are the most competent that can be got.

Now let us look at the education which a young brewer gets in them, but in order to appreciate the situation let us glance first of all at his preliminary general education.

In this country elementary education is compulsory, and is provided and organised under the supervision of the State, largely by local authorities. Secondary and technical education is not compulsory. The State in a limited measure assists, but does not organise or control it. Education of a University type is in a small measure assisted by the State, but it is not organised by the State at all.

In Germany it is quite otherwise. Not only are elementary, secondary and technical, and University education, all three of them, controlled and organised and brought into close relation to each other by the State, but they are in a large measure made compulsory, either directly or indirectly. Primary education is given in the Volksschulen. Attendance there or at a higher school is compulsory up to the age of fourteen, and after fourteen the pupil must, as a rule, attach himself to an evening continuation school for three years longer, where his elementary education is continued and developed. Nearly 9,000,000 children are just now being educated in the primary schools of Germany, and these number about 60,000 schools with about 188,000 teachers. The cost of these schools is £17,500,000 annually, of which the State governments provide £4,780,000. The balance is raised locally out of rates. Secondary education is not directly compulsory, but indirectly it is made difficult to dispense with. On a satisfactory leaving certificate from one of these secondary schools depends (1) the right of entering on the further courses of study in the Universities and tertiary high schools which have to be pursued by the student who

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would enter certain very important professions, and (2) the title to exemption from one year of compulsory military service. The secondary schools are of two kinds, classical and modern. The classical schools are known as *gymnasien*. The modern schools are divided into those where Latin is taught, the Real-gymnasien, and those where Latin is not taught, the Realsschulen. The gymnasien, as a rule, prepare for the University, and the Realsschulen for the High Technical Schools. There are in Germany 1100 secondary schools for boys, and 300 for girls. These schools educate about 875,000 pupils under about 20,000 teachers. The cost is upwards of £4,000,000, of which a great part comes from the local authorities and the fees. Secondary education in Germany is not in general free, though primary education is so. But few of these schools are private; all are inspected, and no one is allowed to teach in them without having obtained a certificate of competency. A pupil may go into a secondary school as young as ten or eleven. He remains there about six years, during which he studies, if he is in a Realsschule, German, English, French, Mathematics (including such higher subjects as logarithms and trigonometry, &c.), physics, chemistry, and certain other sciences, and freehand drawing.

Of the Universities and technical schools to which this training is the portal we will speak presently. It is time to return to the young brewers. In Germany these begin their work when and not before they have reached the status of the pupil who has had in a secondary school a scientific training up to the Standard which exempts him from one year of military service. Besides producing evidence of this, the would-be student in the brewing school must show that he is over seventeen years of age, and that he has had at least two years of practical experience in a brewery. Indeed, he has often had more experience than this, and the result is that his average age is upwards of twenty-four. As to what follows, I will quote from a description of the course of study at the Weihenstephan school given by Dr. Frew in a paper read before the Society

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of Chemical Industry three years ago. This course lasts for a year, which is subdivided into a winter and a summer session.

During the winter session there are lectures on physics, general machinery, brewery machinery, inorganic chemistry, botany (with special reference to yeast), hops, brewing practice, attenuation theory and control of work, book-keeping and the theory of exchange, taxation of beer. There are also practical courses in the chemical laboratory and in the use of the microscope, besides practical work in the maltings and brewery attached to the school. In the summer session lectures are given on brewery machinery, organic chemistry, fermentation chemistry, zymotechnical analysis, barley, brewing, faults in working, pure yeast culture, architecture, and theory of exchange. Then there is practical work in the chemical laboratory (zymotechnical analysis), in the physiological laboratory (pure yeast culture), and in the maltings and brewery as before. Besides all this, the student may also, if he so wishes, hear lectures on law, outlines of political economy, commercial geography, and distilling, but these are not obligatory. At the end of the summer session examinations are held in the various subjects and the successful men receive their diplomas; the student's work for a whole year is taken into account and is thrown into the balance along with his written examination, thus rendering the cramming system more or less useless. After leaving the brewery school, the brewer works for a year or two in different breweries, so as to get the maximum of experience, or else he may take the position of brewer (*braumeister*) in one of the smaller factories. He then gradually works his way up, perhaps taking a position as maltster (*Obermälzer*), foreman in the fermenting-room (*Gährführer*) or washroom-man (*Bierneder*) in one of the larger breweries, until at last he attains the aim of his ambition, and is chosen as brewer or brewing director in one of the large breweries.

I have dwelt thus upon the teaching of brewing in Germany because I wanted to illustrate how the industrial life of that country is in close contact with its academic life. The case of the brewers is but an illustration of the need which those engaged in commerce there feel for the education of a University type which produces the teaching and organisation of their own technical schools. I have chosen brewing as a good illustration of this, because it is a less familiar illustration than certain others, while hardly less striking. Throughout the industrial world of Germany one finds science applied to practical undertakings by men who have learned, if not in the

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Universities and high technical schools, at least under teachers produced by these institutions. This is true of a multitude of trades. In electrical engineering, in the manufacture of chemicals, in the production of glass, and of iron and steel, and of many other articles for which Britain used to be the industrial centre, we are rapidly being left behind. A striking case is that of the aniline colours, discovered and first produced in England and manufactured out of English coal tar. The industry has almost wholly shifted to Germany, although the dyers in this country are the largest consumers. And why? Because in Germany the manufacture has been fostered by research in the University laboratories, and by careful teaching in the technical schools, with the result that great producing institutions, such as the Badische Anilin Fabrik, have an endless supply of directors and workmen trained in a fashion which we have not the means to imitate.

But the school is in Germany by no means the only point at which the professor comes to the aid of industry. Too little is known in this country of that type of institution sometimes called the "Central-Stelle," which has no parallel among our business men. I will give one illustration to serve as an instance of numerous others, such as that already mentioned in the case of the brewers. In this country and in Germany alike, a very important branch of industry is the manufacture of explosives. In Germany, as here, the manufacturers of dynamite, nitro-powders, &c., are rivals, excepting in so far as prices are (and this is often the case) regulated by a mutual arrangement of Groups and Trusts. But while the rivalry of the Englishman is without stint, the German knows a better way. He is aware of the enormous extent to which he is dependent, in such branches of manufacture, on high science, and further that the best high science cannot be bought by the private firm or company. Accordingly the rival German explosives manufacturers, to follow out the illustration chosen, several years ago combined to subscribe about £100,000, and to found close to Berlin what they call their Central-Stelle. This establishment,

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which is maintained by subscription at a cost of about £12,000 a year, is presided over by one of the most distinguished professors of chemistry in the University of that city, with a staff of highly trained assistants. To it are referred as they arise the problems (in this industry these abound) by which the subscribers in their individual work are confronted. By it is carried on a regular system of research in the field of production of explosives, the fruits of which are communicated to the subscribers. The great manufacturers, men like Herr von Duttenhofer, are in constant communication with the establishment, in which they take the keenest interest. In this country, it is needless to say, there exists nothing of the kind. And yet we have to compete with the Germans, not only at home, but in such important markets for explosives as South Africa, where their use is the life of the huge mining industry.

I have lingered thus long over the practical side of the relation of science to industry in Germany, because I do not think that any one can appreciate the form and fulness of University life there without having this relationship before his eyes. I want now to turn to this life itself.

In Germany Academic institutions, just as is the case with her educational institutions of a secondary nature, fall into two groups, that of the University proper, and that of the Technical High School. In the latter the education is in the main of the tertiary or University type, almost as much as in the case of the former. Indeed the connection between the two is very close. Any one who visits Berlin to-day may see in the middle part of the city certain huge buildings. At first he will take them, from their size and appearance, to be factories. But if he inquires what industry the tall chimneys serve he will be told that they belong, not to factories at all, but to the laboratories of various University teachers. In the University of Berlin the professors of chemistry, instead of numbering one or two as with us, consist (I take the figures from the list in the latest edition of the "Minerva Jahr Buch")

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of three ordinary, seven extraordinary, and twelve *privat-docenten*, who arrange their work so as not to overlap. Specialised work is thus possible. The great laboratories are places where every kind of research is carried on, and the student has not the hopeless feeling that he has, say in Edinburgh or in Glasgow, where a single professor gives a stereotyped course of instruction to all the students of chemistry, however various their aims in life. No wonder that Berlin has been the theatre of marvellous conquests by science of the secrets of nature. It was, to mention a single instance, by patient use of the means placed at his disposal in these laboratories by the State that one of the best known of modern chemists, the late Professor Hofmann, developed so enormously the theory of the aniline colours and their production from coal-tar that this industry has passed from British into German hands. He completed a great career by showing how to produce indigo synthetically. His pupils extended the process from the laboratory to the factory. Whereas in 1886 Germany imported over 1000 tons of natural indigo, in 1896 she imported none, but exported 256 tons of the artificially produced article. One of the great natural products of India is in consequence in serious danger. At the present moment a capital of nearly two millions sterling has been devoted in Germany to its supersession. Taking the coal-tar colour industry as a whole, the comparative figures are only less remarkable than their consequences. In Germany there has been invested in this trade by the six largest firms, such as the Badische Anilin Fabrik, over two and a half millions sterling. They employ about 500 chemists, 350 engineers and technical men, and over 1800 workpeople. The total capital invested in this manufacture in England (a manufacture, as already observed, of English origin) is about £500,000. It employs only some 30 or 40 chemists and 1000 workmen. What has been the result? The exports of coal-tar colours from England have fallen from £580,000 in 1890 to £360,000 in 1900. The imports, on the other hand,

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have increased from £509,000 in 1886 to £720,000 in 1900. According to the figures as given in an address on the coal-tar industry, delivered this autumn by Dr. A. G. Green, in the Chemical Section of the British Association, the colours used by the Bradford Dyers' Association are now 10 per cent. of English make, 80 per cent. of German, 6 per cent. of Swiss, and 4 per cent. of French.

But the provision for chemistry in the University is not the only provision made for the would-be student of its applications to industry. Near at hand, on the other side of the Thiergarten, is that Technische Hochschule, the reputation of which is now world-wide. Here there are six departments, manned by professors of University rank. Architecture, civil engineering, marine engineering, mechanical engineering, chemistry and general technical science are, mainly at the cost of the State, taught on a scale which has no parallel in this country. So great has been the public appreciation of this institution that the magnificent buildings which were erected in 1884 are already quite inadequate to the needs of the three or four thousand students who attend the lectures and work in the laboratories. The studies of these students, who are of University age, and can only enter on production of proper certificates of competency from the secondary schools, are directed by a great staff of professors and *privat-docenten* of University rank. I visited the school last spring and found it crammed to overflowing, not only with students but with all kinds of specimens and apparatus. Every new invention of importance, *e.g.*, in electrical machinery appeared to have been procured and its "begriff" made the subject of practical study.

This kind of alternative University (the Kaiser has recently conferred on the Berlin School the right to grant diplomas of certain kinds) has taken firm root in Germany. There are ten of them (including the one in course of establishment at Danzig, eleven) in addition to the twenty-two Universities of the ordinary kind. They have been established because the Government has thought it a good investment to pay seventy

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per cent. of the cost of equipping and running them. They are not free, but the fees are low, and the students appear to make no difficulty about finding these fees. When people in this country talk of the remarkable decrease of the attendance at the Scottish Universities and ask whether the remedy is not to find the fees of the students, they would do well to study what has taken place in Germany. It is evident that the popularity of the Universities and technical schools there is not that they are free, for they all charge fees, but that they help the student to a position in life. In Berlin I was told that the manufacturers regularly watch the careers of the promising students and offer them employment as they leave, in the great chemical and engineering establishments. How little inducement do we here offer to our manufacturers to act similarly, and how little inducement to the student to come to the University, if his aim be to go into business afterwards!

The double aim of the German University system, pure culture on the one hand, and the application of the highest knowledge to commercial enterprise, is a growing feature of German life. In Berlin it has been developed with the aid of the taxes on a magnificent scale. In Leipzig, where alongside of the existing great University a new commercial University has recently been established, the same thing is to be witnessed. Over all Germany the Minister of Education is constantly on the watch, and his business is, wherever he deems it necessary, to establish a new school of tertiary education or to add to an existing one, to approach the Minister of Finance and get out of him the requisite funds. The Germans grudge expenditure at least as much as we do, but this kind of expenditure experience has taught them not to grudge. Besides the 22 Universities with their 2500 professors and 22,000 students, and the 10 Technical High Schools with their 850 professors and 11,000 students, their are 18 other technical schools of a lower grade, and also a number of Commercial High Schools or colleges. Of smaller institutions there are 259 Schools of Agriculture in Prussia alone, attended by 10,000 pupils, and

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1000 schools where instruction in agriculture is given. Taking primary, secondary and tertiary education together, the expenditure of public money (including rates) on education and instruction amounts to £25,000,000 annually. In 1898, out of 250,000 recruits for the army and navy there were only 200 who had not been to school—in other words, 1 in 1250. It shows how the huge system thus slightly sketched has made education progress that ten years ago the proportion was 1 in 141, and twenty years ago 1 in 59.

He would be a pedant who thought that education alone could determine the commercial position of a nation. Yet more than ever, as science tends increasingly to reduce nature to subjection, education becomes important. In the United States a highly practical people are taking this view, and it is noticeable that the rapid increase there of Universities and technical schools is largely due to the faith in their efficacy of practical men of business. The millionaire in America seeks to save his soul by building, not churches, but colleges, and if he insists on embodying in their constitution ideas of his own which are not always the highest ideas, this shows his zeal. The British people are not yet a decaying race. The Anglo-Saxon, here as in America, is probably in energy, in courage, and in doggedness of purpose the superior of all his European rivals in commerce. If proof of this be wanted it will be found in the way in which the absolute volume of our trade continues at a high level. It is a remarkable tribute to our race that the assessments to income tax purposes have, during the last ten years, shown an increase of about 20 per cent., while the population has increased only 10 per cent.

But organisation and instruction have been carried to a far higher pitch in Germany and Switzerland than with us, and if we are to hold our position we must furnish ourselves with the discipline and the weapons with which the foreigner has prepared himself for the contest.

Now I am far from desiring, in thus suggesting that reform of our education, and particularly of our tertiary education, is

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essential, to convey that we ought to wish to see it subordinated to utilitarian considerations. Culture is an end in itself, and if it is to be won it must be sought for its own sake. But the Germans have shown us how the University can fulfil a double function without slackening the effort after culture. In a certain exquisiteness the flowers of scholarship which Oxford and Cambridge have produced are probably without examples to rival them, unless it be in France. But for breadth and understanding who will dare to place the record of the work done in Oxford and Cambridge in the department of classical literature above what has been turned out in Germany? Take the editing, and with it the criticism, of Greek philosophy, and compare the shallow formalism which did duty in the English Universities up to about thirty years ago, when German ideas began to penetrate, with the work of German scholars. The memories of Plato and Aristotle owe the influence they have to-day to a Hegel, a Schwegler, a Prantl and a Zeller, and certainly not to the commentators who until about thirty years ago ruled in the Universities of this country. But it is not right to try to exalt one phase of scholarship at the expense of another. And when we turn to the history of mathematics and of physical science we may well be proud of the series of great thinkers whose spiritual mother Cambridge has been. Only let no one imagine that in the record of the German Universities in pure scholarship and pure science alike, in the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of knowledge alone, the work done at Berlin, at Leipzig, at Jena, at Göttingen, during the past hundred years, has not been of a quality as high as any that the world has seen.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that we could establish in Great Britain and Ireland a system of teaching of a University type, with the double aim of the system of Germany, and that without injury to quality in culture. Oxford and Cambridge we are proud of. They have taken centuries to grow up, they are rooted in splendid traditions which we seek not to disturb. But that does not make the

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educational reformer desire the less to see the expansion of another kind of teaching which they are not adapted to give, and which is yet no less than a national necessity. The Victoria University and the University of Wales have taken the way we want. Let us assist still further the magnificent private efforts which made them what they are to-day. Why should not Liverpool and Manchester, with their public spirit and rapidly increasing populations, possess, as in Germany they certainly would, their own Universities? How ridiculous it is to dread that such Universities would prove Liliputian! Why should Leeds not be the headquarters of a Yorkshire University? Why should Birmingham, where the energy and influence of Mr. Chamberlain has brought about a very interesting fresh development, not be the centre for the Midlands, and why should not Bristol, where the soil so far has proved somewhat less fertile, be made by State cultivation the centre for the South-west of England? Why should the four Scottish Universities, by their very nature of a popular and accessible type, but in the main, owing to the sluggishness and want of ideas of their governors, of little use from the point of view of the application of science to industry, remain as they are to-day? Their students are falling off, and why? Because the young men of our Scottish middle classes are more and more turning their minds to careers in commerce, at home and abroad, and their native Universities offer them but little opportunity of special training. No amount of freedom from the obligation to pay fees will meet the necessities of the case. But the splendid gift of Mr. Carnegie has in it other possibilities which should not fail to be recognised. Why again should we not establish in Ireland say two teaching Universities, one in Belfast and the other in Dublin, adapted to the local requirements? We can make them open Universities. The Hierarchy has solemnly and explicitly accepted, in the resolutions passed at Maynooth in the summer of 1897, the principles of the Test Acts, of a preponderance of lay government, of non-employment of State moneys for denominational purposes, and of security of tenure

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for the teachers. The Presbyterians of the North are ready to follow suit. No doubt it is true that in Ireland undenominationalism means, and apparently can only for the present mean, the equal treatment of denominations. No doubt the University at Dublin would have a Catholic savour, while that at Belfast would be redolent of Presbyterianism. We may regret this, but we cannot help it, and it is no reason for denying what would at all events be new light in the dark places in Ireland. After all Ireland is not the only country where education has to take its chance in the struggle with prejudice. We govern here according to English ideas, and our business is to govern Ireland, as far as possible, consistently with the ideas of Ireland. We have hardly yet realised how much of our difficulties in that unhappy island has arisen from neglect of this useful but forgotten maxim of statesmanship, to how much of failure the constant yielding to the British cry of No Popery has condemned us in our struggle to improve the condition of Ireland. Lastly, but not least, why should not the great teaching University of London, called into existence by the Act of 1898, but so far only a somewhat unruly infant in swaddling clothes, become the educational centre of our Empire? It was only the other day that the Government of New Zealand publicly suggested that the best form of memorial to Queen Victoria would be the establishment in the new University of the British metropolis of a post-graduate research college, where students from every part of the Empire could come to carry their scientific training further than was possible in the less specialised colonial and other Universities and colleges. The fear of local jealousies will doubtless prevail over the somewhat mild enthusiasms of our rulers, and the memorial will not be permitted to assume any such useful form, and thereby will be lost one more opportunity of establishing a new link in Imperial Federation of probably the only type, apart from that of sentiment, that is possible—the type that consists in linking the colonies to us by ties of interests and institutions which they may possess in common with us.

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London, with its vast industrial population, with its colossal enterprises in commerce and finance, with its huge gas production, its great industries, such as tanning and brewing, its shipbuilding, is surely of all cities the one where the application of science to industry ought to be developed in special forms without equal elsewhere. How far off we are from the realisation of the idea of a great post-graduate teaching centre for the Empire those know best who have had most to struggle with the apathy, the ignorance, and the jealousy that retard the most strenuous efforts.

The truth is that work of this kind must be far more largely assisted and fostered by the State than is the tradition of to-day if it is to succeed. Probably we have a greater capacity for local effort than almost any other nation. Our municipal life is becoming more and more permeated by intelligence. But the work is not only far too great, but far too important to be left to local or private enterprise. It concerns not localities merely but the nation, and the effort must be the effort of the nation as a whole to gain its feet. The expenditure cannot but be great; but it will be salvage expenditure and cannot be stinted, however desirable economy in other directions may be. For it goes to nothing short of the sources to which our people have to look for the future of that commerce which is their life-blood as a nation.

R. B. HALDANE.

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IRELAND AND THE GOVERNMENT

SIGNS are not wanting that, despite the momentous questions which the nation expects will engross its attention, Parliament will be compelled to turn to Ireland and her affairs in the next session. The policy known as killing Home Rule with kindness, lauded at the Castle as the perfection of wisdom, and cried up for years by ignorant and thoughtless partisans, has, as ought to have been anticipated, proved a dismal failure. The United Irish League has sprung into vigorous life; and while it keeps parts of Ireland in a state of veiled rebellion, it has sent eighty-three men into the House of Commons, who have been as successful as Parnell and his satellites were in degrading that assembly and obstructing its functions, and whose loquacious foolishness has never been equalled. It deserves special notice, too, that if Home Rule has, for the moment been withdrawn from the politics of the day, reflecting minds cannot pass away from the subject; even the Imperialist Liberals have not disavowed Home Rule; the Opposition, forlorn and shattered as it is, keeps the question in reserve for a more convenient season, and evidently believes that it may yet restore it to office. And while the dismemberment of the three kingdoms is at least possible under the existing conditions and the distribution of power in Parliament, the state of Ireland herself causes grave misgivings, and holds out but little promise of hope for the future. Catholic Ireland, three-

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fourths of the community at least, remains utterly disaffected to our rule, though attempts at conciliating it have been made, especially of late years, in the shape of excessive and unjust concessions, which have been ruinous to loyal and most important interests. We see the result in the development of the United Irish League, an organisation, which has nearly all the representation of Ireland in its power, which boasts that it is a State within the State, and which, if not yet as formidable as its predecessors were, is as hostile to Government and law as the Land and other National Leagues, and actually holds large and expanding districts in a state of terror. And at the same time, Protestant Ireland, that is the people which in all ages has been the mainstay of our power, despoiled, discountenanced, and wronged as it has been of late, is seething with just and profound discontent; it can now hardly be relied on as the "British garrison"; parts of it avow that it does not care for the Union. Nor is this all, or even nearly all; an old order of things has been broken up in Ireland, but there is little that is solid or stable in the new order; a cry, backed by Catholic and Presbyterian Ireland, has gone out for a wholesale confiscation of the Irish land; demoralisation and a restless desire for change prevail far and near; whatever may be said, the country is making hardly any progress; its principal industry is palpably on the decline.

The condition of Ireland, it is unnecessary to say, runs up ultimately to causes that have been at work for centuries. But the peculiar phenomena that are most apparent may be mainly ascribed to events in the last twenty years. Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy happily failed; the Bill of 1886, and, notably, that of 1893, would have destroyed the constitution of these realms; have made Ireland a thorn in the side of England; have led to anarchy from the Giants' Causeway to Cape Clear; have placed Protestant under the heel of Catholic Ireland. But this policy has not the less had disastrous results; it has strengthened Irish disaffection in an extraordinary degree; it has weakened the forces of Irish loyalty; it has inspired the

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"Nationalist" leaders with a fixed belief that they will yet wring Home Rule from a reluctant Parliament, by taking advantage of the strife of parties. The fatal extension, too, of the Irish franchise, made in defiance of all precedent, and justified on the absurd pretence, that Ireland and Great Britain must have the same institutions, though the two communities differ in nearly all respects, has turned the Irish electorate into a huge raw democracy, filled with revolutionary and socialistic ideas, and tossed hither and thither by priests and demagogues; and, in the three southern provinces at least, it has all but deprived property and intelligence of a voice in politics, as in the case of the French National Assembly of 1789–91. Mr. Gladstone, again, who, in 1870, announced that agrarian reform in Ireland had reached its utmost limits, was the author, only eleven years afterwards, of an agrarian revolution in Ireland, complete and violent, effected at the bidding of a conspiracy against the State. His ill-starred legislation of 1881, that set the philosophy of Adam Smith at naught, and is unexampled in societies that call themselves civilised, has not only transferred property in the Irish land, from one class to another, on an enormous scale, without a shadow of right and against the national interest, it has caused demoralisation profound and widespread, has turned the Irish land system upside down, and has reduced it into a mere formless chaos. These things, operating together within a short space of time, largely account for the existing state of Ireland; and for this Mr. Gladstone must be held responsible. Yet even before 1895 a Unionist government has not been wholly free from blame in the conduct and the direction of Irish affairs. It manfully upheld the Union, indeed; all honour is due to the grand alliance which, at a grave crisis, saved the integrity of the State; and the Irish administration of Mr. Arthur Balfour was a marked instance of successful wisdom and energy. But even in those days a Unionist government extended the legislation of Mr. Gladstone as regards the Irish land, which, in opposition, it had vehemently denounced; and it set on foot a

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scheme for settling Irish landed relations, and for solving what is known as the Irish Land Question, which appears to me to be essentially bad, which has been productive already of much mischief, and which is pregnant with grave dangers and ills in the future.

It would thus be unfair to lay to the charge of the Unionist Government in office, during the last six years, all that is evil and ominous in the existing state of Ireland. But it has aggravated a situation that might have been greatly improved; it has not dealt with Irish questions as it ought to have dealt with them; its policy has been in some respects a series of mistakes, in others a hand-to-mouth and short-sighted optimistic policy. When it came into power in 1895, at the head of an enormous majority in the House of Commons, it had an opportunity such as has seldom presented itself, to treat, wisely and yet boldly the great case of Ireland, greater now than in the days of Molyneux and Swift; for the Opposition had been routed at the polls; the "Nationalist" conspiracy, after the fall of Parnell, had been split into discordant factions, if it was by no means a thing of the past; and Ireland was imperatively in need of many kinds of reform. It would be unjust to conceal the fact, that Lord Salisbury's Government has been thwarted and crossed, in its domestic measures, by the great war in South Africa, and by foreign troubles; and it may be admitted that it has done some good for Ireland. It has carried out, if only on a small scale, and to a very imperfect extent, the policy inaugurated by Mr. Arthur Balfour; it has had the material progress of Ireland in view; the Department of Agriculture it has set up in Dublin, if made a subject of extravagant praise, may foster and promote several Irish industries. But commendation I believe must end here; the Government, in the management of the affairs of Ireland, has erred in what it has left undone, and in what it has done; its legislation and administration have not been well conceived. Let us glance one by one at the different Irish questions which it ought to have taken up, and treated in the true spirit of statesmen. It could

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have directly redressed a grave evil, and have attempted to restrict the Irish electoral franchise; there is no return from democracy, or from the grave. But it cannot have been blind to the immense mischiefs this reckless and unjust concession has caused, especially since the General Elections of the last fifteen years; and, indirectly, it might have in part removed them. The over representation of Ireland in the House of Commons has been long acknowledged; taking the test of population alone, she has an excess of twenty-three members; taking the test of population and property combined, she has an excess of from thirty to forty; and this illegitimate excess gives the "Nationalists" utterly undue power; makes the Irish Unionists much weaker than they ought to be; prevents enlightened Irish opinion from having its true influence; contributes largely to the exclusion of Irish property and intelligence from the sphere of politics; and, what is perhaps, most important of all, distinctly impairs the securities that uphold the Union. The Government, nevertheless, has hitherto declined to redress this great constitutional wrong, and to bring the representation of Ireland within its proper limits; ominous words, indeed, have been dropped on the subject, though the reform is required in the interest of Ireland and of Great Britain alike.

History, I am convinced, will record that a Unionist Government has, in this matter, been untrue to the Union, because it had committed itself to a false Irish policy. Take again the question of Irish Local Government, and let us see what has been its achievements. The whole system of Irish Local Government had, as reflecting minds long ago acknowledged, rested on a narrow and oligarchic basis, and was not in accord with the spirit of the age. The Irish Grand Juries were a survival of the Protestant ascendency of the eighteenth century; Irish Poor Law Administration had many defects; Irish Urban Government was without popular elements, and was confined within somewhat exclusive limits. The results were seen in grave anomalies in county government; in

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maladministration of various kinds; and in many shortcomings in the Government of cities and town, notably in the want of the municipal spirit. The Unionist Government of 1886–92 brought in a measure to reform this system; but it was let drop, partly because it was not without great faults, partly in deference to mere "Nationalist" clamour. Lord Salisbury's Government returned to the subject in 1898; nearly a session was spent on carrying through Parliament the scheme of Irish Local Government it proposed. This has been exalted as a specimen of statesmanlike wisdom. Parts of the measure, no doubt, have been skilfully designed; it has provided against the plunder of the Irish landed gentry, on which "Nationalist" patriots were intent; it has been, in some respects, a judicious reform. But the mistake that had been made as to the Irish franchise was repeated. The Government applied to Ireland the legislation it had applied to Great Britain. As the result, the whole system of Irish Local Government has fallen under the control of a mere rude democracy untrained in self-government, and openly hostile to the State and the law in the greatest part of the country. It is too soon as yet to affirm with certainty how this new scheme will eventually work; but some of the consequences have already been made manifest. In Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and in a large part of Ulster, the Local Boards have passed into the hands of "Nationalists"; the landed gentry are not represented on them, or are only represented to no purpose; landed property paying the rates has hardly any influence. This is an absolutely unnatural state of things. It should be added that in many instances a clean sweep has been made of loyal and Protestant holders of places, without regard to economy, or to the simplest justice. This boasted reform, it is unnecessary to say, has greatly increased the power of the "Nationalist" faction; the evidence of this is but too apparent. The Local Boards, in more than three-fourths of Ireland, have become agencies of the United Irish League. They urge revolutionary and socialistic demands. Like the assemblies of the communes of

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Jacobin France, they echo with cries against the institutions under which they exist, against the social order they see around them, against the upper classes, and all kinds of dignities. The Government has here sown the dragon's teeth. What has already been the ill-omened harvest?

With respect to two other Irish questions, the Government has shown worse than hesitation, and double-minded weakness. The Childers Commission, appointed by Mr. Gladstone, but really owing its origin to Mr. Goschen—a Unionist in no doubtful sense—reported in 1896, and that almost with one voice, that Ireland was enormously overtaxed, and had been for a long series of years. It is impossible here to examine this famous judgment, and the voluminous evidence on which it rests; enough to say that it expressed the conclusions of well-known experts, nearly all Englishmen, whose interests were the other way; that it took its stand on the Treaty of Union, and drew from it the inferences that are most cogent; that it only confirmed the ideas of distinguished Irishmen—the names of Butt and Judge Longfield may be referred to—who insisted, years ago, on the fiscal wrong that was being done to Ireland; that it is sustained by the universal concurrence of Irish opinion, which, divided and discordant as it usually is, is completely unanimous in this matter; and that, if it has been denounced and carped at in England, the attempts that had been made to refute it have been grotesque failures. The conduct of the Government has been but too characteristic: it has not ventured to deny that the Report is justified by the Treaty of Union, which being Unionist, it is bound to maintain; it has not grappled with the arguments of the Commission; it has made paltry concessions inadequate to the requirements of the case, which, however, prove that it is conscious the case is just; and then, having made a solemn promise that it would set on foot another inquiry upon the subject, it has not taken a step for years to redeem this pledge! The other question to which I allude is that of education of the higher kind in Ireland, long ago admitted to be in a

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discreditable state by every thinker who has considered the subject. In this province shallow Liberalism and blind bigotry have combined to do Ireland unquestionable wrong. Trinity College has been thrown open to all comers without distinction of creed, but it is still a bulwark of the Protestant ascendency of the past; the Queen's Colleges are free to students of all faiths and of none; but Catholic Ireland, that is the great mass of the people, avoids both institutions, on grounds which Burke and Newman would have certainly taken; it regards the one as essentially anti-Catholic, and the other as essentially "godless," in accord, in this respect, with our High Church party; and here it has a real, if almost its only grievance. The Government is confessedly at odds with itself in this important matter; it has agreed to leave it an "open question," as Catholic emancipation was left in another age; has it forgotten that this trifling brought Ireland to the verge of revolution in 1829, and has ever since been a cause of mischief to the State? It has, no doubt, after long delay, appointed a Commission, formed of able men, to inquire into the subject, and to make a report; but in Ireland, at least, it is generally believed, that, as to practical legislation that would be effective, the labours of this body will be wholly fruitless.

But of all Irish questions that of the land is the one on which the Government is most open to censure. Its members had nearly all predicted, when in opposition, what would be the results of the agrarian legislation of 1881; six years ago these had been more than verified. In spite of Mr. Gladstone's optimistic phrases, the Irish landlords had been stripped of their property wholesale; they had been converted into mere annuitants, while their tenants had been made largely owners of their estates; and this revolution had been effected through the agency of courts, which, going back to exploded mediæval principles, fixed the rate of rent and the modes of land tenure. The Irish land system, in a word, had been transformed in defiance of justice, and there had been a huge confiscation of the Irish land; but this had been by no means the worst; Irish

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agriculture had, in many ways, been injured by the operation of a vicious law; and demoralisation had been spread through the landed classes, by litigation of the most sinister kind, which set landlords and tenants against each other and encouraged false swearing to an enormous extent, and by the legalised annihilation of the most solemn contracts. The Government, however, with the fullest knowledge of the facts, made what was already bad, by many degrees worse; in 1896 it brought in a Bill which greatly extended and aggravated this disastrous system, and contained principles ominous to the rights of property in the three kingdoms; it is significant that the House of Lords all but rejected the measure, loyal as it has always been to Lord Salisbury's Ministry. The conduct of the Government, nevertheless, did not stop at this point; the courts instituted by the Legislation of 1881 began, some years ago, to make such immense reductions in Irish rents that even the men in office expressed surprise; they appointed a Commission charged to report on the subject, not generally but from the narrowest point of view; and the scope of the inquiry was so limited that it was generally believed to be a mere desire to keep the question out of sight. The Commission, however, had a fearless judge at its head; Sir Edward Fry and his colleagues, cabined and confined as they were, dragged a part of the truth at least into the light; as the result, they placed on record such a damning sentence on the Irish Land Commission and its sub-Commissions, as has never been passed on judicial bodies in modern times; they intimated that gross wrong had been done, and they made a series of recommendations which, they hoped, would mitigate the unjust administration even of an unjust law. The Government has practically refused all redress; it has made trifling improvements in the procedure of the Courts, but it has ignored the grave censure that has been pronounced on them, and it has disregarded all that is important in the suggestions the Commission has made. It has even turned a deaf ear to urgent requests for a further and fuller inquiry, on pretexts puerile and offensive alike.

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Unionist statesmen, however, have long had their scheme for solving the problem of the Irish land. With little real knowledge of Irish land tenure, they announced, in direct contradiction to fact, that Mr. Gladstone had "created" a "dual ownership" in Irish landed relations; and in order to abate what they deemed this nuisance, they have been effecting an agrarian "reform" in Ireland, the increasing mischiefs of which have become apparent. Removing the only limitations which made it safe and just, they inaugurated a system of so-called "land purchase" in Ireland essentially ill-designed and even immoral. They have enabled Irish tenants to become owners in fee of their farms through the medium of advances made by the State, subject only to the payment of terminable annuities much lower than anything like rents. The transaction, therefore, is not a "purchase" but a bribe; and from 1885 to the present time about a tenth part of the tenant class in Ireland has acquired the proprietorship of the soil under these conditions. And what have been the results of this policy, which history, I believe, will severely condemn? It has not "abolished dual ownership," for the fund applicable to this purpose cannot extend to even a quarter of the Irish land; and "dual ownership" will always prevail in Ireland. It is the natural mould of her land tenure. It has not produced, as its authors expected, a peasantry well affected to the State, for hundreds of these "purchasers" are agents of the United Irish League. It has not produced a body of thriving farmers, for hundreds are steeped in debt, and the prey of local usurers. On the other hand it has wronged the Irish landlord, for the difference between the terminable annuities and even the present rents has created a false standard of rent against him, exactly of the nature of a base coinage. It has been very injurious to Irish agriculture, for these "purchasers" have cut down the woodland on their holdings, disafforesting many thousands of acres, a ruinous thing in a rain-drenched climate; and by its artificial lowering of the scale of the renters of land, it has encouraged subletting, subdivision, and mortgaging wholesale,

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inveterate evils in Irish land tenure, and it is fast reproducing the middleman of the eighteenth century, the oppressive lord of downtrodden serfs. The worst result, however, has yet to be noticed. This system of "land purchase" is as yet "voluntary," that is effected by contract between landlords and tenants; but it draws, we have seen, a marked distinction between "purchasing" and rent-paying holders of land. It separates them into classes, favoured and neglected by the State. It has, therefore, from the very nature of the case, produced the demand now heard far and near in Ireland, for what is called the "compulsory purchase" of all her rented lands, that is, for the forcible expropriation of the landed gentry, and the forcible placing the peasantry in their stead as owners. The present Government, it is only fair to say, has declined to sanction a confiscation of this kind; but it refuses to see that land purchase, on voluntary lines, provokes and causes the cry for compulsory purchase; and it contemplates, it is said, promoting its present agrarian policy. Has it considered how, half a century ago, a Government passed the Irish Encumbered Estates Act, with the approval of Parliament and the applause of politicians, and thus accomplished the worst spoliation that has ever been effected in the Irish land?

Much of the conduct of the Government just reviewed is to be ascribed to the policy of "killing Home Rule with kindness" that is "killing Irish Unionism with unkindness," in Sir Edward Carson's language. This kind of policy has often been tried before; Henry VII. exclaimed: "If all Ireland cannot rule this man, let this man be the ruler of all Ireland;" the great Geraldine rebellion soon followed; Mr. Gladstone threw the reins to the Land League; agitation in Ireland has ever since been perilous. It consists in weakly deserting your friends in the hope of making peace with your enemies; in trafficking with disloyalty at the expense of loyalty; in abandoning right for the sake of a base expediency; and in Ireland it has always been a calamitous failure. The attitude of the Government, in this respect, has been

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strikingly illustrated in the course it has taken, as regards the maintenance of order and law in Ireland. It has over and over again refused to afford to property the protection to which property has a right; it has over and over again neglected to give law-abiding subjects the security to which they have an indefeasible claim; it has turned a deaf ear to warnings of well-informed men who told it that a bad conspiracy was growing up in their midst. We see the result of this disregard of duty, the condition, be it observed, of allegiance, in the development of the United Irish League within the last two years; this successor of the Land and the National Leagues has been permitted to acquire power without an attempt to check it, as if "Parnellism and crime" had been never heard of; and though it is much less formidable than its prototypes were, it is equally hostile to government and law; it professes to have the same objects in view, the annihilation of British rule in Ireland and of the landed gentry; and it has established a system of terror in not a few counties. Its operations, if we look to Ireland alone, are seen in increasing agrarian crime; in incendiary fires over whole districts; above all, in the hideous persecution known as "boycotting," carried out with an ingenious pertinacity never witnessed before, and bringing misery and ruin on hundreds of innocent victims. Very few persons not in Ireland can understand what this wicked tyranny is; it blights industry, checks agriculture and trade, subverts contracts, defies law, poisons social life; it is absolutely incompatible with the general welfare. Just now it is the favourite weapon of the United Irish League, which seeks through it to compass its ends, and trusts less than its forerunners did to open agrarian crime, and to the servile war of 1881–88. Yet the Government will not suppress the League, even in the counties where practically it is supreme, though it can do so with the stroke of a pen; it has lately prosecuted some of the League's agents; but as these prosecutions have nearly all failed, owing to the sympathy or the fears of juries, what is bad has only been made much worse.

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Partisans and sciolists have been loud in their praises of the Irish policy of the present Government, because Ireland has been quiescent of late years compared to the evil days of the Land and the National Leagues. But under a surface only serene from a distance, ominous fires are ready to break out; to babble about peace when there is no peace is mischievous trifling. The condition of Ireland is, in some respects, worse than it was even in the time of Parnell; it is distinctly worse than it was in 1895. Disloyalty, if less stained with crime, is as defiant as ever, since attempts at conciliation have failed; Parliament is bearded as it was twenty years ago; power and property in Ireland have been transferred wholesale by processes utterly unwise and unjust to a wild democracy hostile to our rule; the mainstays of our authority have been probably fatally weakened; all that is best in Irish opinion has fallen away from the Government. The structure of society, too, has been shaken to its base; it has been destroyed in some of its chief parts, and nothing permanent has been placed in their stead; a sense of insecurity prevails in many of the relations of life, especially in the most important, those which spring from the land; revolutionary cries for change and confiscation are often heard; the sober and fruitful works of industry are much neglected; there is a decline in the healthy elements that contribute to real progress. Meanwhile, the numerous questions which, to some extent at least must be settled, if there is to be any hope for Ireland, remain unsettled and of late have dropped out of sight; it is scarcely possible to doubt but that they must be taken up and treated by Parliament within a short time.

"Stat Nominis Umbra."

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A PLAIN MAN'S POLITICS

RUMOUR has it that Mr. Kipling's famous "Recessional" was rescued by one of his household from the waste-paper basket, to which he had consigned it; and there are those who suggest that the publication of his latest manifesto, "The Lesson," must be due to a less fortunate raid upon the same receptacle. That is not my own sentiment. There are other things in the world than literature, and other things in literature than poetry. If Mr. Kipling can get the multitude who have no ears for poetry to listen to his spirited patter, why should we expect or desire him to confine his talent within the limits of classical tradition? If you want to produce your effect here and now, it is useless to address yourself to posterity. Mr. Kipling is above everything a man of the moment. It may very well chance that some of his rhythms for the moment may be heard by the ages; but on that point, one fancies, he is tolerably indifferent. At any rate, such a piece as "The Lesson" is to be judged as journalism, not as literature; and its merit as journalism depends, not on its diction or its rhythm, but on the validity of its message. "Let us admit it fairly," he says, "as a business people should: we have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end of good." If this is true, it is a message of great comfort; but is it true? I have one slight but not unimportant emendation to suggest: for "will," read "ought to."

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A lesson has been writ large for us, granted. It has been written in letters of blood and fire, plain for all folk to see. But have we learnt it? Is there any sign that we are even beginning to learn it? Are we not the same foolish, inert, improvident people to-day that we were two years ago—only that our improvidence is now flustered and apprehensive, instead of sanguine and serene?

We must wait until this war is over, some people tell us, before we can settle down to putting our house in order. For my part, I see no "must" in the matter. It is true that we are too busily occupied in recriminations over the war to have much energy left for anything else. But that is just where our error—our fatal weakness—lies. The war has made us, no longer a nation of sane men, but a greater and a lesser horde of monomaniacs, about as fit for sober self-discipline as the legendary Kilkenny cats. Is there any reason, I ask, why we should wait till the war is over before returning to sanity? And, if we cannot do so now, is there any guarantee that we shall be able to do so then?

The most convinced supporter of the Government will admit, I presume, that the impotence of the Opposition is a national misfortune. At any rate, there can be no doubt that this is the view—and the plausible view—of the Opposition itself. Well, at a juncture when there seems to be some hope of restoring unity of action to the nerveless, leaderless Opposition, what does the most eminent of its potential leaders do? He lays it down that the war is either just or unjust, either humanely or inhumanly conducted, and that he cannot possibly co-operate, towards any end whatsoever, with persons who do not unreservedly, and on both points, accept the affirmative proposition. As a plain man, trying to exercise his common sense upon the facts before us, I suggest that Lord Rosebery's dichotomy—I use a pedantic word for a pedantic thing—is worthy of a mediæval schoolman rather than of a philosophic statesman on the threshold of the twentieth century.

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The war is "morally, either just or unjust," we are told. Would it not be much truer to say, of this war as of so many other wars in history, that it was neither just nor unjust, but the inevitable outcome of a state of things for which both parties were pretty evenly to blame? Lord Rosebery is the first to admit that we have made many mistakes in our conduct towards the Boers. One (at least) of them was a generous error, one (at least) was a criminal blunder; the remainder, we may roughly say, were more or less stupid, negligent, short-sighted, perhaps even unprincipled actions. On the other hand, I do not think there is any Boer, or even any pro-Boer, so fanatical as to maintain that the actions of the Transvaal Government were invariably guided by superhuman wisdom and virtue. Their mistakes were of a different order from ours, and proceeded from a different kind of stupidity; but they were like our mistakes, and every other mistake, in that they had one day to be paid for. If we must apportion moral responsibility, I, for my part, am willing to admit that the greater share of blame lies with us, inasmuch as wisdom and generosity were more reasonably to be expected of us than of the Boers. But that is a purely academic argument. Blindness is blindness, and its consequences do not depend on its conditions. It may be that A. has reprehensibly neglected opportunities of having his cataract removed, whereas B. has had no opportunities to neglect. But B. is none the less likely, on that account, to fall into the ditch. And if it come to a fight between the two, the battle will be, not to the one whose blindness is less reprehensible, but to the one who has some glimmer of light.

It is equally idle, at the present moment, to argue as to the precise point of time at which the misunderstanding between Briton and Boer became incurable. Was it before Majuba? Was it after? Did the Raid render conciliation hopeless? Or was it the South African Commission? The one essential fact is that at some period—it matters not whether we place it weeks, months or years before the outbreak of the war—the

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Boers had got into a frame of mind absolutely incompatible with the safety of the British Empire in South Africa, and consequently throughout the world. That frame of mind I shall try to analyse later. In the meantime, the point to be noted is this: either the Boer enmity had to be rendered impotent (in other words the Republics had to be disarmed) or else we had to pay with our Empire for our share in the errors and stupidities which had brought the Boers into this temper. Now it must be clear to every man, British or foreign, who does not actually desire the disintegration of the British Empire, that this was a disproportionate price, which we could not for a moment be expected to pay. Were we to stand before the world and say: "Our errors and stupidities in South Africa have been so monstrous, and so utterly unexcused by any contributory errors and stupidities on the part of our opponents, that we hereby confess ourselves incapable of empire, and proclaim to all and sundry the failure of this experiment in the aggregation of self-governing states"? That this was really the alternative that faced us is proved by the unhesitating and eager adherence of the colonies to our side of the quarrel. No one can reasonably accuse the colonies of slavish and uncritical partisanship for the mother country. They were conscious of our errors, and, being in no way responsible for them, were under no temptation to minimise their gravity. But they felt that a point had been reached at which, had we pocketed Mr. Kruger's stolid defiance, they would have ceased to value their imperial citizenship. Here we have the plain and definite line of cleavage in the world's opinion regarding the war. Admit that the British Empire is, in the interests of the world, an experiment worth continuing, and you cannot but admit the right, nay, the duty, of the Empire to pluck this thorn from its side. Start from an attitude of hostility to the British Empire—the instinctive attitude of most foreigners, the reasoned attitude of some Englishmen—and you naturally prefer that the thorn should rankle until the part affected gangrenes and drops away.

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"But," say certain politicians, "we maintain that a more skilful and conciliatory diplomacy would have secured all that the Empire could reasonably demand in South Africa, without the spilling of a drop of blood." That is conceivable enough. It is conceivable that the last straw which deflected the balance in favour of war was the Boers' not unnatural hatred and distrust of Mr. Chamberlain. Supposing it was so, what then? Why, we are paying very dearly for whatever faults in our policy inspired the Boers with these feelings; but does it follow that the Boers were right in demanding that we should pay dearer still, with (as aforesaid) the abdication of our paramountcy in South Africa, our prestige in the eyes of our colonial fellow countrymen throughout the world? The fact that I distrust the man I am bargaining with does not justify me in declining to make a reasonable bargain, and taking the first convenient opportunity of hitting him in the eye. It may render my action natural, comprehensible, excusable; but I am none the less debarred from posing as a martyr if I fail in my appeal to the strong hand.

Does any one believe: (1) That the British Government (or even Mr. Chamberlain in the recesses of his Machiavelian brain) was determined upon war from, say, the failure of the Bloemfontein Conference onward, and deliberately worked to bring it about? (2) That at any time after the Bloemfontein Conference the question of peace or war turned on the skilful or unskilful wording, the exact or inexact interpretation, of any particular despatch? If any one, in the light of subsequent events, believes either of these propositions, then I say that his insight into human motives, his reading of the human heart, differs hopelessly from mine. But the first of these propositions must be maintained if England is to be accused of wantonly picking a quarrel; the second, if she is even to be reproached with having inexcusably blundered into bloodshed.

The truth is (I suggest) that the mixture of exasperation and triumph which Mr. Kruger—in this respect accurately representing his fellow countrymen—felt after the Jameson

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Raid, in some degree turned his head. He saw the position of moral advantage that miserable adventure gave him, and he hastened to secure, as he thought, a corresponding position of physical advantage. That done, he went forth with the deliberate intention of humiliating the hated and despised Englishman, by policy if possible, if not, by force of arms. His action was very human and very natural. I do not see that Lord Rosebery can even prove it "unjust," for the abstract right of the Transvaal Executive to manage its internal affairs was incontestable. All one is entitled to say is that in insisting on exercising this abstract right to the humiliation of Britain (limited only by the necessity of not exasperating the other world-powers) the action of the Transvaal Executive was neither—as its admirers would have us think—saintlike, nor—as the event has proved—wise.

Here, then, I come to the gist of my argument. Let us get rid, in this context, of the terms just and unjust, right and wrong. They have really no relevance in such a clash of racial instincts—the progressive and the pastoral, the democratic and the oligarchic—as underlies this fated struggle. Neither cause is just, neither unjust. No one is wholly in the right, no one wholly in the wrong; and the nice apportionment of moral responsibility is impossible, at any rate to contemporaries.

This, above all things, let us realise: it is not the trivial overplus of right or wrong that determines the event of such a contest: it is the power to see, apprehend, and be guided by fact. To restate in proverbial form what I have already said: "In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed"—nay, even the sand-blind—"is king." During the incubation, and during the progress of the war, both we and our adversaries fed ourselves with illusions; but theirs were the further and more fatally remote from the truth. Here is the place for my promised analysis of the Boer "frame of mind" which rendered the war inevitable. If it be correct, it will show that the people of the two Republics are at this moment paying the penalty of an inveterate habit, in themselves and their rulers, of believing

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that which is not and disbelieving that which is. It seems clear that some of the rulers were not guiltless of making confusion worse confounded by the propagation of deliberate falsehoods. But this element in the case has no doubt been considerably exaggerated in our partisan reports. To establish my point, at any rate, I need not travel beyond the record of indubitable errors and self-deceptions.

The basis of the Boer mood, of course, was a deep-seated dislike for the Briton, proceeding partly from difference of prejudices, manners, and ideals, partly from resentment for actual or imaginary wrongs. Then came one, two, three victories over small British forces—victories which naturally became Marathons and Morgartens in the popular imagination. Soon after the Jameson Raid, a party of Boer boys were disputing as to the colour of the British flag. "It is red!" cried one of them. "No," said an old burgher who was standing by; "no, my boy—I have seen the British flag three times—at Majuba, at Potchefstroom, and at Krugersdorp—and each time it was white!" This story may or may not be literally true—it is certainly typical. The dislike for the Briton in general was supplemented by contempt for the *rooinek* in particular—a contempt which was, to say the least of it, exaggerated as regards the individual *rooinek*, and was childishly wide of the mark in respect of the *rooinek* considered as a symbol of the power of Britain. In short, the Boer people had neither the acquired knowledge nor the instinctive wisdom to see these petty successes in their true proportions. They were puffed up with a military pride, entirely natural under the circumstances, which reinforced their disinclination to give the Outlander any voice in the councils of their sacred and invincible caste. I know of no good evidence of anything that can be called a "conspiracy" to drive the English into the sea; but can it be doubted that the vision of this resplendent and comparatively easy exploit haunted many an ignorant and adventure-loving brain? Under the influence of such dreams, the Boers were the reverse of eager that their statesmen should

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listen to reason, and so baulk them of the glorious and fascinating alternative.

We committed the same error of underestimating the enemy. Did not even the omniscient Mr. Kipling think that "fifty thousand horse and foot" were going to settle the business? But while we estimated the difficulties before us at one-fifth, one-seventh, one-tenth if you will, of what they proved to be, the Boer conception of the power of England fell a hundred or a thousand times short of the truth —in fact, bore no measurable relation to it. We paid the penalty of improvidence, in initial disaster; they are reaping in ruin the consequences of inveterate and arrogant ignorance.

But, it may be objected, whatever was the ignorance of the rustic Boers, many of their leaders, and Mr. Kruger himself, were by no means in such utter darkness as to the power they were defying. Some of the leaders probably—it is said that General Joubert was one of them—went into the war with their eyes open, well knowing that the delusions of their countrymen were hurrying them to disaster, but powerless to stem the torrent. Mr. Kruger, again, and his familiars, though the resources of England were not unknown to them, fatally mistook the temper of England, and at the same time the temper of Europe. They believed that the infirmity of purpose incident to party government would debar England from putting forth anything like her whole power. They knew the strength of their own armament; they knew the weakness of the British garrison in South Africa; and they knew that any serious attempt to strengthen it could be made, at any moment, a pretext for declaring war. Thus they had the first stages of the war in their own hands; believed that they could reach Pietermaritzburg, Durban, even Cape Town, without serious difficulty, before our troops had arrived in sufficient force to stop them; and trusted that these disasters would mean the fall of the hated Chamberlain and his Government, and the accession to power of the Liberal party, which, judging by the utterances of its extreme wing, they held pledged to

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peace, concession, and surrender. They might not at this one stroke drive the British out of South Africa; but they would demand an accession of territory and an indemnity; and after that the federation of South Africa under a Dutch president and executive could only be a matter of time. This calculation erred incidentally in underestimating the tenacity of the British garrisons, which prevented even the carrying out of the first part of the programme—the triumphal march to the sea. But it erred fundamentally in the assumption that any number of initial disasters, due to our unpreparedness in South Africa, would bring a party of peace and surrender into power. There was no such party in England that could for a fortnight carry on the government of the country. The Salisbury Government might conceivably have fallen, but only to give place to a Government which the nation believed more competent, and more resolute, to carry the war to a successful close. In listening, then, to the flattering voice of the peace-at-any-price party, and so misjudging the temper of England, Mr. Kruger and his Cabinet committed one of those errors that infallibly bring their revenge.

To another flattering voice, still louder and still emptier of significance, they lent an even readier ear. The journalists of the Continent, never too amiably disposed towards England, and regarding the complex case of Briton *v.* Boer (when they gave it any thought at all) entirely from the Boer point of view, were fierce and furious in their partisanship. The Continental public, too, knowing nothing of the questions at issue, and seeing a small, virtuous and heroic people at odds with a great, grasping, arrogant world-power, were free and emphatic in the utterance of sentimental sympathy. Mr. Kruger failed to distinguish between the multitudinous babble of Anglophobist quidnuncs and the views, interests and potentialities of responsible governments. He buoyed himself up with the belief that, even should his military plans to some extent miscarry, European intervention would save him from having to pay the price of his temerity. Here again he made a fatal

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blunder. He misread the political situation in Europe no less than he misread the temper of England; and the two illusions lured him to his doom.

But behind them both, and conditioning them both, lay a third and fundamental illusion, common, it would seem, to Mr. Kruger and to a large number, at any rate, of his followers. It was not, ultimately, in Krupp and Creusot guns, in the political vacillation of England, or in the intervention of Continental powers, that Mr. Kruger put his faith. He trusted in the intervention of a greater Power than Empire or Republic. He believed that that Power would point the Boer guns, would strike panic to the hearts of the English people, and would inspire the nations of Europe with generous and effectual enthusiasm for the cause of God's little flock in South Africa. It was no overweening confidence in his own human sagacity that led him astray. Armaments and political combinations were in his eyes only the instruments of the miracle that was going to accomplish itself. The greatest miracle requires a certain mechanism. When David went forth against Goliath, did he not arm himself with a sling and smooth stones from the brook? Mauser rifles, siege-guns, and mountains of ammunition were but the sling and stones of the burgher champion. His true strength lay in the countenance of the Lord, who would guide his hand and eye aright.

Mr. Kruger, in a word, fell into precisely the error of thought which is obfuscating the minds of so many of our own politicians. He set up two absolute and mutually exclusive conceptions of "justice" and "injustice"; he (quite sincerely) believed the Boer cause to be "just," the British "unjust"; and he was confident that God would fight on the side of "justice." This, be it noted, is no conjectural interpretation of his state of mind. It was, and is, his clearly and repeatedly formulated faith. That faith, and nothing else, has devastated, and is still devastating, South Africa. "I believe in a miracle," said Mr. Kruger, not many weeks ago, to an interviewer for whose good faith I can personally vouch. "Is not the miracle

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happening?" he continued. "Are not 15,000 men holding 250,000 at bay? What is that but a miracle?"

We know that there is no miracle in the matter: that resolute and skilful guerilla leaders, taking advantage of their thorough knowledge of a vast expanse of country, eminently suited to their tactics, can by perfectly natural means keep that country disturbed and miserable for an indefinite space of time. The Boer faith in divine interposition merely means that we are fighting on the Vaal a fanaticism as blind as that which, a few years ago, we were fighting on the Nile. As blind, and scarcely more admirable; for if there goes less savagery to its composition, there goes far more pharisaism and self-righteousness.

This fanaticism is shared by many people in England, who, at the outset of the war, convinced that their country's cause was "unjust," went about prophesying, and even openly praying for, calamity to the British arms, and the downfall of the Empire. Such persons may still maintain that the fulfilment of their prophecy is only deferred, and that we are, in fact, at the beginning of the end. It is quite possible that, though their premises are wrong, their conclusion may be right. The Boer War may prove ill-omened for England, not because it was "unjustly," but because it was unwisely, gone about. But let them apply their principle from the Boer point of view, and no sane intellect can find it work out correctly. If the condition of the two Republics at this moment be the result of fighting for a "just" cause, we can only conclude that the virtue of states, like that of individuals, meets with its reward in the next world, not in this. The Governments are overthrown, one President is an exile, the other a fugitive, every family is broken up, thousands of men have died on the battle-field, thousands are prisoners over seas, the remnants are leading an outlaw life in crevices and caves of the hills, women and children in multitudes have inevitably suffered agony of mind and privation of body, farms have been laid waste, herds destroyed, the country reduced to a blood-stained wilderness—

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and yet we are to believe that the Boers were fighting in a "just" cause, sanctioned and countenanced by a just and omnipotent God! Who can wonder that a superstition so flagrantly in conflict with the facts should involve nations in misery? Suppose a miraculous turning of the tables were to occur to-morrow, and that Mr. Kruger, like that other just man, Job, were restored to the pinnacle of prosperity—would that compensate the generation which has agonised and died for his pharisaic faith in justice? Wherein is a just cause safer than an unjust if the miracle which is to vindicate it lags so cruelly? Should the South African War prove the beginning of further and direr troubles to England, the people who choose to read history in terms of theology may say that heaven has used the Boer Republics as a rod to chasten our imperial pride. It may be so; but, if so, we are bound to complete the parable, and add that the rod has been broken to shivers across the culprit's back.

Does my argument seem to imply that might is right and that there is no such thing as justice in human, or at any rate in political, affairs? Not so. History records many iniquitous wars—wars of the wolf on the lamb, of the kite on the pigeon, which were as flagrantly unjust as are most of the operations of "Nature, red in tooth and claw." Had this been such a war, Mr. Kruger's "miracle" would indeed have come about by perfectly natural means; for the conscience of England would have revolted, the Liberal party would have gone solid against the war, and, fighting a country divided against itself, the Boers would have secured the victory on which they counted. As a matter of fact, the moment Mr. Kruger definitely showed his hand, he found himself—for all practical purposes—confronted with a united country and a united Empire. The dissentients were only those who so violently hated all war as to be incapable of seeing reason on any question which could possibly lead to that issue, or those who so consistently shrank from the idea of empire as to oppose every measure that made for its permanence. This party was vehement in proportion

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to its impotence, and in proportion to its faith in its own exclusive moral inspiration. But its effect upon the conduct of the war was nil, except in so far as it helped to prolong the life of the Boer illusions. The first weeks of the war proved very clearly that this was no case of the wolf and the lamb, but rather of the lion and the wolf-in-sheep's-clothing; and from the moment that was realised, all possibility of an effective pro-Boer revulsion of feeling was at an end.

The majority of wars, at any rate in modern times, are not mere wars of brute appetite or insensate ambition, but arise from the conflict of irreconcilable instincts, each of which has a perfect right to assert itself. That this was the case in the present instance, fanaticism only—pro-Boer or pro-Briton—will deny. The Boer instinct of oligarchic conservatism clashed with the British instinct of democratic liberalism; and each had undoubted right on its side. The Boer right was the clearer in law, the British right the stronger in equity; but that, I think, is not the essential difference. The difference is that behind the British right there was an imperative duty to a great, impersonal idea, while behind the Boer right there was nothing more imperative than a clinging to personal preference and what seemed personal advantage. If, in using the word "duty" I seem to beg an essential question as to the moral merits of the Imperial idea, let us put this question aside and say that England was compelled to vindicate her right by an ineluctable destiny residing in the very greatness, even if it be the baneful greatness, of the interests entrusted to her care. This compulsion the Boers, had they been wise, would have recognised. Blinded by the illusions above enumerated, they failed to recognise it, and are paying the penalty.

Our cause, in a word, is the more just, inasmuch as we were under the more imperative and impersonal obligation to enforce it; but to lay any claim to a more absolute and transcendental justice than this is surely to obscure the issue, and play into the hands of the pro-Boer rhetorician.

Behold, a parable: Two men were compelled by a destiny

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over which neither had any control to travel in the same railway-carriage. One of them was a big (perhaps an overgrown) man, who required a great deal of fresh air, else he would have died of suffocation. The other was a little man, inured to a vitiated atmosphere, who suffered a certain discomfort from draughts. The big man, clinging to his life, insisted on having the window open; the little man, clinging to his comfort, insisted on keeping it shut. Their enforced companionship was the misfortune of both, the fault of neither; so that technically their rights were equal. The big man could not give way; it was a matter of life and death to him. The little man either could not or would not recognise this. Moreover he cherished a grudge against the big man, whose manners had not, indeed, been above reproach, and who had sought to open the window by stealth, in a fashion at once impolitic and unworthy. Relying, therefore, upon a loaded revolver concealed in his pistol-pocket, the little man declared that rather than open the window he would open the door, throw the big man out of the carriage, and thenceforth have it all to himself, to keep as stuffy as ever he pleased. In the struggle that necessarily ensued, the little man did indeed manage to inflict some flesh-wounds on the big man; but when last heard of he was writhing under the big man's foot, still swearing fiercely that his cause was just, and that, on a well-managed railway, the guard would have interfered in his favour. Perhaps the communicator was out of order; but it seems more probable that the little man had misread the company's by-laws.

Let us pass now from the question of justice to that of humanity, which may be more briefly dealt with. The methods by which the war has been conducted, says Lord Rosebery, are either "uncivilised or legitimate"; and he will have nothing to do with any one who maintains the former alternative. But why, I ask, why insist on absolute unanimity with regard to the highly debatable points involved in this decision? No sane man doubts that we have desired and endeavoured to conduct this war humanely. If there be any one who holds that

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our methods have been consistently and deliberately "uncivilised"—any one, in fact, who takes seriously the vampire-generals and ogre-soldiers of the continental caricaturists—he is surely a negligible quantity. Must the Liberal party sit helpless and inactive because it is not in perfect harmony with Colney Hatch? If, on the other hand, we are asked to declare that nothing has been done in South Africa that humanity must deplore, nothing left undone that humanity could reasonably enjoin, I do not understand how any one with the slightest knowledge of human nature can make the required asseveration.

So far as I can see, there is every reason to believe that our individual soldiers have, in the main, conducted themselves with a humanity hitherto almost unknown in warfare, and that the enemy have, in the main, met them in a similar spirit. It is not in the least surprising that there should have been on the enemy's part a few instances to the contrary—instances of treachery and brutality. I am not aware that any serious allegation of treachery has been made against our soldiers; and as for brutality, the great mass of the cases industriously chronicled by the pro-Boer press have been patent and preposterous fables. Still, there is no army without its black sheep; and men who are not absolutely black sheep may be carried away in moments of rage, or still more probably of panic, to do things they can scarcely look back upon with complacency. War is not a school of saints, and though one can honestly believe our record to be far less stained by individual excesses than that of most armies of the past, to declare it spotless would be to assert a miracle.

More dubious than the question of individual conduct are certain questions of policy and organisation. Once admit—and the whole theory of war compels the admission—that there are cases, not a few, in which momentary inhumanity is the true humanity in the long run, and you introduce a principle which it would need superhuman wisdom to apply unerringly. Farm-burning may or may not have been a necessary measure.

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I do not believe it is possible for any one not actually on the spot, and conversant with all the circumstances, to form a valid judgment on the point. If (as seems only too probable) it has in no way helped to shorten the war, then it was evidently a deplorable mistake for which we shall pay dearly. On the other hand, it may conceivably have been, after all, the true, the only possible, policy; but even in that case it is hard to resist the conviction that it was sometimes indiscriminately and injudiciously carried out. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? In a long series of acts of summary jurisdiction, executed with little time for inquiry and none for thought, is it conceivable that there should not have occurred many miscarriages even of that rough-and-ready justice which was supposed to preside over the operations? Farm-burning, in brief, may have been bad policy from first to last; and even if we believe it to have been, on the whole, good policy, we cannot but admit the probability that it was in some instances misapplied. Why must we be all of one mind on this extremely difficult question —on which not fifty men in England perhaps are capable of giving a competent opinion—before Lord Rosebery will consent even to take council with us on matters of the gravest urgency?

So, too, with the concentration camps. It seems evident that much of the talk we have heard about them has been one-sided and exaggerated, that statistics have been misinterpreted, and that even where the mortality has been greatest it has been mainly due to causes over which we had no control. On the other hand, when we remember how, at one stage of the war, we treated our own sick and wounded, there is too much reason to fear that there may be a substratum of justice in the complaints of bad organisation, perhaps even of carelessness and callousness on the part of those in authority. That the British army, like all other armies, contains a certain proportion of stupid, lazy and inefficient officers, there is no reason to doubt; nor is it questionable that even zealous and efficient officers are sometimes overworked, and sometimes find their hands bound

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by red-tape. There must be many details in the conduct of immense operations like those of the past two years in South Africa that are open to just criticism; and the people who make criticism their business, so long as they keep within the bounds of sanity, perform a useful function. Even if we hold that their partiality for the enemy's cause approaches monomania, is that a good reason for declining to co-operate with them in matters on which they are unquestionably sane? In thus making the war an obstructive test-question, are we ourselves quite free from the error of over-absorption in one idea?

I say "we" because I recognise in Lord Rosebery an indispensable force in the political world, and would fain rank myself under his banner if only he would let me. The difference between him and the whole working body of the Liberal party is, I believe, a difference of words, not of essential thoughts. For some reason or other, to me unfathomable, he has laid down his position in a defiant instead of a conciliatory formula. I do not believe that his trenchant dilemmas—"just or unjust," "uncivilised or legitimate"—mean anything essentially different from the qualified statement of rights and wrongs which I have attempted above. But his use of absolute and unqualified terms makes the large body who really agree with him seem to disagree; while the small body who really disagree with him are thrown into an irreconcilable antagonism which the circumstances do not in any degree justify.

It seems to me, in short, that the time has come to put this war behind us as a practical issue in politics, to leave history to weigh its rights and wrongs, and to set ourselves to learn and apply those invaluable lessons of which Mr. Kipling sings. Wrangling over spilt blood is as ineffectual as crying over spilt milk. The war, as we all foresaw from the outset, will never rank among our great national glories. Whether it is to rank among our national calamities we ourselves must decide; and the best way to answer this question in the affirmative is to allow it to palsy our energies in other directions. Let us realise as soon as possible that our squabbles over the war are

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idle, inasmuch as they are retrospective. There is practically no party which proposes, or would permit, the restoration of independence to the Boer Republics; even the handful of extremists who regard this as an ideal must see that it is for the present unattainable, and is to be compassed only by the gradual education of the people in political righteousness, as they conceive it. In South Africa, then, there is at the present moment really nothing to quarrel about. Discussions will of course arise in due time over the details of the settlement; but that time is not yet. One would think, then, that this was eminently the opportunity for the Liberal party to display a united front on the pressing needs of the day, unconnected with South Africa, and so to force the Government into effective action, while paving the way for their own return to power.

It is no pessimism, but a mere recognition of obvious, inevitable truth, to say that England's place among the great nations of the world is precarious. Her insular position, and the responsibilities of her Empire, make it essential that she should fall behind no other nation in enlightened energy and force of character. There is too much reason to believe that several of her competitors have of late been outstripping her in all-round national efficiency. We have lee-way to make up, and that quickly; and instead of setting about it with all the strength and insight we possess, we give ourselves up to impotent bickerings over the rights and wrongs of a thing which is done and can by no possibility be undone. In so far as there is any reason at all behind this babbling inertia, it proceeds from a false and superstitious philosophy, identical, in the last analysis, with Mr. Kruger's faith in miraculous intervention. Obscurely, inarticulately, we feel that if the war was "just" it will bring a blessing with it, apart from any effort of our own, whereas if it was "unjust" its results are fatally accurst, whatever we may do. This is the conscious faith of a few, the instinctive feeling of multitudes. But it is utterly apart from the facts. The war was neither just or unjust, and its results have yet to be shaped by whatever wisdom and

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energy we may possess. If it was a necessary war—as the Empire at large believes—we should have the less difficulty in "reaching a hand through time to catch the far-off interest of tears." If it was an unnecessary war—as a minority maintains—there is all the more reason for us to set to work as soon as possible to repair the error, and profit by the experience. And the course of action to be pursued is not practically affected by the question whether the war was necessary or unnecessary. We are not in the least bound to answer that question before putting our hands to the plough; nor is there any reason why, until it can be answered in perfect unanimity, we should each toil along a solitary furrow.

National defence, in the largest sense of the term, is the great duty that lies immediately before us. We must defend our coasts, our colonies, our dependencies and our markets. To that end, the first and fundamental necessity is education. Without a thoroughly modern system of education, general and technical, we are certain to be left hopelessly behind both in commerce and in war. What, then, are we doing? Tinkering miserably and impotently at the existing system, and wasting over trifles year after year of irrecoverable time. Is there not here a demand for united action that might well draw the Liberal party together, in the face of far more vital grounds of dissidence than any that can be found in South Africa? Of other pressing domestic measures I say nothing; but what of army reorganisation, confessedly huddled up in a perfunctory and provisional fashion by the party in power? What of the questionable state of the navy in regard to ships and material, the unquestionable deficiency in sailors to man the ships? Is there no government that will take in hand the measures necessary to check the decay of that class, or rather that race, without which all our battleships and torpedoes are worse than useless—the race of hardy and expert British seamen? When one sees the almost total inaction with which we confront these, and a hundred other, vital questions of national well-being, one cannot but think that

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England, if not absolutely decrepit, has somehow or other gone stale. A stale Government and a stale Opposition wrangling over the dregs of a stale war—is not this a spectacle for gods and men!

Victor Hugo once called Paris "the crucible of God." I think the term might better be applied to England, to the British Empire. That is the Great Experiment of modern times. It is our duty to keep the Empire unassailable from without in order that it may develop freely from within. Nowhere else—except in that marvellous sister-community of self-governing states, our transatlantic partner in destiny—do the traditions and aspirations that make for progress exist in such abundance and in such strength. If the problem of human happiness—or at any rate of material well-being—be soluble at all, it has a better chance of solution in and through the English-speaking world than it has ever had before, in the history of mankind. No nation is all-wise or all-virtuous. England will no doubt err, and suffer for her errors, in the future as in the past. But it will be an evil day for us, and no good day for the world, when England is no longer able to say, with one of her poets:

> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

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TAMMANY HALL

A BOOK lies on my desk in which it would be inhuman for an Englishman not to find a certain Rochefoucauldian pleasure. It is a "History of Tammany Hall," written by Mr. Gustavus Myers, and published a few months ago by private subscription. There is a lifetime of quietly malicious contemplation to be had out of it, a fund of sardonic enjoyment such as only a full catalogue of the misfortunes of our dearest friends can hope to dispense. And a full catalogue Mr. Myers' book is—that and little else. Sober historical summary is the task he has set his hand to. Mr. Myers is neither a Mugwump, a Tammanyite, nor a Republican. He has on occasion voted the Tammany ticket; his book is written without bias. It is a disciplined, somewhat colourless, wholly unemotional *précis* of Tammany's record, and he who runs may read his own moral into it. So far as facts and figures go, Mr. Myers is microscopic and exhaustive. And here and there in paragraphs of the kind one would willingly have more of, some light is thrown on the inner workings of the machine—on how the thing grew and holds together and attracts voters, and what the average New Yorker thinks of it. But in the main Mr. Myers is not a commentator, and an Englishman needs, perhaps, some personal knowledge of New York to see the right significance of everything he puts down. One feels as though an opportunity had been somewhat missed in his wilful abstinence from criticism, that, knowing as much about the subject as he

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does, Mr. Myers might have made his book a really illuminating treatise on local government in the new world, had he cared to throw into it rather more of the philosophical spirit. Meanwhile, and it is much to be grateful for, here are the doings of Tammany Hall from 1789 to to-day, transcribed accurately and in detail, and with a virtuous avoidance of partisanship. Considering, indeed, the temptations to a lively polemical violence that Tammany offers, Mr. Myers is almost tantalisingly abstemious of adjectives and reflections; and yet subdued as the narrative is, treating only of the facts of Tammany rule that official documents disclose, and handling them as gently as they can be handled, no American publisher dared to put his name on the title-page. A book that might almost be called pro-Tammany in its moderation had to make its appearance hole-and-corner fashion or not at all, the regular firms, as one of them put it, not feeling "warranted in locking horns with Tammany Hall." An interesting side-light, this, on the systematised terrorism that rules New York under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. We may yet live to see Tammany with an *index expurgatorius* of its own.

Tammany came into being on May 12, 1789, and is therefore only a fortnight younger than the Federal Government itself. The original charter described it as a charitable and benevolent body. It still answers to the description if charity begins and ends at home. But from the first it had at least a semi-political basis. Mr. Myers, who has delved into its origins in most painstaking style, finds it to be a reincarnation of some of the patriotic societies that sprang up during the Revolution to counteract the influence of the English "Tories." The "Sons of Saint Tammany" were an offset to the "Sons of Saint George" and "St. David," and so on. Tammany was an Indian chief who is said to have been present at William Penn's council under the elm-tree, and whose legendary wisdom, benevolence, and love of liberty made his name an easy refuge for revolutionary lodges in search of a patron saint. Most of these societies died out when the war ended, only to

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be revived a little later when the controversy over the Constitution split the country into Federalists and anti-Federalists, into those who, like Hamilton, favoured, and those who, like Jefferson, opposed a strongly centralised government. "The Society of St. Tammany" was founded by one William Mooney, an ex-soldier and upholsterer. His object was "to fill the country with institutions designed and men determined to preserve the just balance of power." Each member at his initiation took an oath to "sustain the State institutions and resist a consolidation of power in the central Government." As the supporters of Hamilton and centralisation came mainly from the old English aristocracy, the large landowners and the bankers whom they controlled, Tammany was from the first anti-English and democratic. It represented what in England we used to call a reform movement, aiming at the abolition of aristocratic privileges, the establishment of universal suffrage, the repeal of the law that allowed imprisonment for debt, and desirous of being known to stand for the masses against the classes. It was also, in a sense, a combination of traders and business men against the landed proprietors, and partly, too, a declaration that henceforth America was for the Americans. Tammany was strong on spread-eagleism in public. The national habit of holding a parade or procession if the day is fine, and of calling a meeting and passing resolutions if it happens to be raining, had its birth in the Wigwam. Its members had the American turn for a convivial and ebullient patriotism, and announced their immaculately native and American origin by parading the streets on Independence Day in full Indian war-paint and carrying papooses. Foreigners and Catholics, Irish Catholics especially, were quaintly enough considering its present composition and the nationality of its glorious dynasty of Bosses, for long excluded from the society and its club-house. It was not until 1809 when Tammany was in its twentieth year that a Catholic found a place even on its State Assembly ticket, and the Irish only won their footing in the Wigwam by breaking in upon a meeting of the General

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Committee in 1817 and carrying their point under pressure of a couple of hundred blackthorns. Tammany not only shared, but led the prejudice against the interference of "adopted aliens" in American politics. It took for many years particular pains to emphasise its aboriginal character. The parades with their accompaniment of tomahawks and feathers, the use of Indian titles—still affectionately preserved—and the little fits of energy for collecting Indian relics, were all intended as so many demonstrations that young and Republican America stood cleanly apart from the colonial *régime*.

In its beginnings Tammany was rather a political club than a political organisation. Its meeting-place was the upper room of a tavern, where honest fellows drank success to the French and confusion to the English, and grew sentimental over freedom, tobacco, and beer. Its interest in politics hardly strayed beyond the commonplace lines of speeches, pamphlets, and argument. The power of organisation was as undreamed of then in America as it still is in England, and Tammany was not at first a strictly partisan society. But the stress of the long campaigns between the Federalists and anti-Federalists soon drove Tammany into a decisively party attitude. At the end of ten years it had drifted from a generalised enthusiasm for liberty and democracy towards an attachment to "Jefferson doctrines." In 1800 it turned the Presidential election in Jefferson's favour, and in 1801 carried the City Council, not to lose it again except at rare and brief intervals for the next hundred years. By 1805 it was dictating nominations to, and claiming to speak for, the entire Democratic-Republican party in the city. Four years later, to stave off the reproach that it was aiming at a dictatorship, and to give at least the show of consulting the people, it devised the system of primaries, nominating conventions and ratification meetings which is still its structural basis, as, indeed, it is the basis, and the bad one, of all American politics. Since then the policy and *personnel* of Tammany have radically changed while its organisation has merely developed. Up to nearly 1840 Tammany was ruled by

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bankers, merchants, and tradesmen, in about equal proportions; that is to say, by men who had businesses of their own to attend to, and made politics a mere avocation. It was at that time a socially respectable organisation—sufficiently so, at any rate, to enrol no less than seven Presidents among its Great Grand Sachems—standing about halfway between the labouring classes whom it manipulated, and the old aristocracy whom it aped and envied. Moreover, it stood for definite and useful political principles. There is, indeed, something quite pleasantly incongruous in the thought of Boss Tweed's predecessors helping to lay down the lines of the Constitution, battling for universal suffrage, abolishing imprisonment for debt, standing firmly by their country in the war of 1812, and raising a regiment for the Northern cause in 1860. But herewith Tammany's services to the country come abruptly to an end, and even in this brief list of the causes it espoused are two or three only taken up under threat of defeat at the polls. One may trace in its subsequent career that decay of faith and that deification of machinery which have marked the downward course of politics in America since the war. "There are no politics in politics," said an American statesman, condensing into an epigram all the evils of American public life: and to understand Tammany even superficially one must first rearrange one's English vocabulary, and get rid of the notion that "politics" have anything to do with public questions. To Tammany, as to all the professional politicians of the country, the word denotes nothing but problems of mechanical organisation, a series of tactical dispositions in the great game whose goal is the spoils. From the time it gave itself up to the work of getting into office by hook or by crook, Tammany's interest in public questions has been purely capricious and incidental.

The change that came over its *personnel*, and consequently over its whole spirit and character, began when the naturalised aliens forced their way into its councils, and was completed when the advent of universal suffrage converted it from a middle-class into an unmitigatedly popular institution.

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The immense rush of immigrants, which has made New York one of the most composite cities in the world, set in after the Irish famine, and grew prodigiously when the discovery of gold in California became known. Tammany was the first to perceive their usefulness as canvassing agents, and having a pliable and complete organisation always ready, soon swept them into its net. The licensing laws of New York in the fifties were even a greater force than they are to-day. Any one could go into the liquor business who wanted to. Very little capital was required, in fact hardly any, as credit for liquor was easily obtained from brewers and distillers, and in those simple days the furniture and fixings of a "rum-hole" or "gin-palace" involved little outlay. With a barrel of cheap whisky, eked out by adulteration, and a few kegs of beer on hand, a shiftless, lazy immigrant was at once in possession of a means of livelihood, and soon found himself a prominent social and political figure in his ward. In all really democratic countries politics and drink have been closely connected, but nowhere so intimately as in New York. Says Mr. Myers of the New York of 1854 (and what he says is all but as applicable to the New York of to-day):

> The saloon power had grown until it controlled the politics of the city. In every groggery could be found a crowd of loafers and bruisers who could always be relied upon to pack a primary, or insure or defeat the election of certain nominees. In these saloons the ward politicians held their meetings, and the keepers were ready at all times to furnish voters to parade, carrying partisan banners they could not read, or to cheer at mass meetings at the drop of a handkerchief. The saloon-keepers also furnished cheap illegal voters, ballot-stuffers, and thoroughbred "shoulder-hitters" to intimidate peaceable citizens, or, as a last resort, to smash the ballot-boxes.

It was from among these worthies and their hangers-on that Tammany aldermen used to recruit gangs of prize-fighters and "toughs" to manage their electoral contests. They formed a sort of body-guard, like the gladiators attached to a Roman patrician, and were ready at any moment to keep opponents away from the polling-booths and break up hostile meetings. Sometimes contending factions within the Wigwam itself

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brought down their champions to the sacred precincts and fought the matter out to a finish; but as a rule the arguments of the bludgeon and the knife were reserved for Republicans and Reformers and foolish people who wanted to have the votes properly counted. Tammany was never so finished and ingenious in its devices for carrying elections as when it could call in the assistance of this army of ruffians. Unless it be Toulon, no city has amassed so choice a collection of electoral frauds as New York. Tammany has adopted, and with ultra-American ingenuity improved upon, every electioneering dodge that was practised in England during the palmiest age of corruption; and it has invented a good many new ones on its own account to suit the special circumstances of New York. Personation, bribery, ballot-stuffing, illegal registration, and false counting have probably been known in all constitutional countries; but Manhattan Island alone has seen them made the scientific basis of politics. Tammany has opened the Tombs on election day and rushed the prisoners to the poll; the "Island" has disgorged its convicts to swell the Tammany vote; almshouses, hospitals, asylums, and reformatories have been ransacked for pliant "personators." So well has the work been done that Mr. Myers is able to give instance after instance where more votes have been recorded than there were names on the register. But it was the perception of the value of the foreign vote, and the employment of bands of roughs on polling day that really marked out Tammany as the grand master of the electioneering craft. To naturalise immigrants in droves as they step on to the dock, and drive them off in polyglot and heterogeneous procession for the polling-booths, is a fine stroke of business; but after all, not quite so consummate as to organise and arm several corps of "plug-uglies" and "hoodlums," and send them out to sweep the city of opponents.

Fraud before and during election, and thieving and jobbery after, are with Tammany not so much a foible as a deliberate plan of life. It was so when New York had only fifty thousand people and a revenue of less than £100,000. It is so to-day

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when the mayor of the city controls an annual budget of more than £18,000,000, governs over three million inhabitants, and is served by an army of sixty thousand employés. Whether guided by bankers and merchants or by professional politicians, whether ruled by Americans or by aliens, whether directed by groups and committees or by an autocratic Boss, under a limited or under universal suffrage, Tammany has always and consistently held true to its principle of taking all the offices and all the pickings. The first "revelations" came in 1809 and have only multiplied with the years. From the time William Mooney, its founder, was discovered to be spending some thousands of public money on "trifles for Mrs. Mooney," down to the Tweed ring and its haul of £35,000,000, to the exposures of the Lexow and Mazet Committees, and to the sudden rise in wealth of the Tammany leaders of to-day, the history of the organisation is a guide to the whole art of corruption. Methods have changed but not ideals. Tweed's methods were direct, immoderate and unblushing robbery and could not last. Tammany to-day is more respectable and more adroit, but not therefore the less rich. The introduction of the secret ballot has stopped some of its most glaring malpractices at the polls, though voters are still "colonised" for special elections, repeating is a common offence and some queer tricks are played even to-day with voting-papers and ballot-boxes. But there is no such uproarious illegality as marked the decade between 1860 and 1870. Both in their conduct of elections, and in their behaviour in office, Tammany's leaders have laid the lesson of Tweed's downfall to heart, and, in public at least, "pander to the moral sentiment of the community."

Tammany's last structural development was the evolution, in the early fifties, of the Boss. Except, perhaps, during the reign of the malodorous Aaron Burr, the organisation during its first sixty years, was directed by boards, committees, and wrangling groups. Fernando Wood was the first man to gather to himself all the reins of power. As a tactician and

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organiser he has never been surpassed, and in the "fixing" of primaries he was supreme. Both his name and the extent of his pickings have been unduly thrown into the shade by the colossal operations of his successor, Tweed. The Tammany of the scope and character we know to-day is really Wood's product. Tweed and "Honest" John Kelly and Croker the Silent have merely flattened down the broad path he was the first to tread; and to him must go the prime credit of discovering that if only the outer forms of democracy are observed, an absolute despotism may be safely and easily built up even in the stronghold of Republicanism. The discovery of course was not entirely original to Wood. The American Boss was no more than a reproduction under new conditions of the Italian *podesta*, with Tammany re-enacting the *rôle* of the "Parte Guelfa" and its Bosses following all unconsciously in the very footsteps of Cosimo de Medici. Both Florence and Milan in the Middle Ages had their Tammany and their Crokers, as the pages of Symonds, Hallam, Armstrong, and Scaife, abundantly testify. For fifty years Tammany has been an unmitigated autocracy, and its Bosses, I verily believe, more immediately and personally powerful than Kaiser or Czar. Like all other political bodies it has had its Adullamites, its rival offsprings, the product usually of personal jealousies. Some it has re-absorbed by the gentle persuasion of a division of the spoils; others it has felt strong enough to disregard; still more it has crushed by the sheer weight of its organisation.

What that organisation is it is important to know. New York is split up into thirty-six Assembly Districts and each district into an average of twenty-seven wards. Over each ward is a Tammany captain, and over each district a district leader who is *ipso facto*, a member of the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall. A finance committee of five is selected by the thirty-six leaders, and the chairman of the committee is the commander-in-chief of the entire organisation, the Boss. There is a graduated, descending scale of power and responsibility to which each active worker in the society finds it to his

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interest to conform. First, the Boss; then the thirty-six leaders, one for each Assembly District; under them 892 ward captains; under them again the rank and file of canvassers and agents known as "ward heelers," or, more affectionately, "the boys." The enrolled membership of Tammany Hall totals up to 90,000; these, while not necessarily actual workers, are the regulars and stalwarts whose votes may always be relied upon. Outside of them are, perhaps, 160,000 others, who, in normal times, may be induced to vote the Tammany ticket. The secret of Tammany's internal efficiency is the secret of the Roman Curia or of the German Army. It may be put in three words: discipline and individual accountability. Each active member is held personally responsible for the vote in his area, be it a "block" or half a block, or a single tenement house or an entire district. Tammany listens to no excuses. A man who fails in the work set him to do is unhesitatingly "turned down." It is one of the fundamental rules of the organisation that obedience should be implicit and unquestioning; the "kicker" is shown no mercy. On the other hand, for faithful and adequate service there is always a tangible reward, in office, hard cash, or "pull." Tammany is a pure democracy with all careers open to talent and nothing to prevent a man with the requisite powers from rising to the top. It disdains nothing that will help it towards its goal. A popular saloon-keeper, a foreman who is liked by his men, an immigrant who has influence over his countrymen, whoever and whatever he may be, white, black, or yellow, Protestant, Catholic, Confucian, or Jew, Tammany will stoop to him, flatter him, do him a good turn and enrol him among its workers. "Politics," says Mr. Dooley, "is the poor man's college." But to the festering East Side Tammany is far more than a college. It is a club, a church, a centre of charity and benevolence. In each Assembly District is a Tammany clubhouse, often most elaborately appointed, radiating good fellowship and practical help. To many a poor immigrant the power and authority of the American Commonwealth are summed

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up in the Tammany District Leader; to many thousands more he, or one of his lieutenants, is the only helpful friend they have ever known. Tammany succeeds where most amateur philanthropy fails: it gets among the poor and befriends them without once seeming condescending or self-righteous. "In New York," writes Mr. E. L. Godkin, "it is quite within the truth to say that, as a moral influence on the poor and ignorant, the clergyman and philanthropist are hopelessly outdistanced by the politician." As one is so constantly told in New York, "Tammany is good to the poor." It takes hold of the newly arrived immigrant, watches over him, sometimes pays his rent or his doctor's bills or gives him a start in trade and makes him feel, as no charitable society can, that he has a chance in life. With "clam-bakes" and picnics and excursions to Coney Island and Christmas and Thanksgiving turkeys, small wonder that to thousands upon thousands Tammany is a sort of infinitely multiplied Santa Claus. Its list of beneficiaries is longer than that of any charitable institution in the city. No one who has once been admitted a member of Tammany Hall, and remains faithful to the organisation, need starve, for Tammany never goes back on a friend. If he is hard up, Tammany will advance him money; if he is in difficulties with the police, Tammany will pull him through; if he is out of work, Tammany will find a job for him. It is not done out of charity—no true Tammanyite is in politics "for his health." Tammany gets its return in votes; but that does not alter the fact that its interested benevolence does a very considerable service to the whole country.

An organisation that reaches all voters and covers every inch of the city needs a deep purse. Tammany's income is raised from innumerable sources, most of them devious. The largest sum comes from the protective tariff on poolrooms, gambling dens, disorderly houses and so on. All candidates for whatever office, from a judge to a policeman, have to pay for their nominations, and are afterwards assessed a percentage on their salaries. Public companies and corporations pay to avoid hostile legislation. Party men pay because Tammany is

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the official organisation. Every one who wants to break a law with impunity has to pay for the privilege. Every one who fears that a new law may hurt his business pays to get it blocked. At the time of the Lexow Committee in 1894 it cost a man £60 to get placed on the police force, £300 to become a sergeant, and in some cases not less than £3000 for the post of captain. Before the Mazet Committee of 1899 Judge Pryor testified that he had been asked for £2000 for his nomination to a vacant half-term in the Supreme Court. Other judicial candidates paid from £2000 to £5000 for their nominations. To-day it costs a poolroom £60 to open, and from £20 to £30 a month to keep open; a gambling den is assessed at from £10 to £60 a month, the total amount of revenue from this source alone being estimated at about £600,000 a year; disorderly houses disgorge from £10 to £30 a month according to the number of their inmates, and are heavily fined for starting at all; and the tribute from the saloons for the privilege of selling drink at illegal hours has been stated to reach between £10,000 and £12,000 a month. Tammany therefore is never pinched for money, though of course only a moderate percentage of the blackmail fund goes into the exchequer of the organisation. The rest is stopped and scattered on the way up, most of it clinging to the palms of policemen, politicians, and that mysterious class of people who have a "pull." An ordinary election campaign only costs Tammany Hall about £60,000, so that there is always a handsome surplus to dispose of after official expenses are provided for. Regularly each year Tammany makes a contribution to a charity or to some cause of worth. "Within the past four years," says Mr. A. H. Lewis in his study of "Richard Croker," "there have in this manner gone, to the poor of this town, £8000; to the cause of Cuba, £8000; almost as much to the Galveston sufferers; almost the same sum to rear a monument to Parnell, and to pay the mortgage on the Parnell estates in Ireland, and save them to the family of that dead liberator." The sources of revenue noted above do not by any means

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exhaust the list. The contracts that have to be made, the concessions and franchises granted in the administration of such a city as New York, are all quietly twisted under Tammany's hands into so many instruments of gain. Nor do the profits of the organisation cease with Manhattan Island. Its influence under Mr. Croker's leadership has been extended over the entire State, and is at all times a powerful and not rarely the dominant factor in the Albany legislature, and the incalculable hinterland of spoils that lies behind it. One notes with a significant absence of surprise that the Boss, who is also the Chairman of the Finance Committee, of Tammany Hall finds it better to keep no books, and renders return to no one of the money that passes through his hands.

Just as the "heeler" obeys the ward captain, and the ward captain the district leader, so the latter obeys the Boss. Every part of the organisation, indeed, obeys the Boss. There is a general committee of 5000 members elected by the Democratic voters in each Assembly District, but it exists simply to ratify the Boss's decisions. There is the finance committee, but the Boss is both its chairman and its despot. The whole electoral machinery is really in the Boss's hands. It is he who draws up the slate—that is, chooses the candidates for all the offices, with a single eye, of course, to the interests of the machine. On paper everything looks democratic enough, and not a step is taken which could not logically claim the authority of popular sanction. All the party voters in a district are allowed to vote at a "primary" meeting for delegates to attend a "nominating convention," whose business it is to decide on the party candidates. Theoretically nothing would seem fairer or more in conformity with the doctrine of majority rule. But in practice it has been found, not only in New York but all over America, that the system makes too great a demand on the average, busy, well-intentioned, but not over-earnest citizen. He will not attend the "primaries," and by not attending them forfeits his chance of influencing the choice of candidates. The work for one thing is dull, distaste-

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ful, offers no sort of chance for distinction; the atmosphere in which it is carried on is offensive to a fastidious man who finds himself among strange surroundings, jostled and elbowed by rough associates; and the almost infinitesimal interest of the ordinary individual in good government, and the engrossment of private affairs make abstentions from the primaries the easy and therefore the general course. In London it is difficult enough to induce the citizens even to vote at local elections; but in New York the amount of labour exacted from one who would interest himself in politics is three or four times as heavy. He has to collect a strong body of adherents from the district in which he lives, invade the primary and there offer battle to the professional politicians. If he carries the day—and the odds at all times are greatly against his doing even that—he or one of his lieutenants proceeds as a delegate to the nominating convention where, if he is able to discover a single colleague not owned by the Boss, he will be lucky. He finds himself at once isolated, impotent, the veriest fish out of water, without power to do anything but enter an ineffectual protest against the candidate nominated by the convention in obedience to the Boss. The programme that the Boss, in consultation with his district leaders, has agreed upon is invariably the programme to be carried out. The candidates are his candidates, all the proceedings are pre-arranged, and all the actors but puppets at the end of a string. And that string is tied on to the finger of a man who is not in any way accountable to the people, who holds no office, and is legally nothing but a private citizen. A very curious commentary on government of, by, and for the people. But in this respect Tammany is no better and no worse than a host of other machines, Republican and Democratic, all over the country. Tammany overshadows them in notoriety simply because it is vastly better organised. Its hold over the Democrats of New York city is indeed so unshakable that even the hardiest "Reformer" no longer thinks of contesting it. To attempt to down Tammany in its chosen field of primaries and conventions is to court

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manifest failure, and the "good citizens" when they wish to put forward a candidate for the mayoralty have been driven to the ancient system of nomination by petition—a process which the law in the interests of both the regular parties has made as difficult and expensive as possible.

Democracy asks for its successful working three things at least—public spirit, intelligence, and leisure. These conditions were pre-eminently fulfilled in Athens, and partially, at any rate, they are fulfilled to-day in Scotland and the English provinces. They are not fulfilled in New York, because New York has the metropolitan indifference to civic affairs, because the leisured class is too small to count, and because the electoral machinery throughout America has been so bewilderingly over-organised that only experts, giving their whole time to the business, can hope to manipulate it. That is why politics in New York and elsewhere have become not merely a trade but a monopoly, in the coils of which "the man in the cars" who prefers good government but is too busy to see that he gets it, is almost as helpless as a small trader against the Steel Combine. This is of advantage to the professional politicians of both parties, but it helps Tammany especially because of its age and prestige, and the extraordinary ability with which its organisation has been developed. Tammany, moreover, derives immense assistance from many other conditions of public life in America. It is for one thing the "regular" Democratic organisation, and "regularity" is the saving principle of American politics, the one strong quality which has kept the great parties, though devoid of anything in the nature of a political faith, from falling to pieces. Tammany's candidates and programme are binding on Democratic voters in a way Englishmen can hardly conceive. The ticket that has once been formally evolved from the machinery of primaries, conventions, and so on, has a sacredness in the eyes of the average party man that is almost comical. Tammany never puts itself in opposition to the national Democratic party. Before the Chicago Convention of 1896 Tammany came out strongly for

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gold; after the Convention decided for Free Silver, Tammany, in obedience to the principle of regularity, threw overboard its six weeks old programme and announced itself for Free Silver, too; and in 1900 it actually carried New York City for Mr. Bryan. This explains why, in spite of all revelations, Tammany still maintains its hold on Democrats of standing and respectability. The New York Democrat must either vote Tammany or not vote at all, or else vote against his party. And to vote against one's party is an offence even in England; but in America it is sacrilege.

There are in New York many more people against Tammany than for it. The fact seems surprising when one remembers Tammany's almost unvarying success at the polls, but it is nevertheless the truth. When the Republicans and Independents join their forces together, there is always a reasonable chance of Tammany's being defeated. Why this does not happen more frequently is easily explained. The Republicans of New York are controlled by a machine and a small knot of professional politicians and a Boss, just as the Democrats are controlled by Tammany Hall. Boss Platt in his party is as omnipotent under ordinary circumstances as Boss Croker in his, holds the same views with regard to spoils, and is equally outraged by the doctrine of the Independents that New York should be governed in the interests of all its inhabitants instead of for the benefit of a political clique. A fusion between the Republicans and Independents is therefore something he cordially detests, and will only yield to under the direst necessity. The Bosses, though politically opposed, have a warm professional feeling for one another, and are equally concerned in heading off the meddlesome, interloping Mugwumps who are merely for good government without a thought of party. The Republicans have therefore time and again played deliberately into Tammany's hands by running a candidate of their own, thus splitting the anti-Tammany vote, and handing over the city to their political opponents. They have their reward, first, in the discomfiture of the Independents, and secondly, in

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being allowed a share of the spoils in return for their assistance. This was done four years ago at the time of the election of the first Mayor of Greater New York, and I could not observe that the average respectable Republican voter was in any way revolted by the spectacle. It struck him rather as a necessary assertion of party dignity. Americans are in fact so utterly under the curse of "politics" that they would rather see a great public enterprise bungled in the name of a party, even if it is not their own, than successfully prosecuted by "Independents."

Another thing that makes not for Tammany success, but certainly for Tammany impunity, is that police magistrates and justices are elected by the people. There are too many lawyers in New York and they are too clever, for justice to work efficiently, even under the best circumstances; but when the bench is merely the annex to an unscrupulous political organisation, to expect impartiality from it is quixotic. And yet another thing that favours the professional politicians at the expense of the amateurs, the wise at the expense of the good, is that New York, like the majority of American cities, has not even the semblance of Home Rule. It is wholly dependent on the State Legislature at Albany and may at any moment find its entire system of government upset by a party vote in that body. Since 1846 no less than twelve distinct charters have been drafted and promulgated at Albany for the administration of the city of New York; and a charter, directly it is in operation, is at once bombarded with amendments—no fewer than 399 such amendments were passed at Albany between 1880–1889. This system, says Mr. Godkin, "has ended in converting the interests of the city into gambling-stakes for Albany politicians to play with. They oust each other from city offices with no more reference to the interests of city taxpayers than butchers on killing-day to the feelings of the oxen." As the Independents and "good citizens" are never by any chance able to carry the State Legislature, this is a weapon which they cannot use themselves, but which may always be

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used against them, if and when they succeed in capturing the city.

It is illuminating to discover how far corruption may penetrate into the administration of a city or a state without affecting the average citizen. Corruption and inefficiency are not by any means synonymous, and one could live a life-time in New York as it is to-day without suspecting that it was badly governed. One must never forget that Tammany does the ordinary work of government well enough to satisfy the average New Yorker and to fill the English visitor, especially the London visitor, with envy. It may be and indeed is anything but respectable behind the scenes, but outwardly it furnishes a capable and even admirable administration. The New York streets are infinitely cleaner than those of London, indeed Paris alone can show a counterpart to the street department of Manhattan Island. Their fire brigade is unequalled, so are their methods of transportation, the health inspectorship is rigorously enforced, no absurd laws hinder the erection of buildings on a sensible scale, the public schools would put the best organised municipality in England to shame, the supply of gas, water, and electric light is abundant and cheap, telephones pervade the city and the police force is a capitally disciplined and most workmanlike body of men. It is too much to expect that the good-natured New Yorker should be for ever reminding himself that these things come to him through fraud and jobbery, that there is "another side" to them, a side he never sees himself, but only reads of in the newspapers. What he is acquainted with is the general excellence of the results Tammany contrives to produce. The administration of London is, generally speaking, honest and incapable; that of New York immoral and efficient. Would the average Londoner, one wonders, be so very indignant if the police, by the practice of a little judicious blackmail, made of Piccadilly a respectable thoroughfare? I lived for five years in New York and during that time never saw one hundredth part of the flaunting indecency to be met with inevitably any evening in London.

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The Italian Socialist party owes its origin to the anarchist and "internationalist" sects of the early seventies. The members of those groups were men of desperate character who aimed at the total subversion of existing society. They attempted to gain their ends by the most atrocious crimes, and were greatly influenced by Bakounine's maniacal theories. However, no real party could be formed on those lines, and it was only with the spread of German doctrines that Italian Socialism developed. It proved particularly attractive to young men, and those who had begun as Anarchists soon abandoned the more violent creed and became "scientific" Socialists. But to-day most of Marx's pet theories have been abandoned or, at least, put in the background, and other tendencies have arisen. The party's practical aims have been set forth in various documents, of which the most important is the so-called "minimum programme." Its chief proposals are: Universal suffrage for adults of both sexes; the Referendum; the payment of deputies and municipal councillors; complete liberty of the press, of speech, and of association; the neutrality of the Government in labour disputes; an eight hours day and a minimum salary; the substitution of a national militia on Swiss lines (*la nazione armata*) for a standing army; a single progressive income-tax and succession duty, and a reduction on the interest of the Debt. In all this there is nothing very startling or very revolutionary, and many of the measures proposed have already been adopted in other countries. Still, there are serious objections to some of the clauses. The question of the extension of suffrage, while the mass of the people are still uneducated and ignorant, would be merely another concession to doctrinaire liberalism, and there have already been far too many of them. The payment of members would, in the opinion of eminent authorities, tend to make of politics still more a trade than they are; although the Socialists profess to be the enemies of political dishonesty, they begin by proposing to supply a further motive for

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electoral corruption. The other propositions are more or less acceptable.[1]

But one cannot help asking oneself: is this all? A party which declares that it aims at the regeneration of Society cannot be content with reforms of this sort. The very name "minimum programme" implies that there is a good deal more to come; and, in fact, there are other vital articles of the Socialist creed which are not mentioned in this first programme, and it is in these that the gravest objections to the whole Socialist theory are to be found.

In the first place there is the question of the Monarchy. The authors of "Italy To-Day" seems to think that the Socialists do not wish to abolish it, or, at least, that their attitude on that point is doubtful and uncertain. On the other hand they declare that the Democrats regard the King as "the head of a faction, the centre of all the reactionary interests, of the army, of the big landlords and capitalists," and they often allude to the "Court Party" as synonymous with militarism. Now the "Court Party" in modern Italy has never existed save in the imagination of a few doctrinaire Jacobins, and as for the late King's alliance with militarism, whatever his private opinions may have been, all the opposition to the reduction of the army came from the Chamber itself. In any case, one has but to follow the actions of the Socialist leaders within the last year or two to understand what their attitude really is. The Socialist municipality of Milan refused to greet King Humbert when he passed through the city in July 1900 on his way to Monza, which, in Italy, constitutes a studied insult. After the murder, to which the Socialists appeared cynically indifferent, the party refused to take part in the commemoration. In June last the leaders, especially Signor Ferri, made speech after speech in Parliament in which they declared themselves unequivocally hostile to the Monarchy as one of the chief obstacles in the way of the realisation of their objects. This

[1] The reduction of the interest on the Debt is, of course, a question of financial expediency and cannot be decided on off-hand.

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in spite of the fact that, in the opinion of all that is best in Italy, the Monarchy is the securest bond of national unity.

A second most important point in the Socialist doctrine is the theory on property. There is no doubt that the party is collectivist in its tendency. Collectivism does not appear in the minimum programme, but Socialist professors in the Universities and Socialist orators in the Chamber and on the platform never cease to denounce the existing form of property, nor to tell their audiences that the poor are ground down and oppressed because the bourgeoisie has stolen what by rights belonged to all. Moreover, this doctrine has been officially proclaimed by Signor Turati, one of the leaders of the party, in a recently published pamphlet. The Socialist party is, he declares, collectivist, that is to say, "it wishes to substitute collective enterprise for property and private enterprise." An actual realisation of collectivism would be impossible, especially in Italy, for the Italians are individualistic to a fault; but the danger lies in the effect produced by the "collectivist" agitators on the minds of the people. We note here a curious contradiction between the arguments of the Socialist politician and the interpretation put upon it by his hearers. The orator speaks first of the wrongs of the poor, and the sins of the rich, and this is understood by everybody. When he comes to speak of the remedies he preaches collectivism, but the audience translate it into division of property. When once they are worked up to the right pitch of discontent the obvious remedy in their eyes is not the nationalisation of land but its division among themselves. While the platform politician speaks of Marx, Lassalle, and State Socialism, the peasants are thinking of how they can best divide the landlord's property into a number of small holdings. The ambition of the Italian peasant is to become a landowner. In Tuscany there is less discontent because the land is held on a system of co-partnership between landlord and peasant. In Sicily the peasant is thoroughly discontented, but he does not want the abolition of property in general; he aims at the

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division of property. An Italian professor, who was in the island shortly after the riots of 1894 to study social questions, asked one of the leaders of the *Fasci* (Socialist unions) if when he preached Socialism he was understood by the peasantry? He replied that they understood not a word of it. When asked whether his principles would be accepted if they were understood, he was obliged to admit that they would not. In some districts the *contadini* even went so far as to draw up maps of the various estates, dividing them up among themselves. "He thinks he owns this field," a peasant would say, pointing to the landlord of the estate; "but in a few days it will be my very own." Why they listen to the Socialist orator and support his policy is because they understand that he means to dispossess the actual landlord. Then they draw their own conclusions as to who is to own the property. In fact, in spite of numerous agitations, ending sometimes in riots, the Socialists have rarely succeeded in obtaining a majority in the purely rural districts. The contradiction between their theories and the peasants' desires is too great.

It is in the large towns that Socialism has made the greatest progress. At the last election all the six constituencies of Milan returned Socialist members, Rome returned two Socialists out of five, and Turin did the same, Florence one out of four. The movement has extended to the south, and even in Naples one Socialist was elected. It is natural that in the centres of Italy's new industrial activity the atmosphere should be favourable to democratic principles, and the Italian's love of abstract theory has made those principles take the form of Socialism. Also, it is in the towns that the largest number of the "educated unemployed"—university graduates who can find nothing to do—are to be found. These lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, literary men without readers, all congregate in the towns where they lead lives of misery and idleness. Instead of emigrating to America, Australia, or South Africa, as Englishmen of the same class would do (only peasants and artisans emigrate from Italy), they clamour for

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profound differences of principle between the Socialists and the other sections of the Extreme Left, and a party which can admit of compromise on such vital questions cannot be regarded as sincere. Their attitude, too, with regard to the present Ministry is by no means consistent with their professions of faith. One prominent Socialist in the Chamber described the Giolitti-Zanardelli Cabinet as the representative of the illuminated and progressive bourgeoisie as opposed to the reactionary bourgeoisie of the Conservatives. It has received the support of almost all the sections of the Extreme Left, and is regarded as the champion of Socialism. It is strange that the very men who pose as the greatest enemies of political corruption should support an Administration of which the chief representative (although he is not nominally the Premier) when he was last in office brought that corruption to a higher pitch than it had ever reached before.

Still more significant is the alliance of the Socialists with the Clericals. Every one who knows Italy knows what Clericalism means; even its most firm adherents would hardly describe it as favourable to advanced Radicalism. And yet for the last three or four years the Socialists have been working more or less in harmony with those who favour the re-establishment of the Temporal Power. Before the Milan riots of 1898, Socialist and Clerical pamphlets were being circulated at the same time and evinced the same tendencies; the two agitations worked on identical lines throughout. The campaign of the "Secolo," which though nominally a Radical paper has always upheld Socialism, found its counterpart in Don Albertario's *Osservatore Cattolico.* Since then the two parties have been coquetting and patting each other on the back. Extremes have met literally!

That the Italian upper classes have much to answer for cannot be denied, and the Government has undoubtedly neglected the working classes. But it by no means follows that the party of class hatred, of social revolution, of internal disorder, from which Messrs. King and Okey hope so much,

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paying forfeit for all his two-year-old engagements was amply justified.

The same policy, carried, of course, a good deal further, has been suggested as one reason for the extraordinary vigour of Eclipse's blood, and the influence it still exerts on every descendant who can boast a large proportion of it in his veins. But this does not mean that no better horse than Eclipse—or than Flying Childers—has ever been bred. To come no nearer to the present day than Blue Gown, or Blair Athol, Rosicrucian, or Cremorne, or Harkaway, I think it will hardly be challenged that the usual cry of the degeneracy of horses has no more basis now than it had in their times, or than it had a hundred years ago; and that in fact just as we long ago improved both the imported Arab and the native breed, so we have gone on steadily improving the produce of them both, sometimes by fortuitous circumstances, sometimes by careful choice in mating, but always by continued racing from generation to generation, and, in the end, by the rude, fundamental test of the survival of the fittest.

It would take away much of the romance of the turf, and almost all interest in its history, if breeding were an exact science. Such awkward yet inspiriting facts are constantly recurring as the sudden appearance of a good one after all hope of fast foals out of a great mare had been abandoned. On the other hand how is it that such sons as St. Gatien or Robert the Devil stood alone, or that Thebais was in a different class to all the rest of the family produced to Hermit by Devotion? Out of a mare who was so crippled that she could never race was born a common-looking son who was never in perfect health, and was often lame. Among other races which he won were the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the Leger; and his name was Gladiateur. But such instances are innumerable. If I have mentioned them at all it is to show that after two hundred years we are not so very much wiser than our ancestors were in the matter of breeding.

Mr. William Allison has just published an extremely

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interesting book, which is a perfect monument of industry in the collection of facts and figures. In "The British Thoroughbred Horse" he goes very fully into the proofs, results, and data of the theory started by Bruce Lowe, called the "Figure System." I am not concerned either to attack or defend that system here, but I draw attention to the book as the best guide I know to the value of the mares chosen by the breeders of the early eighteenth century, as tested by the performances of their descendants down to the present day. The first of these historic matrons is Tregonwell's Natural Barb mare who was great grand-dam of Ramsden's Byerly Turk mare ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 5). Four hundred and ninety-nine mares in the new volume (xix.) of the General Stud-Book are descended from her, and as there is a total increase of six hundred and fifty-one mares since the issue of the last volume, combined with a decrease of forty-five in the particular family mentioned, it looks very much as if foreign buyers had begun to realise the value of this strain for brood mares at the stud. What that value is may be judged from the facts, elicited by Mr. Allison's researches, that if all the winners of the Two Thousand, One Thousand, Derby, Oaks, Leger, Ascot Cup, Goodwood Cup, and Doncaster Cup be added up and distributed in their various lines of descent, this family can claim no less than ninety-eight, which is thirteen better than any other. It may therefore be fairly argued that, other things being equal, a descendant of that family is more likely to tread in such victorious footsteps, than a descendant of any other. Among the long list of famous racers and sires which it possesses is Hambletonian, winner of the St. Leger of 1795 and ancestor of Volodyovski, who could not have lost the St. Leger of this year "with a good butcher boy on his back." Another is Ladas (by Hampton out of Illuminata) who was second of the winning sires this October 12th with £25,133 from ten winners in eighteen races. A third is Bend Or (by Doncaster out of Rouge Rose) by Thormanby who is twenty-fourth in the same list with over £3500 from nine winners. He was bred in 1877, sixteen

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hands one inch, with a remarkably consistent formation, beautifully moulded shoulders, lengthy quarters, and only just room for a saddle on his back. He was unbeaten during his two-year-old career, and beat Robert the Devil for the Derby by a head after a terrific race in 1880. The verdict was easily reversed in the St. Leger, in the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket (by a head), and in the Champagne Stakes a fortnight later. But he beat his great opponent again, by a neck, in the Epsom Gold Cup (a mile and a half, even weights) and when he went to the stud at Eaton he became the sire of Ormonde. His own sire, Doncaster, was by Stockwell, and had four crosses of Waxy blood in him, and there were three crosses of the same strain in Rouge Rose. In 1901 nineteen of his daughters had won £27,440 by September 7, which puts him well at the head of a list that contains Galopin, Isonomy, Hermit, Wisdom, Rosicrucian, Barcaldine and St. Simon, in that order behind him. Certainly no one who has stood, as I did this spring, in Bend Or's loose box at Eaton would be inclined to believe that the best English breeders are taking less care than ever they did, or are less likely to reap a due reward. This splendid animal looks good for several more years yet, though he is a bit gone in the back now, and the tabby cat who sits and purrs where Archer rode that slashing race so long ago, is probably about the weight the old fellow would prefer to carry for any considerable distance.

In the last list I quoted the name of St. Simon occurs perhaps lower than some of his admirers may have expected. But this gallant son of Galopin out of St. Angela (by King Tom) has more than his revenge when a comparison is made on other lines. I am told that there have been better horses and better sires than the Duke of Portland's famous stallion, but I am sure that no animal ever showed a better return when tested by the figures of his winning stock. Without including place-money or races abroad (and a slight difference occurs also in counting Irish races) his descendants won £417,750 in the twelve years from 1889 to 1900 inclusive, which gives the

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astonishing average of £84,212. In 1901, he not only headed the list of winning sires on the 12th of October with £28,567, but his own sons, Florizel II. (out of Perdita II.) and St. Frusquin (out of Isabel), were third and fifth.

St. Simon's career on the turf, though not so brilliant as his extraordinary record at the stud, was remarkable for the style in which he beat all his opponents outright. His two-year-old victories have rarely been paralleled. As a three-year-old he remained unbeaten, and his victory over Tristan for the Gold Cup at Ascot showed his true quality, for the death of Prince Batthyany had prevented his running in the classic races. The hard ground at Newcastle no doubt tried his legs, but he won the Goodwood Cup afterwards in a common canter by twenty lengths, and his constitution was entirely unimpaired when he began his wonderful success at the stud. He stands an inch over sixteen hands and measures nearly eight and a half inches below the knee (a fraction less than Common). Through Galopin (a grandson of the Flying Dutchman) he inherits three crosses of the Blacklock blood, and through St. Angela he gets three crosses of Whisky. His maternal grandfather was King Tom, by Harkaway out of Pocahontas, a magnificent stallion whose statue by Boehm I have reproduced. He was foaled in 1851, and is one of the forty-three sires foaled before 1860, whose daughters appear in the new volume of the "Stud-Book." Only Lascelles (1850) and King of Trumps (1849) are older. It will conclude the life-history of St. Simon if I add that on the dam's side he traces back to the Sedbury Royal mare ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 15), who is also the maternal ancestress of Birdcatcher, Royal Hampton, and Orme.

One of St. Simon's most famous sons is Persimmon (by Perdita II.). His performances on the turf are too recent to need recapitulation, but his future at the stud is an interesting subject of speculation. Without a blemish in him, "short on the leg and lengthy in all else," his coat is beginning to show the rich and beautiful "Bay Middleton Mottles." He exhibits the Hampton or Melbourne class of his dam much more than

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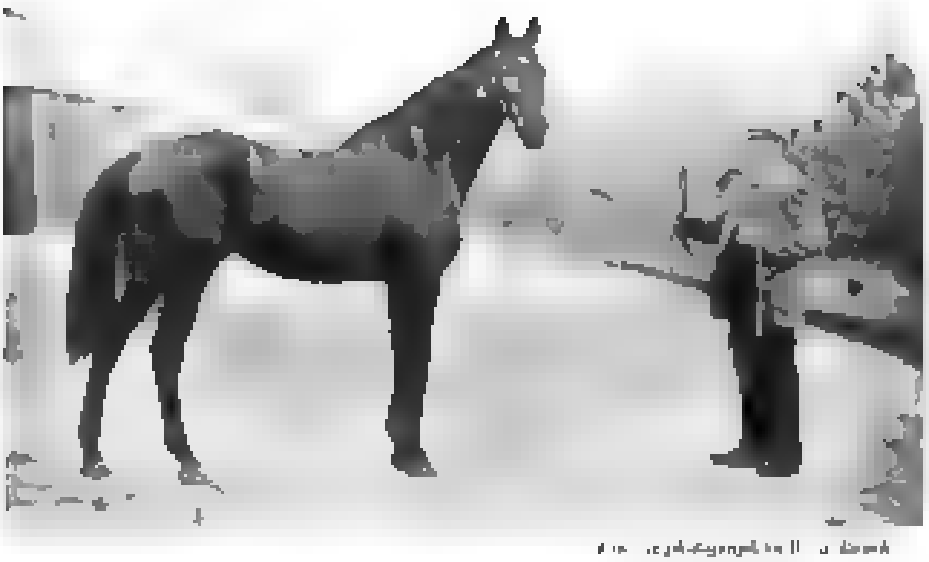

St. Simon.

Persimmon.

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the typical qualities associated with St. Simon; for he shows all the size, power, and substance of King Tom, and of the Rataplan and Stockwell crosses which he gets through Perdita II. Through her too he traces back to the Black-legged Royal mare ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 16), who is the ancestress of Cotherstone, West Australian, Wild Dayrell, Parmesan, Donovan, and Flying Fox; and he has already made his mark upon the list of winning sires for 1901 (coming between Winkfield and May Duke) with £2455 on the 12th of October. In the new volume of the "Stud-Book" the mares of the family from which he comes have sunk from 208 in the last issue to 196, though Diamond Jubilee, Wildfowler, and Flying Fox are of the same strain. This again seems to show that foreign breeders know how to choose their mares.

In this same new volume of the "Stud-Book" it may be noted that the list of "foreign-bred" sires is unusually long, no less than twenty being given, without including Trenton, Carbine, Carnage, and Dobbins, who appeared in the last volume. As to the possibilities of these sires, and I have chosen Carbine as a typical example of them, there is no doubt now that a change of climate and surroundings has produced in them a change which is no less real because its causes are so little understood. A good instance of what I mean is given by Mr. Allison, who quotes the colonial horse called "The Grafter" (known as "His Ugliness"), who was by an imported sire out of a dam whose parents had also both been imported from England. He showed all the characteristics of a "Waler," even to a ridiculous extent. Another instance is that change in the Arab already mentioned, which was produced by his sojourn in this country.

The gradual development of the horse that we know from the small five-toed creature of prehistoric ages is not within my province. But it is evident, from many traces in the oldest literature and the most ancient carvings in the world, that the perfection of the Arab breed was reached at a comparatively early stage in the domesticated history of the animal,

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and this is only what was likely if we consider the careful treatment and constant association with his master which he enjoyed in those deserts where a perfect understanding between the two was a question of life or death to both. Something of its persistence in type may be traced from the Elgin marbles, through the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, and on to modern times. At the date of Mohammed's death the district of Nejd was the great centre of the purest breed of horses, and when we see their true descendants to-day it is not difficult to believe that they have remained pure and undefiled, at least ever since the Prophet's death. In Vonolel I have been permitted the privilege of reproducing a pure example of this Nejd breed, which was bought at Abdur Rahman's stable in Bombay, as Earl Roberts has been kind enough to inform me, in March 1877, when it had been but shortly landed from Arabia as a five-year-old; it died in Dublin in 1899. The loose, pliant throat, the strong sloping shoulders, and the swell of the back ribs are all typical of the breed that did such wonders when it was first crossed with the English horse of the early eighteenth century.

But for some inexplicable reason that fortunate moment in breeding seems never likely to recur. There is no doubt that at that time no better stock could have been chosen for the improvement of the stock we had. But now we seem no longer to possess a breed which can be enormously improved by Eastern importations. It will therefore only be possible to recruit our exhausted stock—when that becomes necessary—by calling upon some thoroughbred outcross from a country which originally chose its blood horses from among our own. The open prairies of the American continent have been suggested as one source of this new fecundation. But the limestone pastures of Australia and New Zealand seem to me to be more likely, and the list of sires imported into this country in the last few years seems to indicate that this will be the course chosen by breeders in the future.

Blood may be everything; but the best blood may lose its

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Mr W Broderick Cloete's chestnut colt by Persimmon out of Flair Lady
by Desmond out of Sunset Queen by Mask

Mr W Broderick Cloete's chestnut colt by Cherry Tree out of Verdura
by Rosebery out of Fleur de Marie by Hermit

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virtue and effectiveness by continued inbreeding or by ill-judged mating. Though we have the Stockwell line through Doncaster, we need it through Blair Athol; and we need the Fisherman branch of Herod too. Both these are to be found, fresh and reinvigorated, in Australasia. We have the Whalebone branch of Eclipse through Touchstone and Birdcatcher, but we lacked the famous Musket branch of Eclipse until the Duke of Portland brought it back here with Carbine. Musket traces back to the dam of the two True Blues ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 5), who is the ancestress of such sires as Sir Peter, Flying Dutchman, Stockwell, King Tom, and Galopin, and of such winners as Isinglass, Hannah, Memoir, and La Flèche; that is to say, the blood is stronger in sires than in runners, though both are first-class.

Carbine, the son of Musket out of Mersey, traces back through his dam to Burton's Barb mare ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 4) who is the ancestress of Whisky, Sir Hercules, Harkaway, Voltigeur, Teddington, Cremorne, Crucifix, Surplice, and Amiable. Carbine was bred by the New Zealand Stud Company in 1885, and is a bay, an inch over sixteen hands, his power and splendid action being more observable when he is moving than in the photograph I reproduce. On the other side of the world he had a very remarkable racing career, out of which I can only quote the year 1891, when he won ten out of the eleven races he contested, including the Melbourne Cup, of two miles, for which, carrying 10st. 5lb., he beat a field of thirty-eight opponents. Of him, of Trenton, and of their lusty comrades from Australasia I am convinced we shall soon hear great things as far as their influence upon the future of the English thoroughbred is concerned; and it is for this reason that I do not look upon the exportation of some of our most fashionable stock to other countries with so much alarm as other observers have expressed. If they do what Carbine and Trenton have no doubt shown to be possible, if they give back the good blood to this country refreshed and reinvigorated through their descendants, no better thing could happen for the future of the English turf.

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The return to the system of having more long-distance races, which is observable at the present time, is, I think, another good symptom of the desire in influential quarters for stamina and bone as opposed to flashiness and speed over a short course. If so, a return may well be thus made possible to those days when the king's plates exercised an undoubtedly beneficial influence upon breeding. At any rate, these races afforded the strongest argument possible to those who maintain that, if racing served no other purpose whatsoever, it would invariably improve the general breed of horses. These plates have now lapsed into premiums under a royal commission, and I do not think it can be maintained that the objects proposed by that commission have been so well attained as in the times before the opportunities for long-distance racing were thus diminished. Efforts have been made to supply the deficit as far as the modern turf is concerned, and the entries for the autumn handicaps have certainly been sufficiently large to encourage the veriest pessimist; but it is unfortunately none the less clear that the general horse-supply throughout the country does not attract the attention of racing men as it used to do.

The increasing practice of gelding "difficult" horses, and the apparently undiminished running powers of such animals as Osboch, Epsom Lad, or O'Donovan Rossa, are also serious dangers to the extended usefulness of the best stock. Even a son of La Flêche, whose sire was also an Ascot Cup winner (this must be almost unparalleled) is not permitted—as we have seen in the case of Strongbow—to hand on such famous blood to posterity; I must confess to seeing with regret that the entry of a gelding for the Derby is not received with that disfavour which it undoubtedly deserves.

We may still have the best racers in the world. But have we got the best hacks, the best cavalry horses, the best coach-horses, and the best hunters, as was once the case? If not, it may well be argued that we do not deserve to have them if we neglect the useful animals who produced them. Mr. Hodg-

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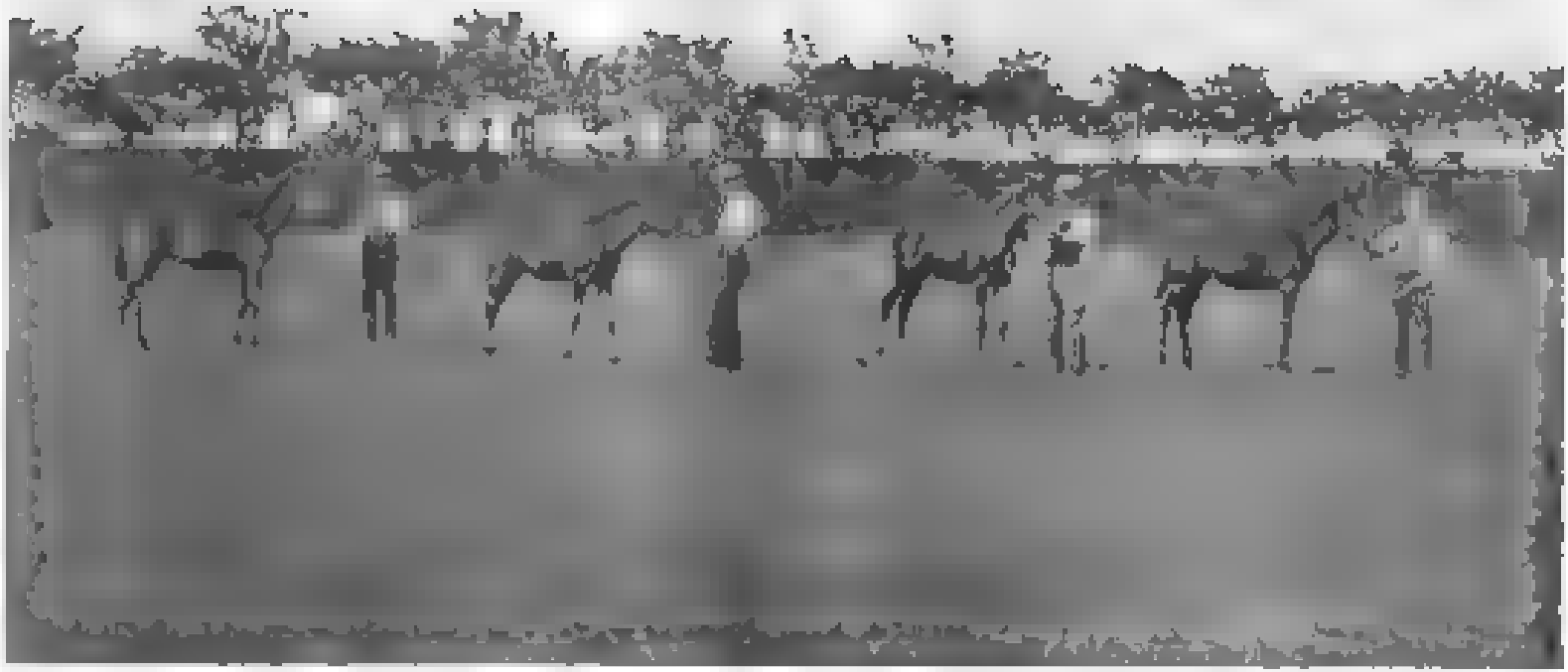

A Group in Front at the Royal Stud, Sandringham

From left to right, [illegible]
[illegible] Colt by Persimmon out of [illegible]
[illegible] Colt by Orme out of Lavaret
[illegible] Filly by Persimmon out of Fanciette
[illegible] Colt by Persimmon out of [illegible]

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Original from

man's interesting new volume records that his Victor, who won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot as a four-year-old, became one of the best hunting sires ever known in Ireland after he had sold him for £28 at Tattersall's. If railways and motor-cars have lessened the imperative need which the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth century felt for good general stock, our colonies and our soldiers, at least, have not yet ceased their continuous demand for serviceable horse-flesh; nor, in spite of countless jeremiads in the last twenty years, have our Masters of Hounds all sold or stopped their packs. Yet I doubt very much whether we can call upon such good sires for our hunters nowadays as could Sir Robert Walpole at the beginning of the eighteenth century, or the Prince of Wales at the beginning of the nineteenth.

One more small point and I have done. It is connected with that comparison between past and present horses which is always so fascinating a pursuit. It is also almost invariably fruitless, owing to the imperfect records which exist before photography. The question of what we "see" when a horse gallops at full speed across our field of vision is complicated by the fact that "sight" is composed of several other things than the mechanical processes of the retina. Judgment enters into it, and the trained habit of observation. A great factor, too, may be expressed as "what we expect to see." In the first half of the century what people "saw" coming round Tattenham Corner on the Derby Day was largely conditioned by the conventions which the artist of the period had stereotyped as those appropriate to speed. To illustrate this, I reproduce a fine picture, by Barenger, of Cadland (Derby 1828), and Colonel (St. Leger 1828) racing for the Derby of 1828. Herring's magnificent painting of The Flying Dutchman at full stretch will also at once occur to all lovers of this form of art. In neither case is the attitude in the least correct according to nature. But it certainly gives the idea of pace, and the convention arose, I may suggest, because the artist took the convenient (and more common) example of the greyhound,

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and copied its action without further inquiry. He was permitted to give an idea of pace in a whirring wheel by putting in a large extra number of spokes because very few people know how many spokes a wheel ought to have. But the intelligence of the youngest critic would revolt at the picture of a horse with many extra legs. So the public were shown Colonel's legs in the same position as those of "Fullerton" would be under similar circumstances, and the public was perfectly contented.

Then came the photographer, and his further development, the instantaneous photographer. As a contrast to Barenger I have reproduced a photograph taken for *Sporting Sketches*, which is peculiarly successful with such pictures, of the race for the Open Plate at Hurst Park in August. Uncle Mac and Paramatta are leading, close together. But it is the third animal to which I would especially draw attention. If a horse had been painted in that position fifty years ago the artist would have been loudly derided. Yet the camera has certainly revealed a position which the animal took at full pace, and has further demonstrated that speed in a horse is a constant succession of movements in which it would be overbalanced except for its continual thrust forward. This also shows another reason for Barenger's convention. Though fore and hind legs are never really stretched out at the same time, yet the point at which each in turn is fully outstretched is the point of suspension, as it were, or rather the moment when the eye has a better opportunity allowed it of observing something definite. As a matter of fact the human eye never saw, and never will see what this photograph has revealed, for the action registered by the camera is too quick for the mechanism of our eyes. The result of these considerations is that in the beginning of the twentieth century we have never had put on paper a horse galloping at full speed *as we see him*. It should surely not be impossible, in the near future, so to strike the balance between a biograph machine and the operations of the human retina, as to combine upon one photographic plate the exact

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The Duke of Rutland's "Cadland" and His Majesty's "Colonel" racing at Epsom for the Derby of 1828

The Open Plate at Hurst Park in August 1901

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number of "biographic movements" which occur in the fraction of time necessitated for the transmission of an impression to our brain.

It has often been a subject of astonishment to me that the exquisite problems involved in painting the thoroughbred have been so seldom faced by artists of the first rank. The debt which modern racing men owe to older artists like Stubbs, Sartorius, or Herring, and to the painters who nowadays devote themselves to the horse and nothing else, is not what I wish to emphasise here. How great is only a portion of that debt may be seen in the Jockey Club Rooms at Newmarket, where there is a fine series by Emil Adam, who inherits his special talent from his grandfather. Of modern painters great in other ways, Dégas is almost the only one I can recollect who has evidently thoroughly enjoyed painting the glorious effect of sunshine on a light chestnut colt at the start of a race. The kind of work of which we cannot get too much is that typified by the picture of Lord Roberts on his Arab, which I owe to the skill of Mr. Charles Furse. But such a combination of love and knowledge of horses with brilliant artistry in other directions is rare. Mr. John Charlton has it too, and has nobly grappled with the artistic problem of the horse in motion as the camera has revealed him. But these two stand almost alone. When are we to see one of the classic winners on the walls of the Royal Academy, whether in repose, or in the full splendour of his breathless triumph?

Much the same opportunities, it seems to me, have been missed in our examples of the sculpture of horses in London. Very few are aware that the horse on which Charles I. sits at Charing Cross is an exact model of a "great horse" in his Majesty's stables. Many used to laugh at the charger which the Duke of Wellington bestrode opposite Apsley House. But it was modelled by Wyatt exactly after the lines of Recovery, the most beautiful son of Emilius, whose offspring were all beautiful. The statue of King Tom by Boehm which I have reproduced here, is an admirable example of what can

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be done in this way by a skilful artist. But it is of course too much to ask that London should be decorated with examples of our Derby and St. Leger winners, though they would form an appropriate adornment for many of our great stud farms, even if there be no truth in the old theory (still to be seen exemplified in the gardens of Buen Retiro in Madrid) that a pregnant mare should be able to see such noble forms for the benefit of her progeny. All I wish very humbly to suggest is that when next the authorities give a commission for the statue of a man on horseback, the sculptor should politely be requested to see whether some famous thoroughbred would not serve his purpose as a model. In this way we might at least permanently secure the lines of a few of our best horses for the delight and instruction of posterity. Our ancestors had not much care to do the same for us. Yet that, perhaps, is just as well; for they might otherwise have removed one difficulty from that delightful and never-ending discussion about "the best horse ever bred, bar none."

It is a pleasant task to conclude by acknowledging my debts in the matter of the illustrations which have so much helped to make this little paper more intelligible and interesting. I have to thank Messrs. H. Virtue and Co. for permitting me to use several pictures from a "History of the English Turf," which they are now publishing; and the proprietors of *Country Life* for the excellent photographs by Mr. W. A. Rouch of five famous sires. Lord Rosebery very kindly permitted me to use his picture of Ladas by Emil Adam in these pages; and for the privilege of reproducing Barenger's spirited painting of Colonel and Cadland, I am indebted to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. To the courtesy of Mr. W. Brodrick Cloete I owe the photographs of two of his colts; and the line of foals at Sandringham were photographed by Mr. W. E. Gray, by the gracious permission of his Majesty the King, the owner of Persimmon.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

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SOME NURSERIES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

A SIX-YEAR-OLD lady who honours me with her friendship came to tea with me one day recently, and being offered a choice of toys to play with afterwards, chose unhesitatingly the typewriter. Such a decision is indeed invariable among her contemporaries, to whom all walking dolls, jumping snakes, steam-engines and even a bath full of floating fishes, and miniature fishing-nets wherewith to catch them, are slight fleeting joys compared to this wonderful machine which prints your thoughts by mysterious invisible clicks, and then suddenly displays them (and a good deal of extraneous lettering with them) to your admiring eyes. My present guest elected to write a story, and the mysteries of spacing having been explained to her and some experimental words written, a small curly head and pursed-up lips and serious eyes were bent over the typewriter for ten or fifteen minutes. Then I was shown the result: which was, however, rather the beginning of an essay on life or of a new volume of philosophy than of a story. The words, correctly spaced and spelt, were simply: "A sad life it is here, it may be better soon": and the small face was looking shyly up at me scarlet with the pride of composition.

The author's home, parents, governess and nurses being all ideally perfect, I do not think that this brief but comprehensive

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philosophic treatise meant, in her case, anything worse than the advent of bed-time, or (if she was looking yet further forward) of arithmetic day. The little lady held with Emerson that there is something wrong with a person's brain who likes mathematics, and an approaching conflict with this loathsome and despicable science could cast a gloom over many previous hours. But the sentence, staying irrationally in my mind as chance words will, has seemed to me at last to form rather a large and serious indictment against the conditions of modern young life, drawn up by this lady on behalf of her contemporaries. She herself, as I have said, is personally unconcerned in the case, as a counsel for the prosecution should be. She gets up at half-past seven, goes to bed at seven, spends ten months of the year in the country, and for preference during her leisure hours reads fairy books—to herself, you understand, with small lips murmuring the words, and one ridiculously small finger pointing along the line, and an occasional toss of the head when tiresome curls obscure her sight. Her judgment is very sound:—could I say less when she professes a warm admiration for my fairy-books?—and I would not give a farthing for a book, toy, man, woman or child whom she condemned as vulgar or silly. So it is that her indictment of the era, formulated on behalf of her generation, has weight with me, and as I look round on a modern nursery full of nervous children satiated with amusement, puzzling their own way through life with only a constantly-changing and carelessly-chosen nurse and governess to guard their minds and bodies and souls, I see that if the baby critic wished to call witnesses for her case she would not have far to seek. I have it in my mind now to enlarge somewhat upon her text. There is an unreasonable belief prevalent even in quite enlightened countries that nursery affairs are exclusively the concern of women. This Eastern superstition becomes the more ridiculous when one looks round and sees that in a large portion of all classes of society it is the mother, aunt or feminine friend who permits and encourages every sort of silly indulgence, late hours,

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abstention from school, general unpunctuality and grown-up amusements; while the father or male guardian insists on regular school attendance, punctuality, and such sane amusements as pantomimes and the Zoological Gardens. During a period which included the first few months of the war, *i.e.*, when the absence of male guardians would be perceptibly felt in London, the average attendance at evening continuation classes under the London School Board decreased, and the percentage of average attendance on the average roll in the ordinary schools also decreased; while, in another class of life, is there not a regular family quarrel at the beginning of every school-term between the man who insists that his children shall go back to Winchester or Paris or Cheltenham on the right day, and the woman who asserts that their colds are not well or their clothes not ready? The idea that women are infallible and best left alone in their judgment of nursery affairs is mediæval and oriental nonsense; and in these days when women assert (and very clearly prove) that they can do what used to be thought men's work, men-folk need surely have no hesitation in making such a counter-claim as I now suggest.

The nursery world, like Gaul according to Cæsar, may be divided into three parts, which extend through all classes of society: (1) neglected children, (2) actively ill-treated children, and (3) children who are tended to the very best of their parents' ability. Cynics, I am told, profess to confound the second and third of these divisions, but as both divisions are outside the scope of this article, we need not argue the point. A mother's tender care can indeed produce some extremely alarming consequences to mind and body, and if you like cheap sarcasm, you can probably lay a finger on a score of persons who are hopelessly sickly or irredeemably wicked for life owing to parental solicitude, and you may so pass an hour in easy jesting about the system. Yet, taken as a whole, this careful English home-life cannot be described as a conspicuous failure in the world's history. Occasionally a parent, with erratic theories about education, has twisted some young mind all

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awry; a half-witted man, out of his mind with vanity, has wearied his children, and wasted valuable years of their life by preaching some ill-digested idiotic doctrine to them; a woman with medical theories and a medicine-chest has killed and maimed one or two members of her family before her husband has time to interfere; or the children are forced to live solely with the companionship of grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins who are dull, half-witted, uneducated bores, saturated with dreary country-village scandal, and without an intelligent interest in any subject in the world. You see blunders; but much more widely and frequently you see the long successful years of this happy English home-life, the generations of men and women, pure, strong-limbed, high-minded, cultivated, brave, who emerge from it to rule one half of the outside world and extort unwilling admiration from the other half. Even among the blunders, among parents who are painstaking, well-intentioned imbeciles, it is extraordinary how little real lasting damage is done. Perhaps conspicuous good intentions are in themselves worth something in the scheme of education; may-be the honesty which is mostly obvious in such persons counter-balances their injustice, and shows it to be the result of mere stupidity; perhaps one parent is sane and strong-minded, or good-natured relatives interfere and insist on school. However it may be, kindly Providence mostly arranges the rescue of the brood and gives them their chance. Sometimes it forgets altogether, but not often, and the exceptions may mitigate their bitter anger by reflecting that they are no worse off than actively ill-treated children. With regard to these latter I have equally little to say here. Laws, which are becoming every year more numerous and more strict, deal with their hard lot to a great extent, and the splendid work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is proving yearly to parents with greater emphasis that the active ill-treatment of children is a very costly and dangerous business in all classes of society. The gentleman who sends his son up a drain in search of a favourite pigeon, and applies lighted matches to the boy's

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feet when he asserts that he can get no further, finds with surprise that his plea—"It was my own son, your worship"—is regarded by the magisterial mind as an aggravation of his offence; the woman who is guardian to a ten-year-old owner of a fortune which is to come to the guardian if the child dies, and who accordingly sets to work to kill the child by prolonged cruelty, finds, to her wrathful amazement, that in the house which was her grandfather's inviolable castle she is an object of keen, disrespectful and pressing attention from Mr. Waugh's ubiquitous officers. Very possibly the work might be done faster and better; that is a matter of money; but it is being done fast and well, and needs no recommendation from me. After this long list of matters which I do not propose to discuss, I come to the one which I do.

If some virtues are new all vices are old, as a philosophic story-writer remarked when loaded dice were discovered at Pompeii; and the neglect of children by their parents is a very old story. Men and women who are too occupied with amusement to see or notice a child from month's end to month's end form a permanent class, whose numbers may or may not be increasing, but always have been and always will be considerable. Lately, however, there has been added to this another class, far larger and most unmistakably and rapidly increasing, of women who, without strict necessity, on behalf of a cause or a charity, to earn more money or assert liberty, for the sake of pleasure, profit, or advertisement, or for a score of other reasons, good, bad, and indifferent—have plunged into work and become completely absorbed in it. Isolated examples of such absorbed women workers, who are labouring from choice and not from necessity, have of course always existed. Dickens was very fond of caricaturing them, and apparently thought nothing too rude to say about them. Mrs. Jellaby in "Bleak House," as described by that dreadful young person Esther Summerson, is to my mind one of the few pieces of witless unredeemed vulgarity in his books. But I do not think that I am misusing words when I speak of such workers to-day as a

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new class, for they have been multiplied by ten thousand within the last few years, and are rapidly changing many of the social and economic conditions of English life. They have taken with grateful hands the liberty which has been won for them hardly and sternly by still living workers; they do not mean to misuse such liberty in "having a good time;" but neither, on the other hand, have they had time to fit in their new labours with the old-fashioned ones, which they do not wish to ignore, but which they cannot wedge in between a score of other important appointments. Committee meetings, literary and scientific tasks, meals, dressmakers' business, and social engagements can be, and, in several cases which I know, are combined with managing a nursery and superintending the rest of the household, but it is not a day's work which the average person would care to repeat 300 times a year. I should not. Once, while rather busy, I was left for some days with a six-year-old person, so I know what happens. A nurse bathed and dressed the creature in the morning, and at intervals during the day dusted it and did its hair; but otherwise I was in sole charge. First she complained of "eternal" pains, and when I had diagnosed these to mean internal pains of a trifling character, and promised ginger at lunch if the sufferer was good for the rest of the morning, she posed me and claimed half an hour of time by the old theological difficulty: "If God wanted me to be good, and I wouldn't be good, which would win?" The moral teaching included in my answer was hopelessly wasted, for out of doors later on, when a small boy was picked out by his nurse from the middle of a fight and carried screaming away, she remarked to me with envious sympathy, "I'm often naughty like that," and evidently expected me to admire. Later still, when the necessity of finishing a certain task had become rather pressing for me, my little miss remarked casually (her temporary residence being at the sea-side): "I'm going out to paddle; please to keep an eye on me;" and a prolonged tempest followed my demonstration of the impossibility of this proceeding. Finally came her evening prayers, which meant

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an hour of stern and intricate theological argument. Her mother disapproved of her war-prayer, which, learnt from a martial nurserymaid, ran simply: "Bless our dear, darling, beautiful soldiers and our lovely sailors, and send old Kruger to 'ell;" and the maternal corrections (including an edict that the Boer wounded were to be prayed for as well as the British) of course had to be enforced. The point was gained at last, though at the end of the prayer a very low little voice whispered some words which sounded remarkably like: "Never *mind* about the Boers." And at the end of the day it did strike me that if I were this lady's mother, engaged in scientific studies or political intrigues, either the studies and intrigues or the lady would have to go to the wall.

The difficulty of doing two women's work is no lighter than the difficulty, about which my sex complains, of doing two men's; and it is not likely obligingly to disappear from this case. Neither is it, I imagine, at all likely that modern women will suddenly return *en masse* to the mediæval occupations of jam-making, embroidery, tea-parties, and child-prattle, any more than I myself propose to return to the occupations of the same period—*i.e.*, to put on a helmet and sword and go forth to dispute with Messrs. T. Cook and Son the possession of Palestine. I do not despise jam and I love child-prattle, but when I hear a totally uneducated young gentleman, who has idled through five years at Harrow and three at Oxford, telling his sister or sweetheart that these two matters, varied by a little dressmakers' business, are their proper occupation in life, I marvel that the young women do not box his ears. When lecturers and writers, male and female, preach sermons on the same text I take time to consider which is the more wonderful, the stupidity and impudence of the preachers or the toleration of their audience. The future of marriage and population in this country is certainly a very serious matter if these preachers are to be believed, and a highly-educated, highly-cultivated woman is by her marriage to abandon valuable work, or even make it subservient to a cook with whims or a child with

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measles. A man coming to some girl who is fresh from the lecture-rooms of Cheltenham and Cambridge, and proposing to make her a sort of combined housekeeper, monthly nurse, dress-makers' model, sick nurse, and hostess of his dinner parties, is likely to be sent about his business with scant politeness. Love has been a dominant influence in the lives of young women for many generations, because, except in a few rare cases, it has had no rival; but a passion for work is a very serious rival, and if the other influence is to be handicapped by such penalties it will hardly be included, if I may be permitted such a lapse into the picturesque parlance of Newmarket, as a "probable starter" among the influences of life, and will be knocked out in the betting to "1000 to 1 offered."

Without exactly putting forward my own experiences as typical, I suppose no one is concerned to deny that two healthy intelligent children can distribute attentions which will furnish most ample employment for a mother, governess, nurse, and nursery-maid; and that an average woman who is occupied with scientific work, political juggling, literary undertakings, charitable management, and a host of social duties besides, with an occasional nervous breakdown to further complicate matters, cannot possibly give proper attention to these children. If she is extremely fond of them she will give up a portion of her work or pleasure for their benefit; but if she prefers her political *salon*, novel writing, charity committees, Ascot, Henley, Goodwood, Scotch shooting box, yachting trips, and month at Monte Carlo, I cannot conceive why she, any more than her husband, should abandon these in order to give the children their Bible lesson or see that their rice puddings are properly cooked. I myself like the latter occupations—for a few days at any rate—but my young Cambridge neighbour prefers the Differential Calculus, and the young and beautiful Duchess of A—— prefers to play at making and unmaking Cabinets in London and Washington. Grave Ambassadors and Ministers pace the lawns of A—— Castle whispering toy secrets to her, asking with admirably grave faces what she

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thinks about Russia's designs in China; would you have her dismiss them all and risk a European war in order to play spillikins with May in the nursery, and hear about Jack's first battle with the Eton Latin Grammar? One woman will manage both the secrets and the spillikins, but the other says she can't and won't, and (unless you assert roundly that in marrying she is once for all to place all other interests second to her maternal ones) who has any right to make her try?

Nobody, I think; but she might take some measures to safe-guard these babes. One cannot, as I venture to think, in reason protest against the mathematicians and the politicians marrying; because, granted that they are perfectly healthy persons, the world will be worse for it if some portion of their brains, beauty, or other advantages are not transmitted to another generation. Neither can one force them to care for their children more than for any other interest or amusement. In point of fact you have only to pay visits in a dozen country houses, or lunch, dine, and have tea in a score of London houses, in order to discover that, to a considerable number of busy women, children are simply a nuisance; while to many others they are mere playthings, pretty ornaments for the back seat of a carriage, amusing toys to relieve the *ennui* of a tea party, picturesque additions to the costume in which the hostess receives the Princess or the desirable millionaire. I stop there, and say nothing about the women who have their children taught *risqué* dances and songs for the amusement of afternoon callers; because, since the rash and foolish abolition of the ducking-stool, there is no cure for persons of this description. I am merely demanding guardians for the child of the student and business-woman and reputable pleasure-seeker.

A nurse is very often a most sensible and charming person, and in that case her guardianship for a few years leaves nothing to be desired. She is extremely practical. When she hands her small charges over to me at the Zoological Gardens she does not vaguely request me to take great care of them, but gives brief specific directions about each: "Miss

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Alice wants to go and paddle with the penguin in the pond; please don't let her. Master Jack always tries to shake hands with the chimpanzee; please stop him. Miss Kate says she wants to go into the cage and play with the cobra because it looked at her so kindly last time she was here; please hold her hand in the snake-house." The babes will tell you reassuringly that they were only "funning," but their nurse knows better. When she reads aloud she goes straight ahead through fairies, escapes, disappearances, wrecks, desert islands, philosophic reflections, and historical allusions, so that her small hearers can attach to each incident an explanation evolved from their own strange little minds, and so treble the wonders of the story. I liked the candour of a seven-year-old listener who said to a too explanatory story-teller: "Oh do go on! I can understand so much better when you don't explain." The confiding simple mind of this kindly soul is a very restful change from the drawing-room world. When one of her nurslings goes to school for his first term, and having lost a shilling in a bet and also been tossed in a blanket, writes to her that "my School-room is a Gambling-hell and my Bed-room a place of Torture," she weeps in sympathy and sees to it that the next hamper is full of balm for such woes. I have heard complaints made of the grammar and pronunciation affected by her charges after prolonged residence with her and a nursery-maid; but small people have in fact a resolute preference for this style of speech, only equalled by their readiness to drop it suddenly and completely later on. It was a lady who, throughout her four years of life, had been surrounded by careful and adoring relations, who announced to her fellow stall-holders at a bazaar: "I've tooked six pound and I'm awful 'ungry." It was this person or an equally cared-for relation who, during a stay at Southsea, told us that she and her nursery-maid had "bin to Paartsmouth," where "it was bilin' 'ot." But a well-chosen nursery-ruler, with her attendants, approaches so near to perfection that her government, even without superintendence, for the first six or seven years of her

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charges' life, cannot safely be replaced. Do not all of us know such a person, with strong steady face, and quiet firm voice which seems to begin all sentences with "dearie," and arms which seem to be always round some one, and eyes which are magnets to draw all children to her side?

Unfortunately, however, her powers have limits. Her babes become animated notes of interrogation ranging over the whole field of theology, physiology, social etiquette, and ancient and modern history, and it is but occasionally that they can be distracted now by offers to make toffee or silenced by "that's not for a little boy to know, dearie." New theories and new lessons are introduced to her charges; overwhelming quantities of new amusements, which the woman has no authority to refuse, are offered to them, and merely create a demand for more; new maladies called "nervous," but affecting no nerves with which she has ever been acquainted, invade her nursery and defy her remedies; she becomes in her own language "flustered" and requests a conference with the mother, who sends for her accordingly while dressing for a State concert, and says that she can now spare half an hour. The conference over, the woman—much the wiser, do you think?—goes back to her ten-year-old nursling, who during the past week has been at three garden parties with her mother, two children's dances, two natural history lectures, and a theatre, has acted in some theatricals, been bridesmaid to a cousin, sold at a bazaar this afternoon, danced this evening to amuse some guests of her mother's who arrived early before dinner, and is now lying in bed sleepless, crying, deadly tired, complaining of hunger, headache, and half a dozen other pains. What would you have? The mother has compressed ten, twenty times that amount of entertainment into the same week, and addressed or presided over half a score of political meetings besides. She will come up to the nursery to-morrow if she has time; the child must have a tonic, or see a doctor if she is really unwell, and go to Folkestone for a week if she is tired. Two or three ladies at the concert have heard the story

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and have sympathised and given advice. Princess —— has recommended a new doctor. Every one, you understand, is anxious to do right and is being as kind as possible. But time is short and calls on it are many. To suggest cruelty or wrong-doing in connection with this commonplace story is ridiculous. The mother and father have simply neither time nor inclination to study the extremely intricate phenomena of the nursery.

No one, however, themselves least of all, would deny that they owe some care and consideration to these young lives. To choose a nurse, and watch her behaviour carefully at first till it is obvious that she is trustworthy, takes time and trouble, but as the result is to last, with good luck, for a considerable period, no one need, or probably does, grudge the time and trouble. The next stage is, I humbly venture to think, a failure. Private governesses and tutors, whether they come by the day or as residents, are nowadays brilliantly educated women and men, intimately acquainted with and capable of teaching more subjects than I know the names of. English education has had its dark days, but I should think that, to-day, few except the most discontented critics would deny that it is equal to German education, and that the two systems are very easily first in the world. But in proportion as a teacher's work improves, his or her sphere of labour must contract. Their work, like all other good work, becomes specialised, their exact status in the house and family becomes more decidedly fixed, and their pay increases. You can find a hundred ladies to teach your little maid astronomy, Latin, logic, and other modern essentials; but will two out of this hundred see to it that her clothes are at once smart enough to please her mother, and warm enough to be wholesome? Will they return a decided refusal when her cousin calls to take the picturesque little person to an at-home for the third time that week, or when the Princess wants to carry her off to raffle dolls at a bazaar? Will they take her to a Cornish seaside village for six months and soothe her racked nerves when the bazaars and

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at-homes have been conceded, and the inevitable end of all this business arrives? And will they do the same for the eight-year-old brother and the seven-year-old sister? How can you expect them to do such work? They have never studied it, and it has nothing whatever to do with their present difficult and exacting profession.

Apparently, then, we want another profession, the deputy-mother, the guardian with plenary powers, the mother's-help enlarged and glorified into a lady with authority over governess, nurse and dressmakers, with power to refuse the requests of aunts, and to send the Princess' carriage empty away. I know two such persons among the homes of my clients, and their work is a brilliant success. The two mothers here are, in their children's eyes, clever and beautiful and favourite playmates with whom they occasionally have tea and romp; the father (or uncle, as it is in one case) provides pocket-money, takes the party to the pantomime, chooses schools for the boys, buys guns, ponies and fishing-rods for the holidays, and joins their sport whenever he has time. I cannot describe the exact work of these ladies more simply than by saying that it is the doing of everything which I have described in these pages as being now left undone. If the new guardian could add to this a little elementary teaching it would be useful, but my idea—doubtless a very incoherent one—is that for educational purposes her little charge should either have a general day-governess or be taken the round of classes on different subjects, as is frequently done with children in London, and nearly always in Paris. To any one who may suggest that day-governesses are not procurable in the country, I can but reply that my proposal only applies (1) to intellectually busy women, and that these, in the nature of things, mostly live in towns; (2) to socially busy women, who probably live in London, and, if they have country houses besides, can obviously afford to engage a resident governess, and fit up rooms for her in the village or house, according to their joint pleasure. As regards the cost of this arrangement, a difficulty certainly presents

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itself. For the position which I have attempted to describe, you must have a refined lady, with experience, resolute will, patience, tact, and a score of other qualities which, to put the matter plainly and coarsely, command a price in the market. When a daily governess, and a nurse and maid, and a school-bill for the boys have been added, the cost of two or three children has mounted up to a somewhat large sum. I can only repeat, however, that I am addressing this suggestion to persons who cannot or will not attend to their nurseries themselves, but quite recognise that such places require and merit attention, and are ready to do anything in reason to secure a proper amount of such attention. The matter may not be a pressing one, but it is not a fanciful difficulty. Numerically, these children are not of great importance; such a vast majority of small persons have got parents to look after them that these others seem comparatively but a small handful. But although, as a matter of numbers, they are "nobody much" (as a four-year-old friend of mine answered diffidently when she had knocked at her mother's study-door during forbidden hours and was asked sharply, "Who's there?") they are bound to have inherited rather more than an average amount of brains, and would appear therefore to merit a more than ordinary amount of attention.

EDWARD H. COOPER.

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MAKSIM GORKY

IN the early autumn of 1892 a young man in a labourer's loose blouse entered the office of the journal *Kavkaz*, at Tiflis, and offered for insertion a MS. tale entitled "Makar Chudra." The neatly written MS., and the personality of the author, a tall, thin, pale youth with stooping shoulders and narrow chest, favourably impressed the editor, who at once read the MS. in the author's presence, took a fancy to it, and promised to print it in the following number of his paper.

"But there is no signature to the tale," he observed at the moment of parting.

"Print 'Maksim Gorky' at the bottom of it," said the youth in the workman's blouse.

"Your family, eh?" inquired the inquisitive editor.

"No; my family name is Aleksyei Pyeshkov, but I don't want to mix it up with this story."

Only eight years have since elapsed, and already the name of Maksim Gorky is a household word in Russia, from Archangel to the Crimea, and from Warsaw to Vladivostock, and more criticisms have been devoted to him than to any other Russian writer except Tolstoi. Opinions differ widely as to the quality of his talent, but none ventures to question its genuineness. At the very beginning of his career he is at the height of his fame. There can, however, be little doubt that Gorky's extraordinary popularity is due as much to curiosity as to admiration. A traveller from an unknown country, where

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he is understood to have had strange experiences and endured terrible sufferings, is always sure of a sympathetic audience, and Maksim Gorky's early career is unique of its kind, as will be seen from the following sketch of his life, mainly taken from his autobiography.

Aleksyei Maksimovich Pyeshkov was born at Nizhny Novgorod on March 14, 1868. His father, an upholsterer by trade, died at Astrakhan when the lad was five, and four years later he lost his mother also, but not before he had learnt his letters from the Psalter and other church-service books. His grandfather, to whom he had been entrusted, apprenticed him to a cobbler; but the lad was by nature a rolling stone, and took charge of his own destiny at a very early age, becoming successively a mechanical-draughtsman's assistant, a gardener's help, and finally a turnspit on a river steamer. On the steamer he unexpectedly met with a friend in his master, the cook Smurny, a thoughtful, bookish man, who first taught young Pyeshkov to love literature. "Till the cook appeared," Gorky tells us, "I could not endure books, or, indeed, any scrap of printed paper—passports included." The cook's library was a somewhat miscellaneous collection, comprising the works of Gogol, Eckkarthausen and Glyeb Uspensky, together with "Lives of the Saints" and treatises on freemasonry; but it sufficed to give his disciple such "a mad desire for learning" that in the innocence of his heart he presented himself at the Kazan University, "fondly imagining that learning was there given gratis to every one who wanted it. This, it appeared, was not the case," he continues with pathetic irony, "so I entered a biscuit factory at 8 rubles (6s.) a month." But the labour, the heaviest he ever experienced, was too much for his feeble frame, and he was at last driven to sell apples in the streets of Kazan, saw timber, carry parcels, and do other odd jobs. So extreme indeed was his misery at this period (1888) that he tried to commit suicide. Fortunately the bullet struck no vital part, and as soon as he was on his legs again Gorky tried his luck at Tsaritsin as a railway-porter, would have entered the

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army, but was rejected as physically unfit, and after selling Bavarian kvas in the streets of his native place, found a generous and sympathetic friend in the advocate A. I. Lanin, whose secretary he was for a time, and whose influence on his development was enormous.[1] But even now Gorky could not long remain still in one place. Quitting Lanin, he travelled on foot from Bessarabia to Tiflis, suffering unheard-of privations, and consorting with all manner of strange bedfellows, till he finally settled down at Nizhny, and became a regular contributor to the newspapers and magazines of the various Volgan cities. He now made the acquaintance of Korolenko, who had a decisive influence upon his career as an author, and helped to make him known in literary circles. The first of his stories which attracted general attention was *Chelkash*, undoubtedly one of the pearls of the Russian literature. A collection of all his scattered tales, in five volumes, is still in progress, and in 1900 appeared his first romance, *Thoma Gordyeev*.

Maksim Gorky is the poet and chronicler of the pariahs and the vagabonds of Russian civilisation, the poet and chronicler of those outcasts, from every rank of society, who stand altogether beyond the pale of law and order, and are generally regarded by the well-to-do, well-fed, respectable, members of the community with horror and loathing. Yet these people, though they form a class apart, are, to use Gorky's own words, "well worthy of attention, for they are ravenously hungry and thirsty, very wicked, and far from stupid." Gorky, indeed, is not the first Russian writer who has made the proletariat the object of his particular study. His principal predecessor, A. J. Levetov, in *Bezpechalny Narod* ("Careless Folks"), and many other stories, also went to the dregs of the population for his theme. But between the realism of Maksim Gorky and the realism of A. J. Levetov there is all the difference between drama and melodrama. The realism of the former is as genuine and convincing as the realism of Mr. George Gissing

[1] Yet the man who first urged him to turn author was A. M. Kalyushny, significantly described as "a person outside society."

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in "The Nether World" and "New Grub Street," whereas the realism of Levetov is not without a semi-sentimental, exaggerated tinge, reminiscent of "The Jago," to take a familiar modern instance. Not but what Gorky, as we shall see presently, occasionally idealises his heroes, exalting them into *Über menschen* or demigods, nay, in his very earliest work he is even romantic and artificial; but, as a rule (except when he falls a-dogmatising or ventures on symbolism), the grim, naked truth always confronts us in his best pages, truth, all the more impressive because unrelieved by a spark of humour or a gleam of tenderness.

Gorky is one of those rare geniuses whom life can teach, but books may spoil. This restless, expansive, elemental nature would have been stifled in the atmosphere of class and lecture-rooms. He was obeying the strongest instinct of his being when he chose the life of a tramp and a vagabond. A love of liberty in its widest, freest, sense is the cardinal point of his character. His feeling for Mother Nature is passionate in its intensity; her beauty, her grandeur, have an inexhaustible and overwhelming attraction for him. Take, for instance, the following characteristic description,[1] with its almost pantheistic force and fervour. The scene is a summer's night in Bessarabia, and the author, in the growing dusk, has been watching some Moldavian peasants returning home from the vineyards:

> Some one began playing on a fiddle; . . . a girl sang in a soft contralto; there was a sound of laughter, and the imagination pictured all these sounds floating through the air, like a garland of parti-coloured ribbons, over the dark forms gradually being swallowed up by the deepening mist. The air was pregnant with the sharp scent of the sea, and the fat exhalations of the earth not long ago drenched with abundant rain; even now splendid fragments of cloud were roaming about the sky, clouds of strange shape and hue, here bluey-black or indigo azure and soft as balls of smoke, there dull black or cinnamon coloured and as sharply defined as sections of rock. And betwixt these cloudy fragments gleamed, magnificently, dark blue patches of sky adorned by the golden points of the stars.
>
> And the whole scene—all these sounds and odours, clouds and crowds—

[1] From the tale *Starukha Izergil* ("Old Izergil").

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was magically beautiful but melancholy, it seemed to be the beginning of some strange fairy-tale. All was wondrous and harmonious, but seemed to have been arrested in mid-growth and death-smitten; and there was so little noise, so little of the nervous din of life, bursting forth indeed sharply from time to time, but seeming to grow ever fainter and fainter, frequently breaking off and ceasing altogether, but ever growing remoter and dying into pitiful sighs of regret for something, may be for happiness, which is so evasive and so casual.

And as I surveyed the scene, all sorts of fantastic desires arose within me. I longed to be turned into dust and scattered in every direction by the wind. I longed to flow over the Steppes dissolved into a warm stream. I longed to be merged in the sea, and to breathe the sky in the shape of an opal mist. I longed to give the finishing touch in my own person to this beautifully melancholy evening, and therefore I was sad.

And his passion for absolute liberty accounts for another dominant characteristic of Gorky's, his passion for pure force; for, of course, only the strong can be really free. This worship of might in all its manifestations pervades Gorky from end to end, is invariably professed with brutal frankness, and often assumes bizarre forms enough. Take for instance the following glorification of force in its most material aspect, blind, mechanical, inert force. The passage, taken from the noble tale *Chelkash*, is in every way remarkable. It is a description of the dockyards at a Black Sea port.

Granite, iron, the stone haven, the vessels and the people—everything is uttering in mighty tones a madly passionate hymn to Mercury. But the voices of the people, weak and overborne, are scarce audible therein. And the people themselves, to whom all this hubbub is primarily due, are ridiculous and pitiful. Their little figures—dusty, strenuous, wriggling into and out of sight, bent double beneath the burden of heavy goods lying on their shoulders, beneath the burden of the labour of dragging these loads hither and thither in clouds of dust, in a sea of heat and racket—are so tiny and insignificant in comparison with the iron colossi surrounding them, in comparison with the loads of goods, the rumbling waggons, and all the other things which these same little creatures have made! Their own handiwork has subjugated and degraded them.

Standing by the quays, heavy, giant steamships are now whistling, now hissing, now deeply snorting, and in every sound given forth by them there seems to be a note of ironical contempt for the grey, dusty little figures of the people crowding about on the decks, and filling the deep holds with the

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products of their slavish labour. Laughable even to tears are the long strings of dockyardmen, dragging after them tens of thousands of pounds of bread, and pitching them into the iron bellies of the vessels in order to earn a few pounds of that very same bread for their own stomachs—people, unfortunately, not made of iron and feeling the pangs of hunger. These hustled, sweating crowds, stupefied by weariness and by the racket and heat, and those powerful machines, made by these self-same people, basking, sleek and unruffled, in the sunshine—machines which, in the first instance, are set in motion, not by steam, but by the muscles and the blood of their makers—in such a juxtaposition there was a whole poem of cold and cruel irony.

The din is overwhelming, the dust torments the nostrils and blinds the eyes, the heat burns and exhausts the body, and everything around—the buildings, the people, the stone quays—seems to be on the stretch, full ripe, ready to burst, ready to lose all patience and explode in some grandiose catastrophe, like a volcano, and then one feels that one would be able to breathe more easily and freely in the refreshened air; one feels that then a stillness would reign upon the earth, and this dusty din, benumbing and irritating the nerves to the verge of melancholy mania, would vanish, and in the town and on the sea and in the sky everything would be calm, clear, and glorious. But it only seems so. One fancies it *would* be so, because man has not yet wearied of hoping for better things, and the wish to feel himself free has not altogether died away within him.

Notice that there is *some* compassion for the grey, dusty little figures. But it is distinctly contemptuous, and obviously Gorky thinks much more of the "iron colossi," "the powerful machines basking, sleek and unruffled, in the sunshine," than of the worms of earth that crawl about them. Extreme suffering either hardens or softens, and, evidently, Maksim Gorky emerged from ten years of horrible misery with the iron of rage and resentment biting deeply into his soul[1] and the ineradicable conviction that, in this world at any rate, might is always right and weakness always contemptible. Nay, he goes further still. With him might and morality are often synonymous terms, and *pecca fortiter!* seems to be his motto. Only be strong enough and you may do what you like and men will respect you. Let me take a few instances. In *Moi Sputnik* ("My Travelling Companion") we are taught that the strong man is a law unto

[1] The very pseudonym he has adopted means "Maximus *Bitter*."

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himself, and the whole moral of the story seems to be that self-sacrifice is sheer stupidity. In *Na Plotakh* ("On the Barges") the hero, Silyan,[1] is a vigorous, healthy old pagan "with a large aptitude for life," who lives openly with his daughter-in-law, and thus flouts the timid remonstrances of his pious and sickly son, Metya. "Let them look, let them all look. I'm sinning, eh? All right. I know all about that. What then? . . . I overstep all bounds, do I? I know it. It's worth it. One can only live in this world once." And when Metya adjures him to abandon his sins he bids him be off or he will tear him to bits like a dirty rag. "I begot thee in order to torment thee, thou abortion," he cries. In another story, *Toska* ("Anguish"), the representative of goodness and morality is a poor teacher dying of consumption, in other words, a failure, while the strong and lusty hero, Kuzma Korysk, pursues the even tenour of his pleasant and prosperous way, through no end of fugitive *liaisons*, with all the impertinent nonchalance of a well-fed, vigorous young dog. Similarly, in Gorky's romance, *Thoma Gordyeev*, the hero fails miserably in life, simply because he has inherited an inconvenient dose of conscience from his Molokdne[2] mother, which disqualifies him from competing on equal terms with his fellows, the crafty merchants of the Volga. Even the wolves of life are preferable to the sheep because they better fulfil the conditions of existence. "Though we kill them we fear them," says Gorky, "they have claws and teeth for self-defence, and—the main thing—their hearts are softened by nothing. This last point is very important, for in order to triumph in the struggle for existence one ought to have much wisdom or the heart of a beast." Everything, therefore, which softens the heart or clogs the will is incompatible with the free exercise of power, with full animal enjoyment: hence Gorky's curious dislike of conscience, which he would eliminate from life altogether if possible. His views on this interesting subject are most clearly expressed in his famous characteristic of the titanic

[1] Strong. [2] A sect similar to the Quakers.

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Ignat Gordyeev, the father of Thoma Gordyeev, in the opening chapter of that story :

> Built on heroic lines, handsome, and no fool, he was one of those men who succeed always and in everything—not because they are talented and industrious, but rather because, possessing an immense reserve of energy, they are not, and indeed cannot be, particular in the choice of the means necessary to their ends, and recognise no law but their own will.
>
> Now and then, indeed, they speak with terror of their conscience ; at times even their struggle with it gives them torments ; but conscience is a power which only feeble souls find invincible. The strong are not so easily subjugated by it ; nay, they weld it according to their desires, for involuntarily they feel that, if once they give it space and freedom, it will break up their lives altogether.

The morality or immorality of this teaching does not here concern me, but it certainly has had a prejudical effect upon Maksim Gorky as an artist, causing him far too often to magnify and idealise his scamps and loafers into Nietzschian Overmen. For that Gorky has studied the writings of Nietzsche there can be little doubt, though I am inclined to think he owes far less to that source than many Russian critics imagine. A generous indignation at the heartless way in which the world at large tramples upon its outcasts would, of itself, as L. E. Obolensky well remarks,[1] induce a sympathetic man of genius of their own class, who has lived among these reptiles and suffered with them, as Gorky has, to idealise the type, by way of indignant protest against the complacent tyranny of its oppressors.

The unhappy creatures immortalised by Maksim Gorky form a world of their own, and fall into several well-defined categories. First came the so-called *buivshie lyudi* or "have beens,"[2] that is to say, persons who, from having occupied a recognised position in the world, have sunk into utter degradation, and are only too glad to hide their despair in the lowest sort of night lodging-house where common misery reduces them all to a dead level—the sort of people of whom

[1] *Talant Maksima Gor'kago.*

[2] *Lit.* "Those who have been."

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one of their own class, says (in the tale *Buivshie Lyudi*); "We live without any justification for living." There, for instance, is Sergeant Kuvalda, the watchman of the doss-house, a cynical philosopher and an incurable optimist to boot. There is the typical ex-tutor, an educated man with some business knowledge, feeling more keenly than the rest the wretchedness of the abyss in which he must end his days because he has no longer sufficient strength of will to renew the battle of life, and no hope of any change for the better. Children and vodka are now the only things in the world which interest him: children because they are still innocent and unspoilt, and vodka because it brings oblivion. And round these two central figures are grouped numerous other waifs and strays, every one of them depicted by a master-hand. It is all inexpressibly touching and life-like. The dreary philosophy of these poor *buivshie lyudi* is thus set forth with bitter irony by the ragamuffin Konovalov, the hero of another story:

> We are a peculiar people and belong to no class. We should be reckoned with in a peculiar way; we want rigorous laws, very rigorous laws, which would root us out of life. For we are of no use, we only take up room, and stand in other people's way. Who owes us anything?—nay, we are guilty in our own eyes, guilty of being alive. Therefore we have no desire to live, and no feelings. An unlucky miasma exudes from me. When I draw near to a man I immediately contaminate him. I can only bring misery to every one I come in contact with. If you come to think of it, have I ever been satisfactory to any one all my life long? No, nobody has ever been satisfied with me. And yet I have had to do with a good many people. I am a human leper.

Gorky extends to the *buivshie lyudi* the same sort of contemptuous pity we have seen him give to the dock-workers: he has suffered with them and therefore understands their sufferings—but that is all. His real heroes, the men after his own heart, are the restless, voluntary vagabonds known as the *brodyagi*[1] or *bosaya komanda*,[2] who not only never have been, but are never likely to be, anything in this world.

One of the most curious phenomena in contemporary Russia

[1] Wanderers. [2] The ragged brigade.

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is that passion for vagabondage which undoubtedly prevails there. Still more curious is the involuntary reverence with which these houseless, thriftless vagabonds are regarded by the stationary and productive population as something superior to themselves, something in the nature of the traditional *bogatuirui* or heroes of popular song. Sympathy with suffering may have something to do with it, but Professor Maksimov explains [1] the circumstance as due partly to the traditions of the past history and exploits of the prototypes of these strange birds of prey, and partly to their own superior energy and individuality. It is a fact that long after Muscovy was welded into a homogeneous State, a small proportion of the Russian people preferred a life of adventurous vagabondage to more indolent comfort and dull prosperity, and in pursuit of their own enjoyment they accidentally rendered essential services to the Empire. It was they who colonised the North, subjugated Siberia, and prepared the way for the conquest of the Crimea and the South by their outposts and settlements on the Don and Dnieper, whence they disputed the possession of the steppes with the Turks and Tartars, and laid the foundations of the Cossack commonwealth. These irresponsible nomads still exist, but the march of civilisation and the appropriation of all the spare land have driven them beyond the limits of a society to whose usages they still refuse to conform, and they are now to be found only in out-of-the-way parts of the country or in the darkest holes and corners of great cities, whence they are recruited from the more desperate spirits of the submerged industrial population. Weariness of life combined with an untamable self-will, poles apart from any rational love of liberty, are the characteristics of these degenerate descendants of the free Cossacks. Gorky was, at one time,one of them in actual fact, and it is clear from all his *Razskazui* ("Tales") that his heart still goes out to them. By seizing and crystallising this strangely fascinating type just as it was at vanishing point, he has enlarged the domain of literature, and opened up to us a new world of ideas and impressions.

[1] In *Sibir i Katorga.*

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The most vigorous and characteristic type of these *brodyagi* is Chelkash, the hero of the tale of the same name. This vulture of the steppe, ragged, barefooted, his dry bones and parchmenty skin exposed rather than protected by the tattered plush hose and the ragged cotton blouse in which he is huddled, is an habitual loafer, a confirmed toper, an adroit robber; yet sordid at heart he is not, for he values liberty above all things in the world, he would not part with it at any price, and we not only involuntarily respect him for it, but are made to feel the immense superiority of this poor outcast over the other chief character of the story, the plodding, relatively respectable, peasant Gabriel, whose hunger for land makes him humble himself for the sake of filthy lucre before even such a vagabond as Chelkash, whom in his shoddy little heart he despises. Another representative of the same type is Orlov in the story *Suprugui Orlovui.*[1] It is true that Orlov is a cobbler by trade, and therefore, necessarily, not an actual vagabond; but he is of the same kidney as Chelkash after all, for he values mere comfort and security not a rush. A ceaseless restlessness torments him. He is not content with a relatively happy life, an affectionate wife, a fairly good business. He has everything which a man of his class aspires to, and yet he is not happy. He is perpetually plagued with all manner of abstract questions such as, Why is there such a thing as life? In what does it consist? How shall I explain it? He wants something more than his narrow life—but what, he knows not. Freedom, enthusiasm, liberty, the larger life, are what this really superior spirit needs. For a moment there is a bright break in the dull monotony of his existence. He obtains, during an epidemic, a responsible post in a fever hospital, which none else dared to accept, and he is happy. He rises to the situation, his conduct is heroic, he receives a hero's reward, and then, when the danger is over, he is released and returns to his old monotonous "life in a ditch" as he calls it—and the man is ruined. He has tasted of a higher life, and

[1] "The Consorts Orlov."

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can no longer reconcile himself to mere sordid insignificance. He is the victim of superior individuality. He becomes a drunkard, a wife-beater, a blackguard, from sheer *ennui*, and the end is tragical.

Nearly all Gorky's *razskazui* dwell upon this theme. Their central characters are restless seekers after absolute liberty, for the most part miserable, unfortunate creatures cursed with a superabundance of energy for which they have no adequate outlet, or perpetually and vainly on the look-out for a fulcrum to cling to. Always seeking something higher than the common lot, and never finding their proper place among their fellow men; always sighing after extraordinary exploits at the very moment when they are wallowing in the gutter, no wonder if they find existence insupportable and the world no place for them. Yet it is a great mistake to suppose that these heroes have any very high, definite ideals. Quite the contrary. Their energies are mostly destructive, and an absorbing egotism is nearly always the pivot of their superabundant individuality. They have no love whatever for mankind at large, and would obliterate everything which obstructs their personal liberty, while liberty itself means, with them, absolute licence. Orlov, one of the best of them, would smash the whole world to bits, and "collect together all the merchants and Jews in it in order to cut them down to the last man." Another character wishes to see all the world at his feet that he may spit upon and revile it. For the pacific, stationary, conservative *muzhik*, rooted to the soil and content to live upon it, these *brodyagi* naturally have an intense, an almost insane loathing, and not only rejoice at his hardships and sufferings, but would gladly add to them if they could.

There is, of course, exaggeration in all this, and it is not without reason that Gorky has been reproached for making his *brodyagi* monstrous creatures—not merely vagabonds and loafers, but *nietzchian*, "Over-vagabonds" and "Over-loafers," if the expressions may pass. He is at his best, I think, when he discards philosophy altogether, and simply embodies actual

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experiences in his stories as, for instance, in *Zazubrina* and *Dvadtsat' shest i Odna* ("Twenty-six of Us and a Woman").

Zazubrina, a perfect gem of vivid yet restrained realism, is a most harrowing tale, although the victim is but a plump yellow kitten whose friendly ways and merry tricks delight the sad hearts of a gang of convicts employed as navvies, whom it accompanies every day to their work, returning with them in the evening. Unfortunately this feline wag has unconsciously wounded the susceptibilities of a rival artist, the convict Zazubrina, who, until pussy's arrival on the scene, was the exclusively recognised humorist of the prison-yard. Now, however, he is left moping in a corner while the sportive kitten monopolises the general attention and applause. But Zazubrina recovers his prestige and his popularity at the same time, by an ingenious idea worthy of his past reputation. He invents an entirely original joke. "Let us paint the kitten *green*," he says. The insidious proposal is heedlessly and instantly acted upon. Puss is thrown into a pot of green paint by her former admirers, while Zazubrina comically declaims over his fallen rival. But the sufferings of the poor little animal are no sooner realised than a revulsion of feeling ensues in its favour, and the navvies turn on Zazubrina and almost beat him to death.

Still more pathetic is *Dvadtsat' shest i Odna*, obviously a reminiscence from Gorky's biscuit-factory days. Six and twenty wretched bakers work day and night in a dark, hot, stifling baking-cellar. The sole ray of light which relieves their gloom is the occasional visit of a pretty young milliner who trips slily every day up to their grating and chirps like a little bird: "Prisoners, prisoners, give me a cake." They give her the cakes at the imminent risk of detection, and idealise the bright visitant who thus wings her flight to them in their misery till in their loving eyes she assumes angelic, saintly proportions. And then their ideal fails them—she forsakes and even reviles them for the sake of the moustache of a handsome, commonplace sergeant, and the one ray of happiness which lit up the wretched existence of the six and twenty bakers has gone

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for ever. The tale is simple enough, but it makes one's heart bleed to read it.

Gorky's latest and most ambitious work is *Thoma Gordyeev*, which appeared in 1900 and has already been translated into all the principal languages of Europe, English, so far, excepted. The scene of the story is the Volga, the characters are all taken from the merchant class, and those who desire to know what manner of man the native Russian merchant really is, cannot do better than study the pages of *Thoma Gordyeev*, where the Muscovite trader who has amassed, or is amassing, his millions is depicted to the life by the nervous, unfaltering hand of a great master of strong effects and brilliant colouring. There are in the same book vivid descriptions of river life and scenery unsurpassed by any living European writer. One feels that Gorky has done for the Volga what Jókai has done for the Danube and Mikszáth for the Theiss—it runs through his pages almost like a real, sentient creature, and dominates the whole story. But *Thoma Gordyeev* is far too long, at least half of it might very advantageously have been omitted. We are wearied to death by endless philosophising, sermonising, and dogmatising about all things in heaven and earth and under the earth. The feeble, impossible hero is a persistent drag upon the narrative; second-hand Nietzschianism is rampant throughout, and, oddly enough, the religious influences which play so large a part in Russian middle-class life are represented as practically non-existent. Mr. Pyeshkov doubtless knows, far better than I do, that the prototype of Thoma's father, the astute, grasping, violent, despotic merchant prince, Ignat Gordyeev, was a real person, the well-known Volgan shipowner and self-made millionaire, Gordyei Chernov, who, not so very long ago, died a monk in the monastery of Athos, after freely abandoning, in the very heyday of his envied prosperity, a fabulous fortune and a world-wide influence in obedience to a higher call. Yet in *Thoma Gordyeev* Mammon is represented as absolutely supreme, and Christianity as little more than an effete anachronism!

R. Nisbet Bain.

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MAKAR CHUDRA

A DAMP cold wind was blowing from the sea, carrying all across the steppe the dreamy melody of the waves breaking over the shore and the murmur of the bushes that grew near it. Sometimes gusts of wind would bring cold withered yellow leaves and throw them on the fire, making it burn brighter, so that the darkness of the autumn night, as if frightened, would shrink farther away, and show for a moment on the left side the boundless steppe, on the right the boundless sea, and right opposite me the massive figure of Makar Chudra, the old gipsy, who was guarding the horses of his camp that lay spread out some fifty feet from us.

Without paying the slightest attention to the fact that cold gusts of wind opening his tchekmen[1] left his bronzed hairy breast naked, and pitilessly beat against it, he reclined in a pose full of grace, freedom, and strength with his face turned to me; and puffing at his immense pipe let great clouds of smoke pass through his nose and mouth, and with his eyes fixed somewhere over my head in the deathly silent darkness of the steppe, he talked to me without stopping and without making a single movement to shield himself from the strong gusts of the wind.

"And so you tramp along? That's good. You have chosen a glorious part, my hawk! That's right. Go and look; have you looked enough, lie down and die—that's all!"

[1] *Tchekmen*, a kind of Caucasian overcoat.

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"Life! Other people!" he continued sceptically, after having listened to my remonstrance against his "that's right."

"And what is that to you? Are you not 'life' yourself! Other people live without you, and without you they will die. Do you believe that anybody wants you? You are neither bread nor stick, so you can't be wanted. You say: to teach and to be taught! Do you really believe you can learn how to make people happy? No, you cannot. Get grey hairs before you speak about it. You want to teach! but what? Every one knows what he wants. The clever ones take what they can and the others get nothing, and every one can only be taught by himself.

"They are funny, your people. They crowd in one place, crushing one another, when there is so much space on the earth!"—he made a large movement with his arm to show the steppe—"and they always work! why? For whom! nobody knows. You look when a man is ploughing and you think: he is dropping a bit of his life into the earth with every drop of perspiration, and when life is done he will lie down and rot in it. Nothing will remain of him; he has seen nothing beyond his field and dies as he was born, a fool. Is he really born only to pick the earth a little, and then to die without even having had time to pick a grave for himself? Does he know freedom? Does he understand what the width of the steppe means? Does the murmur of the waves gladden his heart! Eh! he is a slave from the moment of his birth, and remains a slave all his life! What can he do for himself? Only hang himself if he gets cleverer. And now look at me, in fifty-eight years I have seen so much, that if it were written on paper a thousand sacks such as yours would not hold it. Where do you think, in what countries, have I been? You can't tell! You do not even know the names of the countries where I have been! That's the way to live; to go on and on—to the end. Don't stay long in one place—what is there in it? As day and night are running for ever one after the other round the earth, so you must run away from thoughts of life in order

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not to cease loving it. But once you begin to be thoughtful you'll cease to care for life, it always happens so. It happened so with me too. Eh! yes, once with me too, my hawk. It was when I was in prison in Galicia. Why do I live? thought I, out of sheer dulness, for it is very dull sitting in prison, my hawk! oh, how dull! and anguish seized my heart when I looked on the fields out of the window, seized it and held it firmly. Who shall say why he lives? No one, my hawk! And you must not ask yourself; only live, and go about and look at things, and anguish will not come near you. I nearly strangled myself with my sash then! I talked once with a man—a strict man, one of your Russians. You must live, said he, not as you wish yourself, but as it is told in the Scriptures. Submit yourself to the will of God, and He will give you everything you ask for. And he himself was all in rags. So I told him to ask for a new coat, but he grew angry and sent me away, swearing at me. And just before that he had been telling me that all people must love one another and forgive injuries. Now was the moment to forgive me if I had offended his mightiness. A teacher too! They teach one to eat less, and themselves eat ten times in the day."

He spat in the fire and grew silent stuffing his pipe. The wind was moaning plaintively and low. The horses were neighing in the darkness, and from the camp of the gipsies came floating to us the tender and passionate accents of a song. That was beautiful Nonka who sang, Makar's daughter. I knew her voice well with its full rich tones that sounded always so strangely dissatisfied and exacting—whether she sang or simply said "Good morning." On her dark face was stamped the haughtiness of a queen, and in her dark brown eyes, always partly veiled as if by a shadow, flashed the consciousness of the charm and irresistibleness of her beauty and disdain of everything that was not herself.

Makar offered me his pipe.

"Have a smoke? Doesn't the girl sing well? Yes. Would you like to be loved by one like her?"

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"No."

"Well, you are right. Stick to that. Don't believe in women and keep at a distance from them. A girl delights more in kisses than I find pleasure in smoking my pipe—but once you have kissed her, freedom dies in your heart. She will tie you to herself with something invisible and not to be torn asunder, and you'll give away your whole soul to her and keep nothing for yourself. It's true, beware of girls! They always lie. 'I love you more than the whole world,' they say, but try to prick them with a needle; they'll tear out your heart. I know that. Oh! I know much. Well, my hawk, you want to hear something that happened not long ago? And don't forget it, and that remembrance will help to keep you free as the birds in the air.

"There lived once a young gipsy named Nobar, Loïko Nobar. All Hungary and Bohemia and Slavonia, and all the country round the sea knew him—he was a bold fellow! There was not a village in those parts where there were not five or six persons who had vowed to kill Loïko, but he lived on, and if he took a fancy to a horse you could put a regiment to guard it—it didn't matter, you were sure to see Nobar caracoling on it. Eh! as if he feared anybody! Even if Satan had come to him with all his train, if he had not thrown his knife at him surely he would have sworn badly enough, and as to the devils—why! he would have bored their ears, that's sure enough! And all the gipsy camps knew him or had heard about him. He loved only horses and nothing else, and not even them for long—he would ride a horse and then sell it, and everybody was welcome to the money who wanted it. He had nothing that he kept for himself—would you have had his heart, he would have torn it from his breast and given it to you. There! that's how he was, my hawk!

"Our camp was wandering on the banks of Boukowino at that time—it was ten years ago. Once, I remember it was during a spring night, we were sitting: I and Daniel the soldier that had been fighting with Koshout and the

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old Noor and all the rest of them, and Radda, Daniel's daughter.

"You know my Nonka? She is a queen among girls! But you can't compare her to Radda—that would be too much honour to Nonka! But you could not describe Radda with words. Perhaps her beauty could be played on a violin, but that too, only by somebody who knows his violin as his own soul.

"Many brave fellows' hearts had she scorched, oh, a great many. Once in Moravia an old magnate saw her and was struck. He was sitting on his horse and trembling as in a burning fever. Handsome he was like the devil on a feast day, his joupan[1] was all embroidered with gold, at his side his sword flashed like lightning every time his horse stamped his foot . . . the whole sword was covered with precious stones, and the blue velvet on the top of his hat was like a piece of the sky—he was a fine fellow this old lord! He gazed and gazed at her and said: 'Kiss me, young girl, and thou shalt get a purse full of gold!' But she haughtily turned her head aside. 'Forgive me if I've offended thee, only look more graciously,' said he, at once becoming humbler, and flung his purse at her feet—a big purse, my brother! But she only pushed it with her foot into the mud as if not seeing it, and that's all the answer he got. He groaned and lashed his horse so that only the dust stood out like a cloud.

"And next day he came again. 'Who is her father?' rolled like thunder through the camp. Daniel stood out. 'Sell thy daughter; take as much as thou wilt!' But Daniel answered: 'It is only lords that sell everything, from their pigs to their conscience; but I have fought with Koshout, and do not trade in anything!' The other yelled out and clutched at his sword, but one of us thrust a piece of lighted tinder in his horse's ear, and off it flew with his rider. And we took our tents and moved away from the place.

"We tramped on, one day, two days, when, look, he had

[1] A kind of coat worn in Russia Minor.

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overtaken us! 'There, you fellows,' he said, 'my conscience is clear before God and before you. Give me the girl to be my wife, and everything I have I'll divide with you; my riches are great!' He was as if consumed by fire, and waving on his saddle like feather grass touched by the wind. We grew thoughtful. 'Well, daughter, answer,' said Daniel. 'If a she-eagle came by her own will into a crow's nest, what would she become?' asked Radda. Daniel laughed, and we all laughed with him. 'Well answered, daughter! Thou hast heard, my lord. It can't be. Look for doves, they are more yielding.' And we went our way. And that lord seized his hat, dashed it on the ground, and galloped away, so that the earth shook.

"There now! that's how Radda was, my hawk! Yes, so we were sitting on that night when hark, there came music floating from the steppe, glorious music! It made your blood boil in your veins, and seemed to call you somewhere. That music—we all felt it made us wish for something after which life itself would be useless, or if still lived on, it would be as the life of kings over all the earth—that was the kind of music, my hawk.

"And it came nearer and nearer. And out of the darkness came a horse with a rider, who went on playing as he approached. He stopped before the fire, ceased playing, and looked down at us, smiling. 'It's thou, Nobar,' joyfully exclaimed Daniel. So that was Loïko Nobar! His moustache mingled with his raven black locks that lay on his shoulders, his eyes shone like stars, and his smile was like sunshine, I vow. He seemed to be forged out of the same single piece of iron as his horse; and in the red light of the fire he stood smiling and showing his white teeth. Well, if I did not love him already as much as myself before he told me a word or even remarked my presence!

"There are such people in the world, my hawk. They have but to look in your eyes to make you their slaves and you don't feel ashamed of it, but proud as kings. With such people you feel you grow better yourself immediately. But there are very few such! And so much the better, isn't it?

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The good would not be counted good any more if it were not so rare. But listen further!

"Radda said: 'Thou playest well, Loïko! Who made for thee a violin so sounding and sensitive?' And he laughing—'I made it myself! and I made it not out of wood but of the breast of a young girl I loved, and the strings were twisted by me out of her heart. It plays false sometimes, my fiddle, but it does not matter, I know how to wield the bow. See.'

"You know a fellow always wants to blind a girl's eyes so that they do not burn his heart, and that's why Loïko spoke like that—but he counted without his host. Radda turned, yawned, and said: 'And I had always heard that Nobar was clever and skilful; how people lie!' and went away. 'Eh! my beauty, thy teeth are sharp.' Loïko's eyes flashed and he jumped from his horse. 'Good evening, brothers, I have come to you!'

"'An eagle is a welcome guest!' was Daniel's answer to him. They kissed, talked a little, and then everybody went to sleep. We slept soundly. And in the morning we see that Nobar has his head tied up. What's that? Eh, that's a horse that kicked him when he slept.

"Eh! Eh! Eh! We understood who that horse was and smiled in our moustaches, and Daniel smiled too. What, was not Loïko Radda's equal? Well, no! A girl, even the best, has but a narrow shallow soul, and even if you put a hundred stones of gold round her neck she won't be any better. Well, we went on living at that place; we did good business at that time and Nobar remained with us. That was a man! Wise like an old man, and knowing everything, even how to read and write in Russian and Hungarian! Sometimes when he began talking you would discard sleep and listen for ever! And when he played! may lightning strike me if anybody has ever played before as Nobar played! He would touch the strings with his bow and your heart would tremble, he would touch them a second time and it would sink away listening, and he played on and smiled. You would like to cry and to laugh

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listening to his songs. Now, it seems, somebody is moaning, bitterly moaning, crying for help, and it cuts your heart as with a knife. And now the steppe is telling fairy tales to the sky, such quiet sad tales! Now a young girl is crying at parting with her sweetheart! Now the sweetheart is calling to her to meet him on the steppe. And suddenly—hey! like the roll of thunder sounds the free lively song, and it seems the sun itself is going to dance in the heavens to that song! Every vein in your body responded to it, and the whole of yourself got under its dominion. And if Loïko had cried at that moment: 'To your knives, brothers,' we would have marched with our knives wherever he wanted us to. He could do anything with a man and everybody loved him, loved him truly; only Radda alone turned away from the young man; and not only that, but mocked at him. Strongly had she touched his heart, very strongly. He gnashed his teeth, pulling his moustache, did Loïko, and his eyes looked darker than an abyss, and sometimes you would see in them flashes that would make you afraid for his soul. In the night he would go far away on the steppe, the brave Loïko, and till morning you could hear his violin crying, crying and burying Nobar's freedom. And we would lie listening and thinking; 'what can be done?' But we knew that nothing could be done; for when two stones roll one against the other you must not stand between if you do not want to be crushed. So time went on.

"Once we sat all of us talking about business. It grew tedious, and Daniel, he turned to Loïko: 'Sing us a song, Nobar, cheer our souls!' Nobar looked to where Radda was lying face upwards gazing at the sky, and struck the strings with his bow. The violin began to speak just as if it were truly a girl's heart, and Loïko began his song:

"'Hey, hop! fire is burning in my breast,
And the steppe is so wide!
My horse is swift as the wind,
And firm is my hand.'

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"At that moment Radda turned her head to him and, getting up, looked in his face with a smile. He flushed all over but went on:

"'Hey, hop, hey! well, comrade, come!
Let's gallop all away.
The steppe is covered with mist
And the dawn waits for us!
Hey! hop! Let's fly and meet the day!
Soar as high as you can,
Only don't touch with your horse's mane
The beautiful moon.'

"How he sang! nobody can sing like that now! And Radda said, letting fall each word slowly and deliberately: 'Thou oughtst not to soar so high, Loïko, for thou mayest fall in the mud and dirty thy moustaches; look to it.'

"Fiercely Loïko looked at her, but did not say a word, and went on singing:

"'Hey! hop! if the day comes to us
And finds us asleep
Eh! What shall we do then?
We shall burn in the fire of shame.'

"'There's a song,' said Daniel, 'I never heard such a song before; let Satan make a pipe out of me if I don't speak the truth!' The old Noor was moving his moustaches and shrugging his shoulders in sign of satisfaction, and we all enjoyed Nobar's bold song. Only Radda did not like it. 'Once a mosquito droned trying to mimic the eagle's cry,' said she, as if she had thrown cold water over us. 'Perhaps thou wantst to feel the whip, Radda?' said Daniel, moving towards her; but Nobar threw his cap on the ground and spoke, looking black as thunder. 'Stop, Daniel! For a fiery horse a curb of steel! Give me thy daughter for wife!' 'What a speech to make,' said Daniel with a smile. 'Take her if thou canst and wilt!' 'All right!' answered Loïko, and turned to Radda: 'Now hear me, young girl, and don't puff thyself up. Many girls have I seen, a great many, but not one has touched my heart as thou hast done. Radda, thou

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hast taken hold of my soul. What is there to do? What is written must be . . . and there is no horse that can carry thee away from thyself! . . . I take thee to wife before God, my honour, thy father and all these people. Only take care, do not cross my will—I am a freeman yet and will live as I will!' and he came near her, his teeth set and his eyes flashing. We looked; he stretched out his hand; now, we thought, has Radda put a bridle on the horse of the steppe. When suddenly we saw him swing his arms upwards and fall down on his back! . . .

"What could it be? it seemed as if a bullet had hit him right in the breast. And that was simply Radda who had caught his feet in the big leathern whip and pulled it to her—that was why Loïko fell.

"And the girl stretched herself out again and lay silent, smiling to herself. We were waiting for what was coming next, but Loïko sat clutching his head hard as if he were afraid it would burst. Then he stood up quietly and went away on the steppe without looking at anybody. Noor whispered to me: 'Go, look after him!' and I crept after Nobar on the steppe in the darkness of the night."

Makar knocked out the ashes from his pipe and began to fill it again. I wrapped myself closer in my tchekmen, and looked at his old face tanned by exposure to the sun and wind. He was sternly shaking his head and muttering something to himself; his thick grey moustache was moving and the wind was beating the hair on his head. He looked like an old oak that the lightning had struck, but still grand, powerful, and proud of his strength. The sea went on whispering with the shore, and the wind went on carrying those whispers all over the steppe. Nonka had ceased singing, and the clouds that had gathered made the autumn night still darker and more dismal.

"Loïko went slowly with his head down and his arms hanging inertly at his side, and coming to the bank of the river he sat down on a stone and groaned. Groaned so that my

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heart bled in pity for him, but I did not come near him. What grief can be helped by words? Is it not so? One hour he sat, two hours, three—without moving, and I lay at a little distance from him. The night was clear, the moon overflooding with silver the whole steppe, and you could see at a great distance.

"Suddenly whom do I see coming quickly from the camp but Radda herself. My heart was gladdened. 'Ay,' thought I, 'she is the right sort of girl is Radda.' Now she came up to him quite close, but he did not hear. She put her hand on his shoulder; Loïko started, unclenched his hands, lifted up his head, and seeing her jumped up and seized his knife. 'Oh!' thought I, 'surely he'll murder the girl,' and I wanted to run up to them and to give a shout to the camp, when I heard: 'Leave that, Loïko, or I'll smash thy head!' And I see in Radda's hand a pistol, and she is pointing it at his head. A she-devil that girl! Now I see they are equally strong, what's going to happen next?

"Listen! Radda put her pistol in her belt, and said to Nobar: 'I did not come here to kill thee, but to make peace; throw down thy knife!' He threw it, and looked gloomily in her eyes. A wonderful thing, brother, to see two people looking daggers at each other, and both so splendid and bold. And only the moon and I looking at them. 'Now, hear me, Loïko,' said Radda, 'I love thee!' but he only made a movement with his shoulders as if his hands and feet were tied. 'I have seen fine fellows, but none of them was so splendid of body and soul as thou. Each one of them would let his moustache be shaved if I would only look at him—they would grovel at my feet if I wanted it, but I don't. They are not bold fellows as it is, and I should only make women of them. Few bold tzigans[1] are left in the world, Loïko, very few; I never loved any one, Loïko, but I love thee, and I love freedom. My freedom, Loïko, I love more than thee, but I could not live without thee, as thou canst not live without

[1] Gipsies.

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me, and so I want thee to be mine, body and soul. Dost thou hear?'

"The other smiled grimly. 'Oh yes, I hear. It gladdens the heart to hear thee. Well, go on.' 'Well, what I want to say is that, do what thou wilt, thou shalt not escape me, Loïko, thou shalt be mine. So don't lose time—my kisses and caresses wait for thee . . . deep will my kisses be, Loïko. Those kisses shall make thee forget thy free life . . . and thy bold songs that gladden the hearts of the brave tzigans will not be heard on the steppe any longer; and thou shalt sing only tender love songs to me, to thy Radda. . . . So don't lose time any more. I have said, so to-morrow thou must submit thyself to me as to an elder brother. Thou shalt bow to my feet before the whole camp, and kiss my right hand, and then only shall I be thy wife.'

"That's what she wanted, that devil of a girl! An unheard-of thing; only in olden times in Montenegro, say our elders, such was the custom, but between the gipsies—never. Well, my hawk, try to invent something more absurd than that! If thou plaguest thy head a whole year thou wouldst not find anything!

"Loïko sprang aside with a cry as of a wounded creature, that resounded all through the steppe. Radda shuddered but did not give way. 'Well, good-bye, and to-morrow thou shalt do as I ordered thee. Dost thou hear, Loïko?' 'I hear, I will,' moaned Nobar, and stretched his arms to her; but she did not even turn to him, and he wavered like a tree broken in a storm, and fell down on the earth laughing and crying.

"To what a state had she brought him, that cursed Radda! I had all the work in the world to bring him to himself. Eh! but who is the devil that delights in human woe I should like to know? Who is it that loves to hear how moans and breaks a human heart? Think about that! . . . I came back to the camp and told everything to the elders. They thought it out, and decided to wait and see what would happen. And what happened was this. In the evening when we all assembled

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round the fire Loïko came too. He looked troubled, and in one night had grown frightfully thin. His eyes were sunken; he did not lift them up when he began speaking to us. 'My brothers, I looked in my heart last night and did not find in it room for my old free life. Only Radda lives there alone. There she is, the beautiful Radda, smiling like a queen! She loves her freedom more than me, and I love her more than my freedom, and I have decided to bow to her feet as she has commanded, so that every one may see how her beauty has enslaved the bold Loïko Nobar, who to this time has only played with young girls; and after that she will be my wife, and will caress and kiss me, so that I shall not want to sing any more, and shall not regret my freedom. Is it not so, Radda?' He lifted his eyes and looked at her darkly. Silently and rigidly she nodded, and pointed to her feet. And we looked on and could not understand. We wanted to run away somewhere only not to see how Loïko Nobar would fall at the feet of a girl—were that girl Radda herself. We felt ashamed and sad and sorry. 'Well!' cried Radda to Nobar. 'Eh! Eh! don't hurry, time enough, it will bore thee yet' . . . laughed he. As if steel had clashed—he laughed. 'So that is the whole story, brothers. What is left? There is left only to try if my Radda's heart is as strong as she showed it to me. So I'll try. Forgive me brothers.'

"Before we could guess what Nobar wanted to do, Radda was lying on the ground and in her breast was stuck to the hilt Loïko's crooked knife. We stood benumbed. And Radda seized the knife, drew it from her breast and throwing it away stopped the bleeding of her wound with a tress of her black hair, and smiling, said loudly and distinctly: 'Good-bye, Loïko. I knew thou would'st do it!' and died.

"Have you understood the girl, my hawk? She was a devilish girl, I am damned if she wasn't. 'Eh! but let me bow to thy feet, my proud queen!' shouted Loïko, and throwing himself on the ground he pressed his lips to the feet of the dead Radda. We took off our hats and stood silently.

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"What do you say to that, my hawk? Noor said: 'He ought to be tied.' But no one would lift a hand to tie Loïko Nobar, no one; and Noor knew that. So he only waved his hand resignedly and moved away. And Daniel picked up the knife that Radda had thrown aside and looked at it a long time, moving his grey moustaches; on that knife Radda's warm blood had not yet had time to cool, and it was so crooked and sharp. And then Daniel came to Nobar and thrust the knife in his back just opposite the heart. After all he was Radda's father, was the old soldier Daniel! 'That's right,' said Loïko serenely, turning to Daniel, and went off after Radda.

"And we stood looking on. Radda was lying holding her hair pressed to her breast and her open eyes were fixed on the blue sky and at her feet lay stretched out the bold Loïko Nobar. His locks had fallen on his face so that you could not see it.

"We stood there in deep thought. Old Daniel's moustaches were trembling and his bushy eyebrows were knit. He looked at the sky silently, and Noor, whose hair was white as snow, lay down face to the ground and sobbed so that his old shoulders heaved violently.

"There was reason for crying, my hawk, wasn't there? If you have chosen your path in life, then go. Don't turn aside. Go straight. That's all, my hawk!" Makar finished speaking, and hiding his pipe in his pouch crossed his tchekmen over his breast. It was beginning to rain: the wind grew stronger and the sea was roaring dully and angrily. One after the other the horses came round the sinking fire, and after having looked at us with their big, intelligent eyes stopped there surrounding us with a ring.

"Hop, hop!" Makar addressed them caressingly, and patted his favourite black horse on the neck, and turning to me said: "It's time to go to sleep"; wrapped himself with his head in his tchekmen and stretching himself out, lay quietly. But I had no wish to sleep. I gazed through the darkness of the steppe to the sea, and before my eyes floated the queenly

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beautiful and haughty figure of Radda. She had pressed her hand with the tress of her black hair to her wound and between her slender fingers the blood was oozing drop by drop and falling on the earth like fiery red stars.

And behind her came the bold fellow Loïko Nobar; his face was covered with his thick black locks, and behind them tears were dropping, thick and cold and large tears. . . .

The rain grew stronger and the sea was singing a solemn and triumphal dirge for the proud couple of handsome gipsies —for Loïko Nobar and for Radda, the daughter of the old soldier Daniel.

And they were turning round and round in the darkness of the night lightly and silently and it was impossible for the beautiful singer Loïko to come up to the proud Radda's level. . . .

MAKSIM GORKY.

(*Translated from the Russian by* M. MOJAYSKY.)

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THE HAPPY VALLEY

NO common road invades this narrow glen,
Little it gives or takes of this world's spoil;
Enough for these slow-footed husbandmen
And their unhasting toil
The silent track across the grass,
Where waggons indolently pass
With aching axle straining home,
And crush with deep-sunk wheels a fragrance from the loam.

The moss-grown gate to the first comer yields,
And from the staple hangs the rusty chain;
And cattle moving homeward from the fields
At evening, or in rain
Blowing abroad a fragrant cloud
Of breath, about the gateway crowd
And lick their flanks and knead the mire,
Until the loitering hind shall drive them to the byre.

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Large is the leisure of their peaceful days;
For summer is a dream of flowers and bees,
Till autumn puts forth lengthening ivy sprays,
And from the orchard trees
With golden apples falling one by one
Counts the slow lapsing hours till all be done,
And winter tempests turned to sleep
Safe 'neath the shining stars the Happy Valley keep.

Small is the homestead, and a vapour thin
Thriftily oozes from the chimney stack;
Behind, the high-roofed granaries hem it in
All orange-tiled and black;
Like silent barges pilèd high
With golden grain, that moveless lie
About the craft, whose fires run low
Had power to draw them there but may no farther go.

O track too little for an empire's wheels,
Too humble for the gorgeous car of state,
All Heaven-high thoughts that human spirit feels
Find entrance at thy gate:

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Thy lowly hills blot out the sea;
Wealth, power, contention, victory,
These perish and thou know'st not these;
Yet God dwells in thee here among thy flowers and trees.

PERCIVAL FORD.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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DECEMBER 1901

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NATIONAL FOG

WE have lately realised, if we did not know it before, that it is a serious disaster for a great metropolis to be fog-bound. The interruption of all business arrangements, the indefinite delay and congestion, the breaking of social engagements, the anxiety and danger, the physical discomfort and the sense of blindness and helplessness, combine to produce a peculiar depression of the spirits. It is an even more serious state of things when a cloud of darkness and bewilderment, however unsubstantial in reality, descends upon the mind of a whole people. By many of us the month of November 1901 will be remembered as an unusually trying instance of this state of the national atmosphere. The trouble is, of course, a temporary one; it is borne with doggedness or irritation, according to the temperament of the individual, and, on the whole, fortunately with much more doggedness than irritation, till some fine morning it is lifted by a breeze or penetrated by a gleam of sunshine, and in twenty-four hours is remembered only with a smile of self-commiseration. It is not, however, an evil to be ignored, nor is it, like the fog which besets the bodily eye, a matter for abuse rather than for discussion, for it is to a certain extent a preventible misfortune, and there are those whose duty it is to prevent it.

The origin of a national fog is complex, but it is not far to seek; the present instance is a thoroughly typical one, and will repay examination. When the wind of discussion is no

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longer blowing at Westminster, a frosty calm sets in; this is looked upon by the weary Government of the day as a time for prolonged morning slumber, and by their opponents as an opportunity for pressing an alternative view upon a public which finds difficulty enough in grasping one aspect of any question. The Englishman, who two years ago or more set out with complete self-confidence upon an apparently simple journey, has been, on the whole, little troubled with the growing indistinctness of his outlook, and has borne some painful stumbles with fortitude, because he believes that he is going straight and has nearly reached his goal. Unfortunately, it is a long time now since he started, and he is not only growing hazy about the object—the exact object—of his journey, but he is also tired enough to feel that he ought by this to be at any rate visibly approaching it. An accident, a collision, unimportant in itself, but occurring at a point where he thought the way was clear, dazes him for the moment with the suggestion that he may be going wrong after all. For no other reason, and from no other point of view than this, can the attack on Benson's column be regarded as a serious disaster. The general showed himself to the last moment of his life to be as cool and skilful as he was heroically brave; but it is no disparagement of him to deny that he is irreplaceable, and it is the most fitting praise of him to affirm that the honour he gained for our arms and the loss he inflicted on the enemy were well worth buying, even at so dear a price. But the news reached us in the form of a meagre report of a "Reverse," or a "British Disaster," and in the moment of the shock, and the bewilderment caused by it, the Englishman became conscious that he was walking almost in darkness, and that a dozen would-be guides were shouting directions at him from every street corner within hearing.

It is these confusing noises, these clamorous and contradictory warnings, that are the chief danger of the fog. A man may, if he has set out upon a straight road and kept resolutely to it, come safely to his destination through a reek that makes his heart sink and his eyes smart; but let him stop to doubt, or

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take advice from the interested, the panic-stricken, or the merely ignorant, and he may easily enough lose his way and his purse, and possibly his life. The Englishman has lately suffered much from these voluntary foghorns, these sirens of the street; he has had to listen, within the space of a few days, to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Haldane, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Courtney, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Walter Long, from the platform, and to Sir William Harcourt and Mr. J. B. Robinson from the correspondents' corner; and the babel was swelled by a host of other voices of less carrying power. The Englishman, who could not see before, now could not even hear himself think. Hardly any two of his advisers had anything to the point in common. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman pronounced the war objectionable because it involved suffering; he was violent, but he did not show that the suffering could have been avoided. Mr. Morley thought that terms should be offered to the Boers; but he was not in a position to say that terms had not been offered, and refused. Mr. Chamberlain, who might, on the other hand, have spoken with authority on this point, gave his attention to answering the charges of barbarity, and succeeded only (by a perfectly just comparison) in exasperating the Germans, who are wandering in a very bitter fog of their own. Sir William Harcourt, after ransacking the whole forest for a stick to beat the Government, produced a lawyer's letter on the status of guerillas. Mr. Haldane protested against Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach against Mr. Morley, and Mr. Courtney, on behalf of his Conciliation Committee, challenged every other set of men in the country. The minor outcries included several from officers in South Africa, who, knowing even less than the public in England know about the progress of the war, were naturally even more anxious to have it finished. Finally came Lord Salisbury's and Mr. Brodrick's speeches, of which we shall speak later.

Of the confusion caused by these discordant outcries there can be no doubt; but there are, nevertheless, two very distinct

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views which may be held concerning them. To some—we should be surprised not to find certain members of the Government among them—the making of speeches on public affairs when Parliament is not sitting is a pernicious custom developed in a degenerate age. To such minds a Government appears as an agent to whom a general authority has been very properly delegated by a young and inexperienced employer, an agent liable to be called to account not from time to time, but only once for all, and under no sanction but the power of summary dismissal: an agent whom you must no more embarrass in his operations by impatient and meddlesome inquiries than you would worry your gardener by digging up his seeds to make sure that they are sprouting. That which is some day to be brought to table for the final test, must be planted in the dark and kept in the dark—the longer the better. The duty of the principal is to trust his agent absolutely, and even on the verge of apparent ruin to possess his soul in silent patience. This view, in time of war, leads directly to a rigorous censorship and a hankering after martial law: it is not unlikely to develop into a contempt for public opinion, and it certainly has been known to produce a lack of mutual sympathy between the people and their representatives. It is a view which is characteristic of one kind of Englishman, and it is honestly and courageously held: we respect it, but with none the less certainty that though commanded by all the honesty and courage in the world the sun will not stand still. The times are changed; and not only, with deference to Lord Salisbury, by the diminution of time of transit. We doubt if the news of Colenso or the recent anxiety as to the prolongation of the war, would have made a much less painful impression upon the mind of the public if South Africa had been three months rather than three weeks voyage distant, and the telegraph had not been yet invented. We do not believe that such a theory could be supported by a reference to history. Disasters and anxieties did indeed produce somewhat different results a century ago, but for another reason: the minority who con-

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trolled votes, the minority really represented by the Government of the day, held the view which we have set forth above, and were the more willing to trust the Government to conduct a war, because it was the Government rather than any one else who had made the war. England lived in those days under an aristocracy; the agent had but a small number of principals to whom he owed an account; the nation at large was in reality under tutelage.

All this is now changed, and for ever. In theory, and to a great extent in fact, we live under a democracy. A view which was once true and useful, is now no longer useful because it is no longer true or even possible. The Government of England at the present day can no longer refuse to keep its books open for continual inspection, can no longer refuse to give an account of its transactions as it were from day to day, because it is no longer the agent of the few, of the limited and well-informed class from whom its own members are chiefly drawn, but of the many, of the main body of the people. If the present war were the work of the section of the commonwealth known as "the Upper Ten Thousand," it is possible that that class, which is often, through club gossip and War Office leakage, only too fully supplied with accounts of what is going on behind the screen, might be willing to give their agents a very free hand indeed; but whatever may have been the origin or remote causes of our South African troubles, there can be no doubt whatever that from and after the Bloemfontein Conference, at least, this quarrel is the business of the majority of the English people, accepted by them and taken over with all liabilities, including that of defending actions brought in the High Court of War. It may be regrettable that this should be so; it may even be, as some have hinted, that a democracy is almost unfitted constitutionally for carrying on war at all; but the fact remains that in a democratic country wars will in future be made and carried on by the people, or by no one. The pro-Boers have from the first seen this clearly, and they have consistently sought to gain their ends not so much by attacking the opinion of the

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majority as by representing Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner as the authors of this war, as agents who exceeded the authority of their principals. Again and again they have offered us this golden bridge for retreat: "You need not recant or humiliate yourselves; you have but to disavow Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner; free yourselves from the infatuation they have cast upon you; drive them forth as scapegoats, and you can make peace with honour." We need say nothing about the honour, but such a peace is impossible, for the country is under no illusion as to whose war this is. When Mr. Kruger rejected the Garibaldian prescription "Try Liberty," and defied the progress of the world, it was no Minister but a nation and an Empire that accepted his challenge.

The responsibility of the Government then, in our opinion, is not for the making of the war but for the conduct of it: and they are responsible not to that section of the Opposition which has with incredible folly put itself out of court by disclaiming its share in the national responsibility, but to the great bulk of the people who, having taken in hand a just and probably inevitable war wish to see it brought to an early and successful end. Ministers are responsible, in brief, not to their enemies but to their backers; and this fact, which is the key to the present situation, they continue to ignore or to deal with on principles which have long been obsolete. Whether they approve or disapprove, their critics in this country, which is not under martial law, will speak outside Parliament when they have no Parliament in which to speak. On the subject of the war, on which these critics are all more or less ignorant, and some of them entirely malevolent, much will no doubt be said that is unnecessary and even dangerous; but the old remedy, the remedy to which the Government clings, is worse than useless. If your head is aching from John's assault it will not be cured because Joe batters John in turn still more severely. Such a proceeding may be just and possibly salutary to John; it is certain to cause pleasure to some at least of the bystanders, but it will not give you back your wits; in the

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rough and tumble you will probably come off worse than ever. The Englishman in the fog does not want the ignorant and interested guides who beset him to be out-bawled or lashed with gibes; he wants to be told in a quiet and firm voice from time to time where he is.

We have no doubt that Lord Salisbury intended his late speech at the Guildhall for such a reassuring utterance; we are sure that he imagined it sufficient, we fear that he thought it all that the country was entitled to. That it was sufficient is an error which a perusal of the comments of the Press would expose; our present purpose is to deny strenuously that such vague and rare encouragement is all that we have a right to expect. To be quite plain, if the nation insists on having full information on certain matters, an English Government has no choice but to give that information or disappear. The second alternative is more remote than usual in the present case, perhaps more remote than it has ever been, but that fact does not affect the principle, and if openly used as a staff to lean upon would soon break in the hand of any Government, however strong numerically. The line taken by those who are sometimes spoken of as "our rulers" is a different one: they appeal, and with complete success, to the common sense of their principals; "We cannot tell you everything, or your own interests would suffer." This is very often true; it is no doubt more often and more vitally true than thoughtless people realise; but every piece of evidence and every reasonable presumption goes strongly to show that the present Government has during the Boer war used this plea to abuse our forbearance out of measure. We impute to them no discreditable motive; their patriotism is beyond question, and they are right in supposing that if they disappeared before the war is ended the last state of this nation would be worse than the first. But in determining to keep us in the dark for our own good to the extent they have done for months past, they have exceeded the limit both of what is legitimate and of what is necessary or expedient.

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The Englishman is the more clearly entitled to bring this charge against his agents, because his own attitude has been throughout irreproachable. He has borne disaster upon disaster with a Roman fortitude that places this, from a national point of view, among the most glorious of our wars; he has raised, without stint and without complaint, supplies that wake the bitter admiration of other countries. More than all, he has endured, with a constancy which no other people has ever been called upon to attempt, a constancy such as can only be paralleled in the story of Job or the Lives of the Martyrs, the vile abuse, the treachery, the base suggestions of some among his own household. There have been times when men undistracted by any bereavement of their own have envied their friends the wounded son, the brother in hourly danger, the keen personal pain that seemed to thrust aside the more deadly ache of patriotism, and times when even death was made more bitter by the thought that the dearest might after all have been given in vain. The courage with which this struggle has been carried on from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, has never failed; we do not believe that it would ever fail. But those who should have helped and encouraged us have thought too little of the strain of looking forward in a darkness full of danger.

> Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
> And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars.

We write, as those who serve the public must write, with less reticence than would be expected from the individual Englishman; not only because we have to express the collective feelings of many men, but chiefly because the matter can be, and for the Government's own sake should be, remedied. It may be that in their case, as in some others, to know all would be to pardon all; but without going into such extravagant conjectures we may at any rate suggest that a sympathetic Government would be better followed than one which neglects its supporters to wrangle with its enemies.

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It is not much, after all, that is required; but, on the other hand, it is something quite definite, and something of which at present there is no sign. Mr. Brodrick's speech was a good speech of its kind; like Lord Salisbury's, it rang with an unmistakable sound such as painted laths do not give forth; better still, it was the speech of a young man, a man with more resolution than philosophy; there was about it none of that ominous un-Ministerial quality, Resignation. But it was inadequate for two reasons. We feel the less difficulty in pressing them because they concern others more than Mr. Brodrick himself. In the first place, then, his speech came too late; it helped to disperse the fog, but we are pleading for such a continuous and steady current of instruction as shall keep the outlook clear throughout. In the second place, Mr. Brodrick spoke for himself and for his own Department; there is an impression about—true or untrue, it goes to his credit—that he is at times decidedly in advance of his colleagues, and has once at least done right without leave. In any case, his speech, and those of other Ministers who have given us their opinions on the war, have shown such a diversity of view that it is evidently on his own behalf, and not on that of the Cabinet in Council that each one has been speaking. But we are pleading for clear and continuous information as to the direction which the policy of the whole Government is taking, and the amount of ascertainable progress which it has made.

We have said that it is in our belief impossible to postpone much longer this change of attitude, this adaptation to a new environment, this more modern view of the relation between Ministers and a nation at war. We believe further that to the present Government such a change would bring—would long ago have brought—distinct advantages. To begin with, the damaging effect of their repeated miscalculations would have been discounted beforehand; as it is, from the despatch of the irresistible Army Corps of fifty thousand men (infantry preferred) down to the return of the troops in September last, the public have been asked to trust blindly in the judgment of men whose estimates have invariably been miscalculated, and their

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hopes invariably disappointed. Such trust is always dangerous; it will last as long as it is justified by continuous success and no longer; it cannot die without the risk of grave consequences. At this moment we believe that the public trust is actually dead; that a demand for a change of Government does not follow is due to certain special circumstances. The country no longer believes that the Cabinet is a coherent body of men who know both their own and each other's minds; or that its members have the gift of sympathetic insight into the character of Englishmen and Boers; or that they are in any other way the men most capable of carrying out the business in hand. But it does know that they are sound at heart and of undefeated courage; and that the only alternative yet offered to their counsel is a counsel of despair, put forward by the vacillating, the unpatriotic, the vindictive, the partisans upon whom the enemies of England stake their last hope. If it be true that Mr. Kruger, or those who have him in charge, have declared that upon no terms will they ever enter into negotiations with the present British Cabinet, then the present British Cabinet is finally placed beyond attack by those who have opposed the policy of the war; the addition of Mr. Kruger's weight would sink the most buoyant Opposition. But there remains the possibility that another alternative counsel may shortly be offered to us; a counsel dictated by patriotism no less unsullied than that of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, and recommended by more apparent chances of success. The Government would do well to put into the hands of their friends the means of defending them, before they are once more confronted by a Liberal Party under the command of a Liberal Leader.

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ON THE LINE

AN Academy of Letters in England would be crowded, and without waste of time, by the wrong people. Every one knows that it would be so; and this, though not among the reasons most commonly objected, is the true, the only really strong, one. Nevertheless, some centre of authority would, in our opinion, prove of inestimable value to English letters. An abuse in itself, it would form an excellent rallying-point for the opposition of the young. Exclusion would at least breed a sense of brotherhood, and concentrate a vast amount of enthusiasm now dissipated and nerveless. Take our novelists, for example. We have any number of romantic writers, each strenuously following his own bent, each doing what is right in his own eyes. What they lack is a rallying-point of enthusiasm. Author's Clubs are all very well, but they do not beget the fervid *camaraderie* which gave a strength beyond the totalled strength of individuals to the young French Romantics whom Miss M. E. Coleridge brings together in a brilliant chapter of her new novel, **The Fiery Dawn.** (Arnold. 6*s.*) Fine work as it is, our first thought on laying it down was one of regret. It is being warmly praised in reviews: it will find its public, no doubt, and run through several editions. Yet the success it ought to win is not a success of the libraries, but an inspiring and inspiriting success in the heart of youth. For indeed it is true wine of romance; wine of young blood, of adventure and passion, of moonlight and music and the

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nightingale's song; and wine as delicately hoarded as that of Cos, the recipe for which you may find in Miss Coleridge's pages if you have not already studied it in Mr. Sturge Moore's exquisite poem of "The Vinedresser." Halfway through, the story (which is concerned with France in the 'thirties and the Duchesse de Berry's wild rising in La Vendée) becomes complicated and difficult, almost confused, but recovers itself, and almost, if not quite, recovers the charm of its earlier chapters. This is none of your cut-and-thrust romances, though it contains one fiery scene of bloodshed. It takes poetry for its theme: not poetry cut into alexandrines, but poetry fluid in a young man's temperament, madcap and irresponsible at first, then tempered with tears and blood and hardened into chivalrous devotion. The book is a gallery of good portraits too; some serio-comic, among which that of the journalist Blum stands, in our opinion, easily first. It has adventures which have nothing to do with raiding and reiving, sword-play or man-slaughter, and yet are genuine adventures of the soul. But best of all remains its delicate atmosphere of romance, its high-spirited folly.

> Brave lads in olden musical centuries
> Sang, night by night, adorable choruses,
> Sat late by ale-house doors in April
> Chanting in joy as the moon was rising.

Miss Coleridge has published her book in 1901, and it professes to deal with certain events in 1881–2 and thereabouts; but it belongs by right to that brief, unfading season when all the trees are green, all the geese swans, and "Love and Apollo are there to chorus."

The Hercules that proves too much for **A Modern Antæus**—(The Writer of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." Murray. 6*s.*)—takes many forms. He is at first a stupid nurse, next a brutal maid called Sally, then a dull governess of the name of Miss Binning, then a duller schoolmaster called Dr. Coney—lastly, dullest and strongest of all, the

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unlucky lad's own father, Mr. Beresford Gavney. Unlucky? No, that is not the word. He is a child of Water as well as of Earth. Any one who has loved both these elements will confess that Tristram, despite many untoward circumstances, lived well if he did not live long. Earth was good to him, Water was good to him, men and women were good to him. Only business, and the inhuman creatures of convention were against him; and the whole of London had to be invoked to ruin—after the manner in which Richard Feverel was ruined—a young man born to play the knight. The writer, who wore last autumn the mask of a most fascinating lady, wears this year the disguise of the manliest of men, George Meredith. Often his voice is hardly to be distinguished from the original, as in the elaborate reflections—in the frequent use of the word "One" ("One sees, One fancies")—when he speaks in the character of "The Sage," who is dragged in as George Meredith drags in a man who keeps diaries, to talk like an oracular chorus—as in the unsuccessful character of Lady Petwyn, who represents mere violence, without the strength which that firm hand would have given her. There are odd colloquialisms here and there. People are "in the hopes of," or they "start to," or they are "relenting the hard silence," or they are "very abashed," or "too eaten up with greed." And there are stranger things than these.

The childhood of Tristram is described with microscopic perfection. He and his sister Marcia stand entirely by themselves; there are no other children like them, none with whom to compare them. To this part of the book the reader returns again and again—it casts a spell over memory. The change we all know and deplore follows. The children turn into boy and girl. The wonder of them is gone; they act as other boys and girls have acted. Marcia indeed almost disappears, and henceforth, although there are women enough and to spare, the book lacks a heroine. After ten blissful chapters "Auntie Dorrie," whom we see with the children's eyes and love with the children's love, is doomed to die in a foreign land, and we are left inconsolable for her loss. "Nan-nan," who is of the

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nursing sisterhood of Mrs. Berry, becomes a name. Tristram goes to school—and boys' schools have been overdone in fiction, so that we are inclined to pass lightly over Dr. Coney's establishment. The idylls of wood and pasture that succeed are often very beautiful; but the dry humour, the deep knowledge of Hardy on a similar theme are wanting. Tristram's friend, Raymond Hannam, wrongs Lizzie Haycraft, a daughter of the soil. Tristram, ignorant of the real offender (to whom she remains loyal), chivalrously protects—finally offers to marry her. The blame is cast on him. To his hard, suspicious father he refuses to give any explanation; but he does assure his mother that he is guiltless, and here fidelity to a plot has occasioned falseness to Nature. Mothers are not so quick to doubt their sons. Tristram finds Raymond out and forces him to an unequal combat in which he himself is worsted, scoring a moral victory, for Raymond—a much bigger and stronger man—has the grace to feel ashamed of himself, marries Lizzie, emigrates, and lives happy ever after. The scene of the fight is very fine, one of the finest of a volume that abounds in romance, and many of the scenes leading up to it are excellent; but there are too many episodes and they are too long. We cannot resist the desire to quote an admirable passage describing Tristram's experience of a thunderstorm:

> The water poured over him with welcoming rush as his body shot out from the bank; down he went and down; such delicious cold embraced him, he wished never to rise.
>
> Suddenly, as he still dived, enchantment opened round him: all beneath him became vivid, illuminated, moving. Before his gaze the pool's bed was flicked by three sharp shocks of light; his eye took in ripple of weed, spectral colour of darting fish, his own shadow, frog-like and huge, moving under him with antic gesture, a whole under-world alive with uncouth form, scattering away in panic motion as he charged.
>
> Only for a moment; the vision vanished. He rose in time to hear the rattling tail of the thunder, and to feel the first huge drops of storm descending over the pond.
>
> Antæus had found his playfellow. The rain lashed him over head and face as seeking to drown what remained of him in air; thunder battered its

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applause, lightning came straight-hurled against the broad target of grey water that held him safe; in livid shocks the surrounding trees seemed to break out into green flame, and every rushing rain-drop to become a tongue of fire. On the island a single pine toppled and crashed down: Tristram beheld it, cleft from crest to base, and felt that for the first time he had seen thunder. He shouted and sang like a madman as he swam up and down in the splendour of the storm.

Alas, to spare his mother and Marcia, Tristram, obeying his father against every natural instinct, gives up the country life to which he was born, gives up his Mother Earth and all her wholesome ways, and goes to London to work in the paternal house of business and do his best—or his worst—to avert a crash! For some time he is proof; at length he yields to the temptations of the town, returning home broken-hearted, only to die:

> And Youth, I most bewail thee,
> Thy purpose was so great:
> But the foes that did assail thee
> Were stronger than thy fate,
> And thy heart it was so ruddy red
> That every archer knew
> Where he might best impale thee
> And drive his arrows through.

The perfect story called **King's End** by Alice Brown —(Constable. 5*s*.)—leaves the reviewer little to say, for simplicity is part of its charm, and to dissect the flower would be to destroy. It belongs to the same class as "La Petite Fadette," "Silas Marner," and "Cousin Phyllis." Here is yet another of the wonderful American ladies who know the lower middle-class of their own country as George Eliot knew it in hers. The style is the idyllic style, quiet, even, full of gentle sayings that are the outcome of deep reflection. The author is not on the side of joy nor on the side of sorrow, but for that still, strong life which underlies them both in the human creatures who have grown up far from the artificial toil and moil of a city. Here are no "types," but men and women, loving, dutiful, inconsistent. If every one who reads of her is

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not in love with Nancy, the world must be a poor place indeed. Her two admirers are drawn with irresistible humour and pathos; and hard of heart must that man be who could resist Elder Kent, and his old sister, Julia.

The Arbiter, by Mrs. Hugh Bell—(Arnold. 6*s.*)—gives the reader just the amount and kind of pleasure that he would get from a bright and well-acted modern play. Mrs. Bell has determined, at all costs, to avoid an ambitious failure, and has chosen limitations within which success, for her, was certain. Her plot is a melodrama, and requires from the audience a certain amount of make-believe, or of willingness to be made believe, but, on the other hand, even the less probable things are done in the most probable way, by real people really belonging to their own world, and their more intimate relations to each other are indicated with a truthfulness and delicacy which could hardly be preserved upon the stage. Rachel's confession to her mother, in Chapter IV., is a charming piece of dialogue; and some of the other scenes, if they lack the distinction of this one, make up for it by the strength of the situations they present. The whole house suffers acutely when the Premier refuses to sit at table with his wrongly suspected secretary; and triumphs when the injured man's wife beards the great minister —and conquers him—at the Bazaar. If Mrs. Bell will give us a more serious play, dressed and acted with equal skill, we shall be still more grateful.

Mr. Andrew Lang does not profess to solve **The Mystery of Mary Stuart** in this fascinating volume of cautious historical investigation. (Longmans. 16*s.*) He passes in review the series of events from the murder of Riccio, in March 1566, to the production before Elizabeth's Commission sitting at Westminster, in December 1568, of the incriminating letters from Mary to Bothwell, celebrated as the Casket Letters. Regarding their authenticity, controversy is still alive on the Continent and in America. Tersely, and with judicial impartiality, Mr.

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Lang sifts the facts and marshals before the reader every consideration that can assist him to a decision on the question of Mary's complicity in the Darnley murder, so vitally important to Mary's reputation, and, only in a less degree, to that of Elizabeth. His materials are the old ones, with the exception of certain Lennox papers, briefs drawn up by Lennox, Darnley's father, while working up the case against Mary. Interesting as these are, they throw no real new light, and we are left to balance the old probabilities discussed by Hosack and Henderson, and to appraise the doubts arising from the scoundrelism of the faction by whom the letters were propounded, the unsatisfactory investigation by the Commission in the absence of the accused, the early indications that forgery was at work in allusions to an additional letter that seems to have existed, but never was produced by the accusers, and the numerous small points, unimportant in themselves, but on whose cumulative force reliance is placed to clear Mary.

The general verdict of history at the present day, which has accepted the letters, has been chiefly influenced by their style and matter, and by the improbability of any forger being found of sufficiently daring imagination to create such moods of self-revelation as they portray. Most people will agree with Froude that the art of a Shakespeare would have been required for the purpose. On this point no one is better qualified to speak than Mr. Lang, with his subtle appreciation of the characters of the chief actors in the drama—the Queen, "sensitive, proud, tameless, fierce and kind;" Darnley, "the young fool;" Bothwell, "the furious man" (who is credited here with much more culture than is commonly supposed); the cautious Moray, who "looked through his fingers" at the misdeeds of his party, and William Maitland, of Lethington, Michael Wylie (Machiavelli), as the Scots nicknamed him. On the internal evidence of style, Mr. Lang's conclusion is that "this testimony seems rather in favour of the authenticity of considerable and compromising portions of the papers." We think that Mary's apologists would do well to abide by the treatment of her cause presented by one

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who is a chivalrous admirer, and to let the case stand where Mr. Lang has left it.

Giovanni Segantini. By L. Villari. (Unwin. 21s. net.)—Whether Segantini was a great artist or not his life was worth writing for its own sake. His life was, in fact, just what our romantic feelings always demand for the artist's life, it has almost the true Vasarian ring. The son of a carpenter, born in a village of the Trentino, he was left by his father to an elder sister's care in Milan, where he passed through a childhood of desperate loneliness and poverty. His romantic escape from Milan in the hope of getting to France, his discovery by some peasants whose swineherd he remained for many years, the touching story of how he first attempted to draw because he overheard a poor woman who had lost her child saying, "If only I had a portrait of her," his return to Milan, his training at the Brera Academy, and his rebellion against academic ideas—all these are charmingly orthodox situations in an artist's life, and persuade one to believe in his genius quite apart from his work. In Mr. Villari's book they are for the most part told in Segantini's own words, and they have therefore the charm of a really primitive narrative recorded by one whose style was never spoiled by education.

Segantini was, in fact, the ideal modern artist, or rather the artist who exemplified the ideas about art which have the largest currency at the present time. He believed in genius as opposed to training; he believed in nature as opposed to style; he believed in sentimental nebulosity as opposed to clearly articulated thought; he believed in the discovery of a new art and the abolition of the old, instead of recognising that the principles of beauty are eternal and immutable. And yet one cannot doubt that Segantini was not only a singularly lovable and simple-minded man, bnt, in a sense, a true artist. His peculiarities of method which have aroused so much opposition were not like those of some recent French painters, the result of wilful and capricious extravagance. There is not the faintest

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suggestion of a *boutade* in any of his works; they are all the outcome of a simple-minded devotion to an aim—that of rendering the atmosphere of high alpine valleys in which the total effect is made up of an infinity of formless details seen with that clear hardness and precision which the rarefied air permits. And in that aim he undoubtedly succeeded. With this naturalistic aim he combined the desire to suggest moral ideas, and although his symbolism remained to the end misty and inchoate, curiously Teutonic and un-Italian in its essence, it shows always the sincere attempt to express deeply-felt personal ideas. Mr. Villari has told the story of Segantini's life sympathetically; his analysis of his art is not so satisfactory, and might with advantage have been compressed. The numerous reproductions of Segantini's works are good.

The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. By Bernhard Berenson. (Bell. 10*s.* 6*d.*)—Mr. Berenson was well-advised to collect into a convenient and accessible form these essays on Italian art which have appeared in various learned journals. Their value for the student is moreover greatly increased by the reproduction of a number of the pictures which he discusses, many of which are but little known. The subjects of the essays are very various. He begins with an able apology for Vasari. Modern researchers since Morelli set the fashion have been a little too much pleased to find that Vasari was inaccurate, and his great qualities not only as a narrator but as an interpreter and critic have been somewhat overlooked. We could wish that Mr. Berenson had said still more of Vasari's critical acumen. The familiar style in which he expresses his artistic judgments, the casual manner in which they are interpolated in the narrative, and a certain air of good-natured Philistinism about the man, all tend to mislead one, as do also the worn-out æsthetic theories which, as Mr. Berenson points out, he made use of without troubling to revise them. But, nevertheless, the greater number of his judgments show that he appraised the artists of his time very nearly as an artist

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of to-day who made himself familiar with Italian art would do, and not at all as the Philistine would. Take, for instance, his charming hit at Benozzo Gozzoli, who is still the tourist's favourite, that "he did so many works that some of them turned out good." Decidedly, it is not fair to call Vasari the Boswell of the Italian masters.

The next essay is one on Dante's visual images, which raises the difficult and fascinating question of how people of different ages see nature. Mr. Berenson suggests that nearly every one sees nature as they are in the habit of seeing it painted, and that, therefore, Dante's visual images were as near as may be to Giotto's pictures. This is rather a surprising thesis, for to most readers of the Divine Comedy the general impression is of a far richer, more complex, more modern imagery than we see in Giotto's pictures. Did he, for instance, when he saw the towers of the city of Dis showing red with the eternal fire which glows within them, did he see them as flat patches of vermilion on a black background? It is, of course, a question one cannot definitely answer, but the passage arouses in our minds more of the actual effect of fire as we see it than does Giotto's painting of a *dark* red pyramid on a *lighter* ground in the fresco of St. Francis before the Sultan. It is quite true that the average middle-aged person sees nature like a Leader or a MacWhirter, whereas younger people tend to see it as a succession of Monets, but can we argue backwards from that to a quite primitive art, where there was a recognised way of representing each object? We doubt it.

We have chosen for discussion two essays which lie outside the usual range of Mr. Berenson's work, because they show the manysidedness of his interests, and the vitality of his intellect. He approaches the minute study of Italian art—and no one is more minute or more scientific in his investigations—not as German pedants do who must make their position by saying something new, but as a thinker who finds in the study of Italian art an instrument for the expression of an attitude towards life and thought.

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THE CROWN AND THE EMPIRE

THE Imperial Progress of the Duke and Duchess of York was an inspiration of statesmanship. To Englishmen it was a revelation of the power of the Crown, as the Jubilee pageant was a revelation of the personal influence of the reigning Sovereign. In 1860, when the Heir Apparent went to Canada, the House of Commons overshadowed the Crown, and the full significance of his visit was understood only in the Colonies. To-day the functions of the Three Estates of the Realm are seen in truer perspective, and the object of the voyage of the *Ophir* was as clear to Englishmen at home as it was to their brethren across the sea. The Duke of York was the ambassador, not of the Government or the nation, but of the King. The burden of his speeches was gratitude for the devotion of the Colonies to their late Sovereign Lady, as shown by sixty years of faithful service, personal loyalty to the King and the Royal House, as shown by their enthusiastic reception of himself and his Consort, fidelity to the Crown, as shown by their rally to the old flag in South Africa. His presence in the British Dominions oversea was not only the inevitable result of sixty years of effort on the part of Victoria, who unconsciously rebuilt the power of the Crown on a basis stronger than even Elizabeth knew, but of a century's effort on the part of the Colonies, which unconsciously built up a world-wide dominion. In other words the Crown is, as it always has been, the symbol and embodiment of the British Empire.

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Imperialism in this country, on the other hand, is a growth of yesterday. It is a party question, and looked at through party glasses. Naturally enough, Colonial Imperialism is seen from a point of view equally superficial, and, by an inversion of facts, possibly only in the political world, is supposed to be the child of English Imperialism brought into being by English statesmanship. On this matter Conservatives and Liberals are agreed, though each side claims the triumph for its own with a disregard of history and facts which would be sublime if it were not ridiculous. "The Colonies," said Mr. Balfour a few months ago, "repelled in the past by indifference and apathy, have responded to the sympathy which has recently been shown them." This idea, in every variety of form, appears in most of the public speeches and current literature of the day, so that we must suppose Englishmen take it for granted that Colonial Imperialism is as new as their own, and the magnificent demonstration of British unity in South Africa last year a direct result of wisdom at Westminster. Unfortunately for this view, the weight of historical evidence is entirely against it. Canada, Australasia, and South Africa are powerful communities in spite of British statesmanship, not because of it.

Imperialism is, perhaps, not the best word we could have chosen to suggest the revival of the Imperial spirit in these islands, but it is correct. In the Colonies it is correct in an entirely different sense. There it means a phase of loyalty, a term oftener used than Imperialism, which in England has no synonym. As, however, it expresses an aspiration common to all the free communities under the Crown, it is likely to come more and more into general favour. It should never be forgotten that Imperialism is an instinct, whereas loyalty is a sentiment, a passion, nay, something akin to religion, which for generations England despised, and to which, in the nature of things, she can never make full response. But the Twentieth Century sees her as true to the ideal of unity as she was false to it in the Nineteenth, and that is all the Colonies can desire. Somehow or other loyalty has come to be regarded as passive

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where Imperialism is active, a misconception which we owe to our superficial study of the growth of the British Empire Was the subjugation of half a continent a work less Imperial than the vindication of English honour on the battlefields of South Africa? Imperialism has been the moving force of Colonials from the beginning, and loyalty the sentiment which united them to the Mother Country and to one another. From the English point of view, however, each represents a particular phase of Imperial development. The first is destined to unite the different parts of the Empire in a majestic whole, the second held them together while they were growing to maturity. In the Colonies they are one and indivisible, for without loyalty, which saved the Empire from dismemberment in the past century, Imperialism would never have been called into being.

There is nothing new about Colonial Imperialism. Not only has it a great and splendid tradition, but its annals carry us back to the days of Elizabeth. Unhappily its continuity was apparently broken by the secession of the American plantations, which divides the Colonial history of England into two parts. The foundation of the Imperialism of the Nineteenth Century was the settlement of Loyalists in Canada after their abandonment by the Mother Country in the peace of 1783. Their ideal was a united Empire, which they served as no Empire has yet been served in the annals of time. Before the Declaration of Independence they were treated with respect as men of moderate views; after it, by a method of reasoning peculiar to the United States, they were treated as traitors. They saw as clearly as the Revolutionists that the policy of England was mistaken, but they believed it could be modified by constitutional means, and, at the worst, even wrongs might be endured where rebellion and dismemberment were the only alternatives. Politicians of the Manchester School assure us that a little tact and sympathy on the part of the Home Government would have averted war, and secured American loyalty to the Crown up to the present hour. Less superficial

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critics see the cause of the rupture in the obstinacy of the King and his Ministers. The same people argue in precisely the same fashion on the South African question. Had Mr. Chamberlain's manners been more diplomatic and Lord Milner's patience more marked, they say, in substance, there would have been no war. Such reasoning leaves out of account experience, human nature, and facts. It is based on an abstract philosophy born of ease and luxury. When men fight, the cause lies deep in the heart of things, though it is nearly always hidden by matters of little moment. To suppose that a people would involve their country in the horrors of a great war for anything but a principle is an insult alike to their intelligence and their patriotism. The God of Battles is never invoked if the question at issue can be settled in any other way, and only that over-subtlety is strangling our common sense, we at home should see this as clearly as our brethren across the sea.

Franklin, at the bar of the House of Commons, put the case of the Colonies before the English people with a lucidity that has never been surpassed. Every word of it is as true to-day as it was then. The Americans fought, not because England was unsympathetic, but because she asserted the rights of sovereignty. They maintained that they owed allegiance to the Crown, and the Crown only; she maintained that they owed allegiance to Parliament as representing her, to have admitted which would have been an acknowledgement of subjection. Their position was unassailable. Not only could they claim that their conception of the relations which should exist between the mother country and daughter states was the conception of Englishmen themselves until the Revolution of 1688, but that no other was in harmony with the political genius and tradition of the Anglo-Saxon race. In the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, Virginia and Carolina, Massachusetts and Nova Scotia, were described as kingdoms, proving that Britons at home and Britons oversea then possessed a common citizenship under a common Sovereign. It was not until the power of the Crown waned and the power

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of the House of Commons waxed, that this noble ideal lost its hold on the English mind. Apparently the long constitutional struggle, during the course of which one estate of the realm usurped the functions of the other two, robbed Englishmen of Imperial perspective, a fact noted by Sir John Seeley in his "Expansion of England." History was identified, not with the achievements and progress of the race, but with Parliamentary proceedings, and that is why so little is known of the development of the British Empire, which is not now, and never has been, on speaking terms with the House of Commons at Westminster. With Parliament supreme in England the idea gradually took shape that it was also supreme in the Colonies.

The Americans, whose conception of Empire was unchanged, naturally resented this backsliding on the part of their fellow-subjects across the water, particularly as it was marked by an attitude of irritating superiority towards themselves. As more and more cause of offence was given the feeling grew deeper until, after a century of misunderstanding, a fertile soil was prepared for the Revolution. Like most wars it was precipitated by a minor issue, popularly known as taxation without representation, but the real issue was the claim of England to rule the Colonies as a Sovereign State, just as the minor issue in the Transvaal crisis was the Uitlanders' grievances, the real issue British supremacy in South Africa.

The continuity of our Colonial history was, however, not broken by the Declaration of Independence as it might have been. This we owe to the savage partisan spirit displayed by the Revolutionists towards the Loyalists, the first Imperialists of the British Empire as we know it now. On the conclusion of peace it is usual for the victor to proclaim an amnesty. To the everlasting discredit of the American Republic, which refused to be bound by it, and of England, which failed to insist on it, this usage of nations was disregarded. In Lord Milner's pregnant words, spoken in connection with our conduct of the South African War, she gave away a friend in the idle

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hope of conciliating an enemy, a fatal practice which can be traced in every chapter of our Colonial diplomacy. Not until the cry of the suffering Loyalists grew as loud as it was bitter was she, for very shame, forced to listen. Grants of land according to their rank were given them in the wilderness of Western Canada and in the Maritime Province. They were provided with implements, and they were guaranteed rations until the soil yielded some return. This was the origin of the England over-sea, an origin so lofty that there never has been any other like it in the history of nations.

For the inspiration of the Loyalists was duty. To them freedom meant much, the bonds which united them to the Mother Country more. To preserve this they went through the fiery ordeal of a seven years' persecution, and, at the end of it, sacrificed home, fortune, friends, and country. That is to say, they gave up everything at the call of Empire. Unlike the Pilgrim Fathers, whose story is surpassed only by their own in grandeur, they were not able to take with them into the wilderness their valuable property in the shape of money, securities or household goods, nor were they given leisure to depart at a favourable season of the year. They were not emigrants safe-guarded by the King's Charter, but exiles, broken, beggared, proscribed. Men used to comfort, and even luxury, in the stately mansions of the Colonial period, were reduced to the merest necessaries of life in a log hut, and those trained in an atmosphere of culture and refinement were condemned to the rude existence of the pioneer. For it must be remembered that it was the loftiest heads in the plantations on whom the wrath of Revolutionists fell. The United Empire Loyalists were the very flower of the population, the officers and soldiers of the Colonial regiments which served during the war, the bearers of honoured names, divines, officials, judges, and landed proprietors. As such they were not fitted for life in the backwoods. Even nature, which was kind to the Pilgrim Fathers in the early days of New England, frowned on them. The fourth year of their settlement in Canada

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proved so disastrous that they were driven to eat roots and berries, and many of the weak and aged died of actual starvation. Such fidelity to principle, devoted self-sacrifice, and supreme forgetfulness of self-interest are commonly associated with faith, but rarely with politics. Canada is unique as a State inasmuch as she was brought into being by the moral and spiritual forces which are the foundation of all religions. In other words her Imperialism was sanctified by suffering.

That the source of Canada's strength was a source of weakness in the United States is admitted by Americans themselves. The development of a people sterilised by the loss of its conservative element is bound to be more or less unhealthy. Hence the Dominion, not the Republic, is the expression of the ideals of the Pilgrim Fathers. Moreover the Loyalists have preserved unbroken the tradition of English colonisation. The line of great Imperialists is continuous from Raleigh to Macdonald: the dream of the Nineteenth Century, as it is of the Twentieth, was the dream of the Sixteenth. It was only in England that the true conception of Empire was lost by the secession of the American colonies; only in England that the growth of Imperialism was arrested by a century of Provincialism. And so the struggle between her and her children oversea did not end with the triumph of those who rose in arms against her. It was continued in Canada by the Loyalists. For the cause of the Revolutionists was also theirs—they differed only in the means to be used for its vindication. In the avalanche of passions to which the war gave rise this was forgotten, but it was remembered when their struggle with nature enabled the Colonists to consider their political condition. As their views on responsible government, and on the mutual relations which should exist between the Mother Country and Daughter States were the same as those held by the Revolutionists, it was in Canada that the great battle of Colonial liberty was fought without dismembering the Empire.

It is curious that Sir John Seeley, with all his Imperial

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sympathy, should have missed the true significance of the American Revolution, which he says "might easily have been avoided had it been thought possible to give Parliamentary representation to the Colonists." The very wording of this phrase proves that he saw the link of Empire not in the Crown but in Parliament. He appears to have thought that the goal of Colonial ambition was a representation in the House of Commons. It never was, and is not now. The Mother of Parliaments has cut a sorry figure in Colonial eyes too often to be impressive, and consequently they see more clearly than English eyes that, in spite of its name, it is not Imperial. The representatives of Canada, Australasia, and South Africa will be summoned to the capital by the Sovereign some day, but not to the House of Commons. The very fact that the Revolutionists were in a minority until persecution gave them a majority is proof sufficient that the attitude of Englishmen was not the attitude of Colonists; the foundation of Upper Canada that, to these, neither the denial of representation at Westminster nor distance were barriers to the unity of the Empire. If, as Sir John Seeley says, we attach too much significance to the French Revolution, and too little to the American Revolution, so we attach too much significance to the Secession of the Thirteen States and too little to the exodus of the Loyalists. Canada is the keystone of the Imperial arch, and as Englishmen begin to realise it, some of the honour they have so lavishly paid to the founders of the Republic will be paid to the founders of the Dominion. Hitherto we have acted as though it were more worthy to dismember an Empire for liberty than to preserve it at the call of duty. Hence the story of the United Empire Loyalists is as unknown as the story of the Pilgrim Fathers is familiar. This is discreditable alike to our Imperialism and our patriotism.

Lord Milner's despatch on the South African situation alone excepted, Lord Durham's report is perhaps the ablest State paper on Colonial affairs written in the Nineteenth Century. But to argue as some writers do that it effected a

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complete change in England's Colonial policy is not borne out by history. In 1835 Lord Gosford was sent to Canada as Governor-General and Chairman of a Commission of Inquiry, which was positively forbidden to grant an elective Upper House or an Executive responsible to the people. In 1837 Lord John Russell went further. In defiance of the Assembly he brought in a Bill to take £142,000 out of the Provincial Treasury in order to pay the arrears of the Civil List, and when warned of the probable consequences of the step, answered that there was nothing in the attitude of the Home Government to justify rebellion. And so thought British Ministers on the eve of the American Revolution. Nevertheless we are asked to believe that the darkness which had resisted all the enlightening influences of a century and a half was at once illuminated by a masterly despatch. Is was not Lord Durham's report that brought officialism to reason, but the Canadian Rebellion, though the sentiment of the great mass of the people was entirely opposed to seeking redress by force of arms. The parallel drawn by pro-Boers between Canada and South Africa is an imaginary one, and the connection they see between a contented Dominion and Lord Durham's report is not quite so close as they would like to believe. It was not the Constitution of 1840 that solved the Canadian problem; but the British North American Bill of 1867. The origin of the good understanding between the English and French is not to be found in the attitude of the Home Government towards the Rebellion, but in the genius for government of the race. The broad basis on which Canada's foundations rest can be traced, not so much in the meteoric career of Lord Durham, but in the long and splendid career of Sir John Macdonald. It was not by measures but by men that the British Empire was built up, and by men it will be maintained.

So dark was the political situation in 1867 that no middle course presented itself to British North America: either she federated under the Crown or she would fall a prey to the

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Republic. Under the inspiration of Sir John Macdonald her choice was soon made, clearness of vision having been lent to her by the Trent Affair and the Fenian Raids. With the final triumph of Confederation the whole Empire, not Canada alone, was placed on a new and sounder basis. The great event of 1867 marks an epoch in English history as far-reaching in its consequences as the Declaration of Independence a century earlier. But while the one set the seal to dismemberment, the other was the first momentous step towards the union under the Crown of the many Englands scattered over the globe. That is to say, from a group of feeble Colonies wasting their strength in petty rivalries, the Dominion suddenly developed into a nation conscious of its power to play a great part in the consolidation of the British Empire.

Now, to her discredit, England made no response to this magnificent loyalty. There was a time when she laughed at it with grandmotherly indulgence as a folly of youth. Later on her tone sharpened, and she derided it as an unmarketable commodity, and a stumbling-block in the way of her commerce. Then was the Manchester School on the highest wave of its popularity, and Imperialism at its lowest ebb. Liberal and Conservative alike adopted the theory that Colonies are a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Mother Country, and should, therefore, be induced "to cut the painter" at the earliest possible moment. To deny it is childish. As well deny that the attempt of Grenville and North to enforce the claim of England to rule the plantations as a Sovereign State was ever made. If anything, the taxation policy of Tory statesmen was more creditable to them than was the dismemberment policy to Liberal statesmen. For it had some show of justice, and expressed the views of the King and nation, whereas the other merely expressed the views of a class, was sordid in its motive, and scouted every national and Imperial interest but the making of money. If the Tories of the Eighteenth Century were mistaken, the Liberals of the Nineteenth Century were frankly disloyal. Nevertheless, by a

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strange irony, the former dismembered the Empire; the latter, with nothing less for their aim, only succeeded in cementing it more closely together. The reason was given by Mr. Disraeli at the Crystal Palace in 1872: "The attempt of Liberalism to disintegrate the Empire has utterly failed. But how has it failed? By the sympathy of the Colonies for the mother country. *They* have decided that the Empire should not be destroyed."

The magnificent demonstration of Imperial solidarity on the battlefields of South Africa in 1900 was, therefore, not an isolated incident caused by a sudden outburst of loyalty, but the inevitable result of a hundred years of Colonial development. It was but a step in the road which began in tiny settlements, clinging to the Australian coast and lost in the wilderness of Canada, the greatest only because it was the last, and taken by the Colonies acting independently at the same moment. Behind it was the force generated by a century of strenuous life, ceaseless effort, and indomitable perseverance. It was the realisation of the dream of the United Empire Loyalist. For the first time in our history the British Empire bore a united front to its enemies. Guided by their own Imperial instinct Colonials practically solved the hitherto insoluble problem of Imperial defence; of their own free will they took upon themselves a share of those burdens which are the price of the mighty Empire they have helped to build. Political unity may be yet in the distance; practical unity is an accomplished fact.

When, therefore, English politicians speak of Colonial Imperialism as new, as the result of wise statesmanship, as a response to British sympathy, they are either ignorant or else shamelessly partisan. In the course of a speech delivered at the Hotel Cecil last June Lord Onslow said that "Mr. Chamberlain had done more than any other man in a few years to draw together the bonds of Empire . . . and by his wise and sagacious policy had produced that magnificent display of patriotism by which our fellow-Colonists had rallied

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to the old flag in South Africa." This is the smallest party coin, and is so generally in use that it is impossible to believe our Imperial awakening has more than begun, which perhaps accounts for the fact that the utterances of the most commonplace politician on the frontiers of the Empire have a truer ring of statesmanship than the utterances of Ministers of the Crown in England. And this will always be so as long as the Colonies are inspired to a man with a living sentiment, while the Mother Country clings to lifeless formulas, barren abstractions, and a worn-out philosophy. It was not the Premier, or any of his colleagues, that touched the right chord in the dark days of 1899, but Sir Wilfred Laurier. To describe Colonial Imperialism as new or the effect of wisdom in Downing Street is an insult to Colonial loyalty, which, in spite of a century's indifference, neglect, injustice, and contempt, has built up the Dominion, Australia and South Africa, saved the Empire from dismemberment, and preserved the true Imperial ideal when it was lost in the Mother Country. The statesmen who gave the greatest impetus to Imperialism in the Nineteenth Century were Queen Victoria, Disraeli, Macdonald, Wentworth, and Rhodes.

It may be doubted whether people at home fully understand the vital part played by loyalty in the political and social life of the Colonies. Those salutary checks to a progressive democracy, tradition, an established church, well-defined classes, a governing aristocracy, and the subtle yet powerful influences of an insular environment, cannot be transplanted. They are the growth of centuries, and cannot be made to order according to the latest philosophic fad. In the Colonies their place is, to a great extent, taken by loyalty. It can be traced in every feature of the national life; in the press by its dignity, moderation, and literary ability; in the administration of municipal affairs by their effectiveness and purity; on the judicial bench by its incorruptibility and intellectual weight; in the great mass of the people by their instinctive obedience to law. Crimes of violence are rare. Money is not the only social standard; nor is the race for wealth so fierce as to destroy the national per-

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spective. What a country may become when its loyalty is turned to hatred we see in the United States. A noble ideal is as important to the State as to an individual, and when a State is moving forward on the full tide of prosperity, essential to its moral well-being. That the Colonies are able to look beyond their own borders, and feel a pride in the greatness built up by their forefathers, is a healthy sign in these days when faith burns dim and old standards of conduct and modes of thought are being swept away by the tide of progress.

In the Colonial loyalty has all the force, and none of the bigotry, of a religion. To those habits and customs familiar by tradition and endeared by a thousand memories, he clings with a tenacity on which the climate has no effect. He forgets none of them. Neither does he see incongruities obvious enough to the eye of a stranger, though at the same time he sees points of resemblance between the new home and the old, invisible to everyone but himself. Hence the expression of loyalty is sometimes pathetic, sometimes quietly humorous, but rarely indeed does it fail in impressiveness. Like love, it knows nothing of the sense of proportion, and so invests the smallest detail with significance. It has conquered time, distance, nature, to cover the world with Englands from the poles to the tropics, and from the rising of the sun even to its setting. Old England is regarded less and less as a mother, more and more as a mistress. Distance treats her faults as tenderly as a soft haze the grime and ugliness of the metropolis; her greatness it magnifies as objects are magnified at dawn in certain mountainous regions. In her are concentrated most of the romance and poetry of the Empire, and through her it appeals to the imagination as a living, pulsing reality. She is the Mother Country, the Old Country, Home, and with every one of these endearing names is bound up a wealth of affection, an inarticulate tenderness, a passionate devotion, which are as strong in the Colonial-born of the third and fourth generation as they are in the emigrant of yesterday. One of the many signs of the barrenness of English Imperialism is the fact that England still

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calls her great children Colonies. It is love that invents names at once appropriate and suggestive—not indifference.

There is another side to the picture. The coldness of the Mother Country towards Daughter States during the better part of the Nineteenth Century was a blessing in disguise. As long as Englishmen saw the link of Empire not in the Crown, but in Parliament, nothing but mischief could have resulted from vigour in Downing Street; and herein lies the difference between an Empire, which is a natural development, and an Empire which is the result of statecraft. The greatest genius that ever lived could not have foreseen how magnificently seeming evil turned to good, and so England may look on with equanimity while her rivals exhaust themselves in trying to do consciously what she has done unconsciously. Even in the Colonies English indifference worked well, for had England responded to Colonial loyalty, devotion to the Mother Country might never have been absorbed in devotion to the Empire. That it has been is a commonplace of our history. Hence the Colonial, who has been compared, and with truth, to the Greek and Roman of antiquity in the nature of his loyalty, most nearly resembles the Jew. The ties other than those of a common origin, language, and literature which knit an Hellenic Colony to the parent state were mainly religious; the tie which knit her Colonies to Rome was the Eternal City herself. And so, when the Olympian gods lost their hold on the Greek mind and Rome fell from her proud place among the nations the sentiment bound up with them died a natural death. But in the Jew its life was renewed in another form. On the destruction of the glorious symbol of Jehovah's presence in the Holy City the passionate devotion it had inspired for a thousand years gradually centred in the race. The type has thus survived those international cataclysms which have submerged all the other ancient Imperial peoples of the world. Undoubtedly at present Colonials regard the Mother Country very much as the Israelites once regarded Canaan, for theirs is the spirit which breathes through the beautiful words of the

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137th Psalm—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning." But already signs are not wanting that loyalty to the race is the motive power destined to give practical expression to the noblest ideal which has ever inspired a nation, the union of the scattered peoples of the Anglo-Saxon world. That is to say, the English aim at beginning their Imperial career on a sentiment which grew strong in the Jew only when the sceptre had passed from Judah, and he himself had been baptised in the fire of persecution.

It will, therefore, be seen that Imperialism has been a living principle in Colonial life for a hundred years. It is no more identified with a party or an individual than patriotism. In every sense of the word it is national, whereas in England it is partisan. The Conservative sneers at the Imperialism of the Radical, as well he may; the Radical shouts Jingo at the Conservative, and assures an electorate, which refuses to be charmed, that, unlike the bastard Imperialism of the Conservatives, the Imperialism of the Radical is sane and unaggressive. This suggests the presence of Codlin and Short interest, not the presence of genuine emotion. As a matter of fact, neither party sees Imperialism in true perspective. To the one it is a creed to believe in but not to practise, to the other it is anathema. What it really is, only Colonials and Imperial Englishmen fully understand. To the men who argue about it the glory of the thing itself has never been revealed. Their eye has never glistened at the sight of the Union Jack; their soul never thrilled at the sound of the National Anthem; their heart never hungered for the familiar associations of home; their loyalty never been stirred to passion by a visit to the cradle of the race for the first time. The ease and luxury and security of these Realms are as enervating to patriotism as they are to common sense, and so, while a pro-Boer is almost unknown in the Colonies, he is a power in the Mother Country. It is only in England that a man is ashamed of being an Englishman; only in England that treason is tolerated as a difference of opinion. One more readily acquires a noble pride and sense of

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responsibility in the consciousness of being an Englishman abroad in the world than one does at home.

The Radical conception of Imperialism is merely pitiful. What ideal has the long reign of Liberalism in England given to us that is at once so inspiring, so lofty, and so vital? It is an ideal which makes men work, not talk; which makes them fight a wrong until it is overcome, not wring their hands helplessly and do nothing; which makes them unite in presence of a national danger, not divide so as to impress the enemy with the belief that his best friends are in England. By their works shall ye know them. Little Englandism is barren, sordid, and lifeless. It has a contemptible past and a worse future. It has tried to reduce England to the state of Holland, and it has failed. Hence the sooner it disappears the better. Imperialism, on the other hand, is sanctified by suffering, fruitful as only vigour can be fruitful, ennobled by high endeavour and constant effort. It is to little Englandism as true Christianity is to a narrow and worn-out creed. Its great opportunity will be found in England's extremity. Not until she stands once more before the world in arms, fighting to the death for her commercial and maritime supremacy, for the glorious Empire the efforts of a thousand years have built up—nay, for her very existence as a nation, will she learn that the sentiment she once despised is destined to be the source of her salvation, and that the staying power which has placed her in the van of time is not less strong in the bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. At present loyalty has perhaps that air of unreality which peace and prosperity give to those emotions that bloom best in adversity; but the day is fast approaching when it will be tried in the burning fiery furnace from which only the three children of the eternal—truth and love and duty—can come forth unscathed. That it is one with these, and these with it, no one who has faith can doubt.

C. DE THIERRY.

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THE LOSS OF THE "COBRA"

THE earliest of all torpedo-boats was built for the Norwegian Government in 1873, and had a speed of 15 knots an hour. In 1877 the English Navy acquired its first torpedo-boat in the *Lightning* with a speed of 18½ knots; and by 1885 the speed of this class of vessel had been gradually raised to 25 knots. In 1887 the *Arrete* attained a speed of 26 knots, and in 1890 a speed of 27 knots was recorded by a Schichau-built boat.

As soon as torpedo-boats had passed out of the experimental stage, and become an established factor of European navies, some means of coping with them had to be devised. Constructors endeavoured to design larger vessels which, while equalling the torpedo-boat in speed, should excel it in gun-power, and so be able to overtake and sink the smaller craft. The outcome of the attempt was the "torpedo-boat-catcher," or "torpedo-gunboat" as it was afterwards called. Such was the *Rattlesnake*, built in 1886, with a speed of 19 knots, and such were the *Sharpshooter* class (1888–1890) which ought to have had a speed of 21 knots, but never attained more than 20. But the torpedo-boat-catcher never realised its object; it could never catch torpedo-boats, because the speed of the thing to be caught was increased so rapidly, as altogether to outstrip the speed of the catcher.

So in 1895 a new type of vessel (called this time a "torpedo-boat-destroyer") was evolved to do the work of the discredited

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torpedo-gunboat. These torpedo-boat-destroyers were in reality enlarged torpedo-boats, and their increased dimensions allowed them to carry more powerful machinery and heavier guns. The *Daring*, to take an early instance, was 185 ft. long, 19 ft. broad, had an extreme draft of 7 ft., and steamed 27·7 knots. The *Boxer*, built about the same time, reached a speed of over 29 knots; and the *Sokol* touched 30 knots in 1896.

The "destroyer," for the longer title was soon curtailed, was found to be in every way a more useful vessel than the torpedo-boat, and has superseded it to a large extent. She was more powerfully armed, she was faster, she was more seaworthy, her larger coal capacity gave her a wider radius of action, and her increased dimensions mitigated the intense discomfort which had been a characteristic of the torpedo-boat proper.

From 1895–1900 speed was steadily increased, until 30-32 knots an hour were expected of a really first-class destroyer; and in the meantime the gradual perfecting of the turbine engine offered new speed possibilities. Those who were present at the naval review in the Jubilee year of 1897 will remember the *Turbinia*, a strange little craft of the torpedo-boat type, which steamed in and out among the ships assembled at Portsmouth. She "sat by the stern" with her fore-foot well out of water, and attracted universal attention by bursts of marvellous speed. We shall not attempt any explanation of the difference between her engines and those of the ordinary or reciprocating type, except to say that the turbine at its simplest is an adaptation of the principle of the windmill. Steam at high pressure is allowed to impinge on vanes set round a spindle, and an exceedingly rapid rotary motion is thus imparted. The earliest turbo-generator (used for electric light in 1884) ran at 18,000 revolutions a minute, and "Parsons' hummers" was the cant name given them in engineering shops.

The application of the steam turbine to practical purposes was due to Mr. Charles Parsons, son of Lord Rosse, and managing director of the engineering firm of Messrs. C. A.

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Parsons & Co., and the *Turbinia* was the first vessel fitted with these engines. Since the *Turbinia's* appearance the public have wondered expectantly why the principle that seemed so well established should afterwards have given so little immediate result. If the system possessed preponderant advantages, why was it not universally or at least widely adopted? Why were turbine-driven ships still the rarest of *raræ aves?* The answer to such questions is that the path of every new invention is beset with obstacles, and the perfecting of detail is often a more serious business than the establishment of a principle. It has been so in an eminent degree with the marine turbine. While it seemed to be withdrawing too modestly from public view, it was in reality passing from the experimental to the practical stage by way of tedious and incessant trials. During the past summer a turbine-driven boat was put upon the ordinary passenger service on the Clyde, where she has run ever since, with mechanical and commercial success. The invention has at last obtained a marketable value, and the results of two torpedo-boats (the *Viper* and the *Cobra* [1]) in which it had been adopted, were looked for with very general interest. Never was there more unfortunate *début:* the *Viper* was wrecked on Channel Island rocks during her first manœuvres; the *Cobra* foundered on her first voyage in shoal waters off the Lincolnshire coast. But this was the turbine's misfortune, not its fault; and it may clear the way for further discussion if we state at once that by no possibility could the loss of either vessel be attributed to the novel system of the engines.

With the loss of the *Viper* the public were comparatively little concerned: it was incidental to the ordinary perils of navigation, and none of the crew perished. In the case of the *Cobra* it was very different. There was a terrible waste of life, and although she foundered close to notoriously dangerous

[1] The *Cobra's* dimensions were: length, 223½ ft.; breadth, 20½ ft.; moulded depth, 13½ ft. Those unacquainted with the subject may, for an idea of her size, compare the dimensions of the old-type packet-boats between Dover and Calais. The *Foam* was 225 ft. long, 26½ ft. broad, and 13·2 moulded depth.

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shoals, the view was afterwards put forward in high quarters that her loss was due to structural weakness, and not to dangers of the sea. This view was endorsed by the Court-martial, which found:

That His Majesty's ship *Cobra* foundered on the morning of the 18th day of September 1901, while on passage from the Tyne to Portsmouth. The Court has come to the conclusion that His Majesty's ship *Cobra* did not touch the ground, nor meet with any obstruction, nor was her loss attributable to any error in navigation, but was due to structural weakness of the ship. The Court also find that the *Cobra* was weaker than other destroyers, and in view of this fact it is to be regretted she was purchased into His Majesty's service.

Public anxiety as to the safety of torpedo-boats in general was seriously aroused by this verdict, and has since been kept at tension by the exaggerated reports of defects in other torpedo-boats, which find a place in head-line papers.

Before making certain remarks which are suggested by this verdict, or attempting to ascertain how far it was justified, it may be well to rehearse in outline the *Cobra's* history. The *Cobra* was designed and laid down in the year 1898 in the shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Limited, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, but the engines were supplied by Messrs. Parsons & Co. She was purchased by the Admiralty in March 1900. Mr. Percey, chief engineer, was appointed to the *Cobra* in June 1900, and was present at all her trials at sea which took place subsequent to his appointment. The ship was reported to the Admiralty as ready for sea in September 1901, and a navigating-party, under Lieutenant Bosworth Smith, arrived in Newcastle-on-Tyne on September 16 to take charge of her, and to bring her round to Portsmouth. While the Admiralty furnished the navigating-party, the stokers and engineers were supplied by Messrs. Parsons, the makers of the engines, and were under the direction of Mr. Barnard, manager in Messrs. Parsons' works. There was also on board Mr. Sandison, a manager in Messrs. Armstrong's shipyard.

The *Cobra* sailed from the Tyne at five o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, September 17. She was lost near the

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Outer Dowsing light-vessel, some twenty to twenty-five miles off the Lincolnshire coast, about 7.30 on the morning of Wednesday, September 18, and of the whole crew eleven men and one officer (Chief Engineer Percey) were saved.

Pursuant to the custom of the Navy, the survivors of any royal vessel that has been lost are held responsible for that loss, until it has been proved that they were not responsible. Engineer Percey and his seamen were tried accordingly by court-martial. The Court was composed of executive naval officers of high rank, and in the hands of these gallant and distinguished men it would seem reasonable to leave any questions affecting navigation or the honour of the Service.

But such a Court is, from the nature of things, incompetent to deal with complicated questions of ship-construction. The exigency of his duties prevents any executive officer on the active list from obtaining a knowledge of naval architecture sufficient to enable him to discuss such problems; and a perusal of the names composing the tribunal will show, that any opinion which that tribunal might form on the structural strength of a vessel, could be entitled to respect only so far as it was confirmed by expert evidence. In the present instance the only expert evidence before the Court was that of the constructors who had built the ship, and of the officers of the constructive department of the Admiralty who had surveyed and passed the ship into the Service.

Neither of these two parties could be conceived to be altogether free from bias. Both had already endorsed the *Cobra's* seaworthiness in the most practical way—the one by building, the other by buying her; and both repeated that endorsement at the Court-martial; but this was the only expert evidence which the Court had before it, and, apart from expert evidence, the Court had no qualification for pronouncing any opinion on structural questions.

The atmosphere of a Court-martial is indeed, not always favourable to that freedom of speech which makes for truth. The traditions of discipline, if not the fear of consequences,

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tend to distort the evidence of lower ranks; and men do not care to jeopardise their chances in the Service by unnecessarily running counter to the opinion of their superior officers. This grammar of assent makes leading questions or suggestions especially dangerous, and of this we cannot avoid quoting an instance in the present inquiry. Able-seaman Benjamin Shaler, who was on deck at the time of the accident, is asked by the Court to describe the appearance of the *Cobra*:

"She seemed on a pivot," he says; "she looked as if she was *on* something."

The Deputy Judge Advocate: "What do you mean?"

The President: "You mean like a hinge, do you?"

The answer is naturally "Yes," and so the "shutting-up-like-a-hinge" theory is imported, though nothing seems further from the witness's real meaning. There was, too, at times, more than a suspicion of browbeating, and we shall not easily forget the bad taste and offensiveness of the cross-examination to which an heroic member of the Court saw fit to subject the only surviving officer.

The Court had, in effect, three parties to try. There were Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., who had designed and built the ship; there was the constructive department of the Admiralty, who had passed and bought the ship; and there were the executive officers, who had navigated and lost the ship. But the judges were all executive naval officers, and must be considered in some sense to be trying themselves. It was natural that *esprit de corps* and the prestige of the Service should lead them to the conclusion that, whatever else was wrong, the navigation at least was correct; and this conclusion they were ultimately able to reach.

We shall hope first to dispel the idea that there was any gale at the time of the *Cobra's* loss, or that the weather was in any way such as to imperil her safety under normal conditions. The wind was blowing fresh from the N.W., that is, off shore, at the hour of the *Cobra's* departure; and blew harder as the night wore on. It was probably strongest between three and

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seven on the morning of the 18th, but never reached the force of what is known as a moderate gale. In the Meteorological Office chart covering the time and district in question the wind is marked "light" and sea "slight," and it is important to remember that, so long as the ship was kept on her natural course, the wind was a following and never a head wind.

Off the Tyne, when the *Cobra* sailed, there was no main sea; only a little swell setting in to the land, perhaps two feet high, or certainly not more than three. Off the Lincolnshire and Norfolk coast, at the precise time that she was wrecked, the steam-trawlers were going about their ordinary business. John Smith, master of the steam fishing-lugger "No. 15," left Yarmouth at 8.30 on that morning an hour after the wreck took place, and steamed to his fishing ground off the Dowsing lightship. When he arrived there at 4.30 in the afternoon the sea was "fine." "You mean to say there was not much sea?" he was asked at the Court-martial. "No, not when we arrived." On his way down, however, there was "a nasty swell, which would have made him hesitate to lower a boat."

John Rogers, master of the steamship *Eight*, of Yarmouth, was steaming south, and passed the *Cobra* steaming north within a few minutes of the accident. The wind, he says, was "N.W., a good fresh wind." In reply to the Court's inquiry, "What sort of weather was the *Cobra* making?" "She was steaming head to sea," he answers, "not over bad, taking a little water over the bows, but nothing out of the way." "Did you think there was anything the matter with her?" "No, I did not."

These accounts are checked by the experience of the other torpedo-catcher, the *Roebuck*, which left the Tyne a few hours before the *Cobra*, and traversed the course the *Cobra* should have taken. Her voyage was without incident, the weather she made was neither bad nor good, and if she found the sea sufficiently sloppy to emphasise the ordinary discomfort of a torpedo-boat it was in no sense heavy from the seaman's point of view.

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In favour of the sea being troublesome, must be set the terribly strange story told by the mate in charge of the Dowsing lightship. He watched the catastrophe at a distance of two miles—so near that he saw the awful details without a telescope—and made no effort to save life, although he had a 20 ft. four-oared boat and six seamen on board his lightship. The weather was too bad, he thought, to lower his boat; and yet in his own words there was only "rather a rough sea," "a middling rough sea." "It was, to put it as plainly as I can speak, an ordinary rough day, but nothing out of the way."

Against any impression of wild weather that his conduct might produce, must be set the fact that the dinghy of the *Cobra* remained afloat for eleven hours, although she was only 14 ft. long and had twelve men in her.

A careful survey of the facts leads to the conclusion that at the time and place of the accident there was probably running what is termed a six-foot sea; that is, a sea with waves averaging six feet in height from the bottom of the trough to the crest. Such a sea could not possibly be a source of danger to the *Cobra* under normal conditions, nor was there any plunging motion during the night, nor the very slightest evidence of straining.

Captain Wilson, Captain of the Steam Reserve at Portsmouth Dockyard, gave the Commander of the *Cobra* his orders, and also a chart upon which was marked the *Cobra's* course from the Tyne to Portsmouth.

"I advised Lieutenant Smith," he says, "if he could conveniently do so to sail at daylight, and make a good run during the day, and if convenient to anchor during the night. . . . He informed me he had served for some time on the Fisheries, and was well acquainted with the North Sea."

"Do you know why he did not sail at daylight?"

"I do not."

Commander Martin, who marked the track upon the chart, heard Captain Wilson say:

"This is the track I recommend you to go. I recommend you to leave the Tyne about daylight and run down as far as Harwich," and Smith said, "Well, I would rather go into Yarmouth, sir." Captain Wilson said, "Very

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well then, you can go anywhere you like, as long as you do not risk anything, and take any time you like, and as much time as you like, and I do not care how long you are coming down."

These recommendations were unhappily neglected *ab initio* by the captain. He was advised to leave the Tyne at daybreak and anchor for the night; but without reason he left the Tyne at 5 o'clock in the evening.

The sun set at 6.9, there was a fairly strong breeze from the N.W., which freshened about 10 o'clock, but the night was clear. As the wind freshened the *Cobra* began to roll, and she rolled freely all through the night, but there was no pitching. The rolling, which would otherwise have been unimportant, caused some trouble with the engines. The *Cobra* had four boilers, but for ordinary speed two are sufficient. She left the Tyne with steam in boilers Nos. 1 and 2 alone, but owing to the rolling these primed, and the engineers put out their fires and got up steam in boilers Nos. 3 and 4.

The time at which this happened is uncertain; it was perhaps about midnight. In the early hours of the morning the stokers complained that the ship rolled so that they could scarcely keep their feet to get the coal out of the bunkers. Engineer Percey says that about 3.30 A.M. the contractors' managers, Mr. Barnard and Mr. Sandison, came to him, and that after a consultation he went on deck and reported the difficulty of firing to the captain, suggesting at the same time that the vessel should be put head to sea to ease the rolling. This seems, however, not to have been done; and although the speed was lowered, the rolling continued.

The sun rose at 5.41 on September 18, and it was nearly 7 o'clock in the morning when the watch on board the Outer Dowsing lightship sighted the *Cobra* about six miles distant. She was then steering N.W., going head to sea, and coming towards the light-vessel. The distance of the Outer Dowsing from the Tyne is 135 miles, taking the usual course, and we should have expected the *Cobra* to have been farther south after fourteen hours steaming; but much time was, no doubt, lost by

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the priming, and consequent change, of boilers, by difficulties of firing, and by taking a deep-sea sounding.

At about 7.10 A.M. Chief Engineer Percey was sent for by the captain. He went on deck and found the captain on the bridge. The weather was quite clear, the ship was steaming in a N.W. direction and rolling heavily; on the starboard bow was a light-vessel, distant about two miles. Mr. Percey gave evidence that the captain asked him if they could steam a mile nearer the lightship. It appears that the reason of the captain's wish to approach the lightship so nearly was to ascertain her name. "I do not know exactly where I am," he said to Mr. Percey. "If I can get the name of this lightship we shall be able to get into the nearest place." Now each lightship can be distinguished from other lightships by differences in the intervals, or in the colour, of the revolving light at night; and by certain marks carried at the masthead by day. The sun had been up an hour when the *Cobra* sighted the Outer Dowsing, and the revolving light was put out. But at her masthead this light-vessel carries a distinguishing mark, a ball surmounted by half a ball. These marks are not small. They are very large and purposely distinct, and can be read in clear weather by telescope as soon as they are in sight at all, and easily at a distance of six or seven miles. They are so arranged that no two vessels within a wide area have similar signs: and of the light-vessels in the immediate vicinity of the wreck; the Inner Dowsing carries two balls vertically, the Dudgeon one ball, and the Outer Dowsing, as has been said, a ball and half a ball vertically.

We cannot but think that the Court ought to have tried to find out why it was that the captain thought it necessary to take his vessel so near the lightship. To "close a lightship," to see what she is, is common enough in thick weather, but the weather was quite clear, and to take the *Cobra* as near to a lightship as she was taken, and into water which one of the witnesses describes as a "broken sea like a race coming in more than one direction," seems an error of

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judgment. At the inquest a juror asked, "Are not the captains in the Admiralty supposed to know these lightships?" and got no answer; and another juror remarked, "It is a pity but what he had known it." The matter may have no direct bearing on the main issue, but it has a bearing on the question of careful navigation, which the Court distinctly set before itself. And in this connection it would have been better that some record of the past services of the officer selected to take charge of the *Cobra* should have been laid before the Court. If that record showed him to have been a thoroughly careful officer, the public would have been reassured; and if that record showed that he was not a careful officer the facts ought not to have been concealed, for they would be germane to the inquiry. *De mortuis* is a good maxim, but there are occasions when considerations of the public good must override it, and we should have liked to have evidence as to the grounds on which this special officer was selected for this special task.

Chief Engineer Percey left the captain on the bridge and went below. He had only been a few minutes in the engine-room when he "felt a distinct shock, as though we had gone on something," or "as though we had gone over something." He was alarmed, rushed on deck, found the ship breaking in half, and within a very few minutes was fighting for his life in the water, like all the rest of the crew.

Different witnesses describe that shock in different ways. Petty Officer Barnes said the bump seemed to him "as if she had shipped a sea"; but he was slung in his hammock, and so would feel it less. Petty Officer Warrener says it was "like a sea hitting the ship." The carpenter said there were "two slight shocks, as if the ship were on the ground." The boy, Frederick Chivers (2nd class domestic), who was sitting on a wooden deck-locker aft with the cook, says: "I felt a shock as if the ship had struck something. I said to the steward, 'What is that?' He said, 'It is only a sea, my boy, don't be alarmed. A few minutes after I felt a second shock. I said, 'I think it

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is something more than a sea.' 'No, I do not think so,' he said." Benjamin Shaler, able seaman, said the ship "seemed on a pivot; she looked as if she was on something."

The *Cobra* broke into two parts and foundered so quickly that no boats were got out. There seems some doubt as to who gave the order for "Out boats," or even as to whether the order was given at all. In any case, something of a *sauve qui peut* occurred, and only the dinghy floated. To this very small boat (she was only 14 feet long) twelve men managed to swim, and scrambling into her, kept her afloat for eleven hours until they were picked up in the evening by a P. & O. cargo-boat. Chief Engineer Percey was among the survivors, and before he was put ashore at Middlesboro' on the morning of September 19 he had had twenty-four hours in which to think over, or talk over, the causes of the wreck. On landing, he telegraphed: "Regret to report *Cobra* struck rocks at 7.30 A.M. September 18; ship broke in two amidships; total wreck, &c. &c." There were, in fact, no rocks at the scene of the wreck; but there were plenty of shoals, and the phrase is significant of the impression which that shock had left on Chief Engineer Percey's mind.

The wreck of the fore part of the *Cobra* remained visible after the accident. It seems to have floated a little while, then touched bottom, and become stationary about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the Dowsing lightship, South, 25 degrees West. The whole of the stem and about 13 to 14 feet of the keel were in sight, and the captain of H.M.S. *Alarm* considered that the highest part of the ship was 10 to 12 feet above the sea at high water, and formed an angle of 30 to 35 degrees with the horizon.

Let us recapitulate. The wind at the time of the accident was blowing N.W., and more or less off shore: a "good fresh wind" and nothing more. There was a moderate, say a six-foot sea, and nothing more. It was higher, no doubt, and broken in shoal places; but with that we have nothing to do, because there was no need to take the *Cobra* into shoal places. The *Cobra* was found in the vicinity of dangerous shoals,

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going to find out the name of a lightship which ought to have been known. A sudden shock was felt, the chief engineer thought the ship had gone on something, or over something, the carpenter felt two shocks as if she was on the ground, a boy felt two shocks as if she had struck something; the ship began to part at once, and a seaman on deck at the time says she seemed on a pivot, she looked as if she was on something. The ship broke into two approximately equal portions, say of 100 to 120 feet long; the fore part grounded, sticking up 10 or 12 feet above high water. There were twelve survivors, they had twenty-four hours to talk over the matter before there was any chance of making a report; and when the report was made it said the *Cobra* had "struck rocks."

We should like the Court to have put the question to Mr. Percey, "Had any single one of the survivors any doubt that the *Cobra* struck *something*, until it was suggested to them that she might have gone to pieces from inherent weakness?" We cannot doubt what the answer would have been, and we cannot doubt what the answer of any unbiased person would be, *primâ facie*. We say *primâ facie*, and the only argument that should convince that the *Cobra* struck nothing would be the proof that there was nothing to strike. It was attempted to prove this in Court, but a negative is, indeed, a difficult thing to prove.

In the first place, let us review the possibility of the ship having struck a shoal. The draft of the *Cobra* is eight feet, and the Admiralty charts show that over the shallowest point of the Outer Dowsing shoal there is a depth of 15 feet. It was argued by competent witnesses that it would have been safe for the *Cobra* to pass over this point under the same conditions of sea as prevailed at the time of the wreck, even with a depth of only 15 feet. We should not like to try the experiment, but this is not to the point; because there is no doubt that the ship struck about an hour and a half before high water, and there would probably be some 25 feet over this particular shoal at that time. But it must be remembered that the spot

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at which whatever happened did happen is not known, even with approximate exactness.

The area at some point in which the accident took place must be measured by square miles. The place is one of strong currents and shifting sands, and there are hummocks of sand called "knolls" of very limited extent and uncertain permanence. On the charts no shoal is shown with a less depth than 15 feet, but nothing except a careful and exhaustive survey of the whole area in question, could *prove* that there is no recently produced hummock or knoll, dangerous, in a moderate sea, even to a light-draft vessel. No special survey of this kind has been made. The evidence before the Court on this point was that of Captain Richards, of H.M.S. *Triton*. "I may state," he says, "that my own investigations and my own soundings were not thorough. They were simply to determine the position of the shoal."

Theoretically, it may have been quite safe for the *Cobra* to beat about any shoal in the vicinity, but theory may be pushed to extreme, and the ordinary skipper gives such places as wide a berth as he can. Commander Martin, who marked on the chart the course which the *Cobra* was to take, was asked:

Q. Do you consider the little red cross on the chart (representing the supposed position of the wreck) is to all intents and purposes sufficiently close to the track you laid down so far as regards safe navigation?

A. "No," he answers, "I consider it too far to the eastward. Had the *Cobra* steered straight down to the red mark on the chart I consider it would have been too close."

Q. To the Outer Dowsing?

A. Yes.

Q. Even in passing?

A. Yes, in passing.

If there were no shoals perilous to a vessel even of the *Cobra's* draft, then it was quite safe for the *Cobra* to be where she was; but if it was quite safe for the *Cobra* to be where she was, why did the officer who laid down the course for her distinctly say it was not safe?

Of course it is highly *improbable* that such a shoal should

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exist, and not be marked; but no solution for the wreck of the *Cobra* can be found without recourse to improbabilities, and it seems to us less improbable even that there should be such an unmarked shoal than that the *Cobra* should go to pieces in a moderate sea without a shock at all. Another alternative, that there was somewhere thereabouts a sunken wreck either lying on the bottom or drifting about below the surface, is also improbable, though quite possible; and again a negative is difficult to prove. A negative was attempted to be proved, and the Court deliberately took it as proved, and insisted on the resulting argument; but it was not proved. It was stated that the implicated area had been exhaustively searched, and no wreck found either lying on the bottom or floating. Such search is carried out by the method called "sweeping." A steel cable is drawn over the bottom by two vessels. Each has one end of the cable attached to it, they steam in parallel lines, carrying the cable between them; and if an obstacle arrests the passage of the cable a diver is sent down to see what it is. It was assumed that such a search can be made with the certainty that a mowing-machine covers a lawn, and it was assumed that such a search had been made. It never seemed to have occurred to the Court that the very vessels which had proved by searching that there was no wreck within a certain area, had actually failed to discover the after-part of the *Cobra* (with funnels and other gear attached, and perhaps 110 feet long), which was certainly lying somewhere within that area. Could any attempt at exhaustiveness be less convincing?

Equally unconvincing was the diver's evidence. The captain of H.M.S. *Hearty*, finding the wreck of the fore part of the *Cobra* stranded, and projecting out of the sea, fixed to it a wire hawser, and towed it into deeper water. It was, of course, a very dangerous obstacle, as it lay, in the fairway; and assuming, as he did no doubt assume, that the vessel had simply gone to pieces on a shoal, he was quite right in removing it. But when once the theory was put about that

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it was through her own weakness that the *Cobra* had broken, and it became of paramount importance to examine her by diving, this towing into deeper water proved to be a lamentable error. By it the difficulties of examination were immeasurably increased, for the fore-part now lies at such a depth as makes it impossible for divers to remain down longer than twenty minutes. Only one diver was sent down by the Admiralty. He was a foreigner, and his evidence, which seemed to be naturally vague, was rendered still more obscure by difficulties of interpretation. He paid four visits to the wreck, but they were exceedingly short, and only on one occasion (the fourth) does he seem to have been able to make any useful observations. He was hampered by the depth, by swirling sand, by quicksand into which he sunk a foot at every step. "The current was so very strong," he says, "I could not see clearly." "The third time I only got to the wreck, and had to come to the surface because of the time I had been down." He had no one with him to check observations, he had none of the ordinary appliances for taking measurements. It was no wonder, under the circumstances, that his reports were vague, and practically useless for any accurate purposes. He found the wreck lying bottom up, with the boilers on the sand: he said at the inquest that he saw a boiler broken, but at the Court-martial he explained that it was not the boiler but the ship that was broken: he said at the Court-martial that he had seen the gauges and pressure dials on the front of a boiler, but at the inquest he had made no mention of this: he was unacquainted with the arrangement or appearance of the *Cobra's* boilers: he understood so little, indeed, about boilers in general, that he did not know a manhole from a furnace-door. Yet this boiler-evidence was of vital importance, for if accurate observation of the boilers had been made, it would have proved at what point the ship actually broke, a matter of doubt even up to the present. And if it were known at what point she broke, it would enable it to be decided whether she broke at the point where the sagging strain was

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greatest, and where she naturally would have broken from inherent weakness. The diver said the length of the fore-part was 150 feet, but he did not measure, he did not even walk round the wreck, or walk along the keel. "I had no other opportunity of measuring than just judging with my eye as far as I could see," and this in thick water, with a strong current, where he "could not see for four or five fathoms (24 to 30 feet)."

On the keel-plate of the *Cobra* he found a dint. This dint was, of course, a crucial matter; if there had been a great dint it would have been direct evidence that the *Cobra* had struck something, if there had been no dint at all it would have gone to show, though it would not have proved, that the *Cobra* had struck nothing. But this diver's dint is provokingly inconclusive; it was an inch deep (and one smiles involuntarily at the naïve preciseness of this one detail in the face of so general a vagueness, and under circumstances that would seem to make preciseness impossible), or "certainly not more than three inches." But he had not measured it, for he had no instruments, and seemed indeed, until he was questioned, to have attached no importance to the matter at all. Yet on the details of such a dint hang all the law and the prophets.

As regards the evidence about the *Cobra's* construction we shall only speak generally. On questions of the vessel's strength or weakness no opinion but that of an expert should carry the slightest weight; and it follows that no opinion that the Court-martial might form apart from expert evidence should carry the slightest weight either. Yet on such a vital question the Court had no independent evidence before it. The only evidence tendered was that of the constructive officers of the Admiralty and that of the constructors of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Limited; and neither of these parties could by any stretch of imagination be considered independent. Under ordinary circumstances the greatest deference would have been paid to such evidence; but in the present case both the builders and the Admiralty came

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into Court pledged to maintain that the *Cobra* was sufficiently strong, for the one had built her and the other had bought her; and if they had said she was not sufficiently strong they would have condemned themselves. The Court, on the other hand, had evidently made up its mind that the *Cobra* was too weak, and must be declared weaker than other destroyers, that public confidence in that class of vessel might be restored. It was argued by the Court that while the same scantlings were employed in the *Cobra* as were employed in other destroyers, the length of the *Cobra* and the weight of the *Cobra's* engines were materially greater than the length and engine-weight of the rest of the class, and that she was therefore proportionately weaker. The Admiralty constructors and the builders, on the other hand, contended that whatever weakness the extra length of the *Cobra* might produce, was more than compensated by the extra foot of depth which her section showed, and that her margin of strength was sufficient to carry the extra weight of the engines. Especial stress was laid on the fact that the vessel had made twelve sea trials (two in severe weather), and had shown no signs of straining.

We are not pleading the cause of either Admiralty or builders, and, if the truth must be told, we were not greatly impressed by the evidence of either; but we feel that in the mind of the layman, and in the mind of the expert, there is a very strong impression that the *Cobra* has been made a scapegoat, and that the *Cobra* was neither weaker nor stronger than fifty other destroyers in His Majesty's Service. If that impression is erroneous, steps should be taken to remove it; and it cannot be removed except by calling in a large body of impartial expert evidence.

We cannot think that the Court-martial realised the gravity of the issues which they were actually trying. If they had they would have come better equipped with evidence to the inquiry; and so would have been spared from pronouncing dogmatically on points, where no dogmatic pronouncement was permissible.

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They held that the navigation was careful; but the captain sailed at nightfall when he had been advised to sail at daybreak, and took his ship into dangerous waters when there was no need to go there. They held that the *Cobra* did not touch the ground; when the only special investigations and soundings made to ascertain the existence of a dangerous shoal were "not thorough." They held that the ship met with no obstruction; when the only search made to discover an obstruction did not discover the after part of the *Cobra*, which is certainly sunk wherever the ship was lost. They held that the loss of the vessel was due to her structural weakness; when the only expert evidence that could justify them in expressing an opinion at all was given in favour of the ship.

It is quite possible that their verdict was correct in all its conclusions, but the point we insist on is that there was not sufficient evidence before them to support such a verdict; and thinking people will not accept such a verdict as final until it is properly supported. That the judgment and practice of a firm with Armstrong's reputation should have to be unequivocally condemned is certainly regrettable; but that is nothing at all in comparison with the condemnation of Admiralty judgment and practice which the sentence involves. The matter cannot rest where it is. A properly qualified tribunal must be appointed. It must have before it expert evidence as to the strength of the *Cobra*, impartial and sufficiently comprehensive to make appeal impossible. It must have before it exhaustive evidence as to the height of existing shoals. It must have before it exhaustive evidence as to the existence or non-existence of sunken wrecks, and in the process of obtaining this evidence the after-part of the *Cobra* will be found. It must have before it the results of a methodical examination by divers of both parts of the ship.

The verdict of a Court so constituted and so equipped will command respect, and the country will accept nothing less. Anything that tends to throw doubt on the efficiency of that navy which has been our boast for centuries is much to be

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deplored, and few will deny that a feeling of indefinable mistrust of our material has been more or less prevalent of late. Let us at least find out the truth on one point: let us know the worst, or the best, about our destroyers. We do not expect them to be as powerful as ice-breakers, or as secure as liners, but neither do we expect them to break up in a moderate sea.

An unmarked shoal is highly improbable, but not impossible; a dangerous sunken wreck is highly improbable, but not impossible; that the *Cobra* should fall to pieces of inherent weakness is surely improbable too; yes, let us be bold, and say highly improbable. But even this, alas, is not impossible: only, if we are to believe it, let us have it on better authority than the verdict of a casual Court-martial.

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF AMERICAN EDUCATION

ANY survey of American education, however summary, must recognise the fact that in education as in other matters the United States must be considered to consist territorially of at least three different divisions, each possessing certain salient characteristics which mark it off from the other two. There is the section of the Eastern States in which education has long been established, with the result that a certain fixity and finality has been reached in organisation and teaching methods. Against this must be set the West with its exuberant energy, its feverish hankering after novelty, its passion for experiment which at times amounts to rashness, yet has in the main a most stimulating effect on education. Every new idea has a chance of actual trial, even if it is not sufficiently experimented upon before it is cast aside in favour of some fresh novelty. And lastly comes the South, the stagnant South one might almost say, in comparison with the two other divisions, though even here things are in progress. But the actual rate of advance is slower. A rough indication of the difference is afforded by the amount of voluntary contributions last year for educational purposes. Of some 28,000,000 dollars thus given according to one authority, only 1,000,000 was subscribed south of the Mason and Dixie line that forms the boundary between North and South.

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Within these rough divisions of East, West, and South there further exists the most amazing variety in the systems of local control, and the methods of teaching and organisation. It must be always remembered that in education each state is a law unto itself; there is no such thing as federal oversight or jurisdiction, the Bureau of Education being merely a clearing-house for the collection of statistics and the dissemination of information. This variety is specially observable in the spirit in which school reform is undertaken by the different states. In Massachusetts the legislative power is only invoked to confer the sanction of the law on any scheme of school reform, when the reform itself has already been virtually carried out by private initiative, and merely awaits rounding off and ratification. One of the most typical instances of this is the recent substitution of the larger area of the township for the small district authority, which was only legally adopted when all the numerous districts save four had voluntarily surrendered their autonomy. In New York and Pennsylvania the belief in the virtues of parliamentary enactment is stronger, and educational laws have been passed in the hope of giving a lead to popular opinion by attaching the prestige of public sanction to reforms which have not always sufficiently entered into the manners and customs of the people, with the result that the laws in question have not always been a complete success. It is probable that the difference in this case is due to the native genius of the different peoples. Massachusetts is Independent in origin and traditions; New York is largely German and Celtic. The one naturally lays more stress on the efficacy of private initiative, and prefers the looser forms of authority, the other believes in the puissance of the state and the blessings of a more centralised form of government.

Yet in spite of the extensive diversity in the form and spirit of educational effort in the different states, there is, none the less, one common trait which makes the whole school-world in America kin. It is the fervent belief of American

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democracy in its schools, which is only to be matched by that of the schools in American democracy. This action and reaction of the school and the community on one another is one of the greatest levers towards progress imaginable. The bodily shape that this belief takes is that of having a common form of graduated schools which, while they naturally vary in standard according to the locality, lead up regularly one into another from the kindergarten (where it exists) to the primary school, from the primary school to the high school, from the high school to the college, and thence to the University. Elementary and secondary instruction alike are free in accordance with the democratic creed that, given equality of opportunity, the man who is worth his salt is certain to come to the front. This policy of the open door in education, through which the able children of the poorer classes have risen and can rise to positions of wealth, has, no doubt, greatly contributed to the expansion of the United States. But most thoughtful persons will also admit it has been largely conditioned by it. In European countries, where the rate of expansion is far slower, notably in France, and even in such a quick developing country as Germany, we see the state obliged to organise the selection of careers in order to prevent or diminish overcrowding in the liberal professions. Democratic France has deliberately technicalised her higher primary schools, while the state in Germany, in establishing a scholastic monopoly, has adopted the most drastic measures for the elimination of the unfit. Now, even if the United States continues to expand materially as quickly as heretofore, there are not wanting many competent judges who believe that the opportunity for getting on is not nearly so great as it was thirty years ago. Of what avail is it to keep the school door wide open, if the door out into the world is closing? However efficient the school may be, it cannot make chances, it can only prepare its alumni to take them when offered. One cannot bring off a catch unless the ball comes one's way. Should America, therefore, persist in her splendid endeavour to give each child that stays on in her

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schools a general education, the question naturally arises, is she not in the long run likely to raise up that undesirable hybrid that other nations have produced—a literary proletariat.

For the present, it must be admitted, there do not appear to be any very disquieting signs. The introduction of manual training into the schools looks like safeguarding the pupils against any excessive appreciation of the merely literary studies. One important factor that profoundly modifies the American problem is that commerce is not generally looked down on socially as it is in most European countries. There is little of the cant of soiling one's hands with trade, which, on the contrary, is rather regarded as one of the chief avenues to success. Again, the American pupil, thanks either to the school or society, is highly adaptable. One is constantly meeting men in America who have studied for one career, and taken up another. The highest University honours will not prevent the most brilliant American scholar from entering commerce, perhaps because the biggest prizes are to be found in it. The classic instance is that of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, whose attainments in mathematics were such as to induce the authorities at Göttingen to offer him a University lectureship. As long, then, as the clever American is willing to turn his hand to what pays best, the natural selection will be made separately by each individual, and there will be no need for the state to intervene.

One of the most remarkable proofs of the belief of the whole nation in its schools is, that the fact of their being open to the lower orders does not prevent their being patronised by the better classes, who freely send their children to these schools. Private schools naturally exist in America, and have undoubtedly increased during the last decade. Yet, according to the latest figures published by the Bureau of Education, the high schools have increased in far greater proportion, which shows that the Separatist tendency is not growing at anything like the same rate as the general desire for higher education.

This interest of the wealthier classes in education does not end here. Nothing is more noteworthy than the way in which

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there has been a positive stampede among millionaires to devote a liberal share of their immense fortunes to the cause of education. It seems as if, as an American has remarked, it will soon be considered a crime for a man to die rich. Certainly one must go back to the benefactors of the Middle Ages to find such a constant flow of munificent endowments. Mr. Carnegie's princely liberality is known in the two hemispheres. Only this year the President at Harvard read out at Commencement a list of donations to the University of over a million and a half dollars, and the same day at Yale the President of the College announced the completion of their two-million dollar fund. How small in comparison with this is the 60,000 odd pounds collected for Cambridge University! Some unkind persons have suggested that this outburst of generosity on the part of American millionaires is due to the desire to obtain a lien on the teaching of the Universities. It is impossible to read the hearts of men, but it may, at least, be stated that in many cases the money has been given for objects into which the teaching of such debatable subjects as political economy or social science do not enter at all. On the other hand, this close connection between the schools and the leaders of commerce is an object-lesson to many other countries, in which the teachers and merchants, instead of laying their heads together and finding the necessary compromise between the apparently conflicting claims of a liberal and business education, spend most of their time in mutual recrimination.

The belief of the schools in American Democracy is best illustrated by the thorough fashion with which the American school takes the child of the stranger within her gates whether German or Hungarian, Norwegian or Italian, and transforms him heart and soul into a real American citizen. While nearly all European states are troubled by racial difficulties and dissensions, the common school has saved and is saving the United States from one of the thorniest of problems in the old world.

The principal characteristic which marks off American from

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European schools is the presence of the female sex in their midst, both as pupils and teachers. Co-education is the rule, except in the New England States, where it is not universal. The great mass of independent witness seems to be in its favour, though there are not wanting a certain type of critics, who urge that after all if the school is a preparation for life, the life that the majority of girl pupils will have to lead is that of the wife and the mother, and that the training for this state of life should not be completely sacrificed in the higher classes by giving the girls identical courses of study with those of the boys. Be that as it may, it is probably certain that co-education renders women more self-possessed and self-reliant, while the higher instruction they receive makes them the equal, if not, as some assert, the superior of the male sex. Certainly, owing to their greater freedom from work, they are far more able to continue their artistic and literary education in after life than the American man. To take a single instance, it is estimated that 88 per cent. of the patrons of American theatres are women. There seems, in fact, some show of danger, that if the American woman continues to enjoy this preferential treatment, she may, by virtue of her intellectual and artistic superiority, end by substituting for the existing ideals in American life which are naturally preponderatingly masculine, those to which her own sex attach the greater importance, with the result that the American nation may one day see itself converted into one of what Bismarck used to call the feminine nations. In this transvaluation of values the American woman is likely to be unconsciously aided and abetted by the female teachers who, apparently for economic reasons, have largely ousted the male element from the teaching profession. It must be clear to every one that a woman's method of managing a class, even in so simple a matter as keeping order, must from the mere force of things be radically different from that of a man, especially in the older classes. The power behind the female teacher's desk lies in an appeal to the boys to respect her sex, if she does not still further rely on her natural

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attractions as a woman. Whereas the male teacher in the government of his class rather sets before them the necessity of obedience for the sake of obedience, of loyalty to an ideal and not to a sex, of reverence for the strong rather than a respect for the weak, and in his manners and conduct, his *obiter dicta*, his general criticisms, his passing judgments on men and matters, he insensibly moulds his class to look at things in a certain masculine fashion, which a woman does not possess. It is just perhaps in this question of judgment that the difference goes as deep as anywhere. The mind of the male teacher is essentially arranged on a logical plan, women on the one hand, however gifted, are rather intuitive than severely rational. Hence the boy pupil, who comes too exclusively under female teaching, will probably in some things be more sensitive to influence and suggestion than his harder-headed brother, but on the other hand he will be more deficient in mental balance and logical power. There appear to be already signs of this deficiency showing in the American schools in those classes where the pupil is passing from the receptive age to the age of reason. The American teaching, admirable as it is, in rendering the child sensitive to externals, and aiding his senses to store up abundantly a mass of mental impressions, seems halting and inconclusive just at the point where the transition has to be made in the pupil from the state of sensuous to that of logical knowledge, which means the setting in order and arranging the previously gathered stores of facts and deducing from them the truths implicit in their newly framed formulæ.

One of the most difficult problems in the States is the negro question. In the North the problem is not so acute. The whites are everywhere in a majority, and the coloured people, if not admitted to the best hotels, are allowed to enter the public conveyances and the public schools without being segregated into separate compartments and class-rooms. But south of the old slave line the whole racial question, according to many competent judges, is as strong as ever. Its sundering effects are seen in every domain of life, not excepting education.

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Not only the negroes, but all who possess the faintest suspicion of black blood in their veins, are obliged to go to separate schools, if there are separate schools to go to, and any attempt at co-educating the two races is looked on as impossible. The idea of ultimate fusion between the two races would be scouted even by the most ardent abolitionists, many of whom would never give their own children in marriage to a person of colour, and indeed in some states marriage between white and black are punishable by law. Nor does the idea of equality between the two races seem aught but a distant dream. The very political equality that the negroes possess according to the constitution is one of the most formidable bars to finding a satisfactory *modus vivendi* with the Southern whites, who will never recognise this equality in fact, and are at present actively engaged in trying to discover some way of legalising the disfranchisement of the black voter which has hitherto been largely effected by intimidation. So hopeless does the outlook seem to many that they fall back on saying, the problem being a Southern one, the South as being best acquainted with all its bearings must work out the solution for itself. The only chance of improvement appears to lie in raising the moral and mental condition of the negro. The chief obstacle to this is the high percentage of illiteracy among them, and their comparative lack of energy and enterprise. It is only fair to add that they are debarred from the exercise of many callings through the refusal of the majority of trade unions to admit men of colour as members, which naturally prevents them working on any job on which union men are engaged. One of the most promising movements for the regeneration of the negro is the great educational work with which the name of Brooker T. Washington, who is himself a negro, is identified. He frankly admits that for the present, at any rate, the negro had better resign his claims to exercise the franchise, or at least leave them in abeyance. Let the negro show he can be a useful member of society, and society will find a place for him.

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With this idea in view he advocates the establishment throughout the South of industrial schools for coloured children, while to raise the moral status of the negro a great effort is being made to improve the standard of the Afro-American preachers who, as Mr. Brooker T. Washington says, exercise a tremendous influence over the masses of their race.

It is curious to note that while we in England are attempting to-day to bring the local authorities into closer touch with the schools, the tendency in the States seems to be in the direction of placing the school outside politics. Not the least interesting chapter in American education is that which deals with the long and victorious struggle by which American democracy, in order to safeguard itself against itself, has been driven to call in the aid of the expert. In a recent official publication a writer on educational organisation wrote as follows: "In the City of Buffalo, New York State, the school affairs are managed by a committee appointed by the city council, but happily the case stands by itself, and the evil consequences possible under such a scheme have been much ameliorated . . . by a most excellent superintendent." Probably both America and England have adopted the right course in each case. The Americans having harnessed the Niagara of popular enthusiasm to these schools, have less need of these local stimuli. While owing to the lack of any strong national movement in favour of education, we are now attempting to hitch the schools on to the forces that lie at the back of local patriotism. This should not, however, confirm us in our disbelief in the expert, who both locally and centrally is indispensable.

If we compare the attitude to-day of the parent in every country towards the school with what it was fifty years ago, we shall be at once struck with the great and increasing claims made on the school. On the one hand we have the ever-growing demand to bring the school into touch with the future livelihood of the child, and on the other with the loosening of home discipline and the weakening of dogmatic belief, the

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rôle of the school as the chief factor in education is being augmented at an alarming rate. To take the latter side of the school's work first. It is probable in the near future that the undenominational school in every country will be compelled willy-nilly to give a more distinct and definite ethical cast to its instruction. Under the stress of modern competition the American father is often unable to exercise effective oversight over his child's bringing up. Early away in the morning, late home at night, he frequently passes the whole day without seeing his child except for a few moments. The women again are often absorbed in other pursuits. In this case the school becomes more and more the sponsor for the child's upbringing and education. In the long run the teaching of civics and morality will probably form as large a part of the American school's curriculum as it does in France. Already there is a strong forward movement towards the definite teaching of patriotism and the introduction of military drill, in order that, as Mr. Rogers has picturesquely said, the future citizen may know how to fight, either with ballot-boxes or bullets. Whether American education, with its passion for text-books, will ultimately evolve a regular series of lay catechisms on morality as France has done is yet to be seen, but unless Roman Catholicism, like a *troisième larron*, steps in to profit by the decay of the Protestant sects in the States, the American teacher of the future seems likely to be entrusted, whether he will or no, with the spiritual ministration of the souls committed to his charge. One thing is certainly true. The murder of President McKinley has immensely strengthened the hands of those who desire to increase the moral influence and authority of the school.

As regards the growing demand for bringing the school into closer touch with the after-career of the pupil, the American schools so far have sturdily maintained the paramount necessity of laying a firm basis of general education, and refused to sacrifice the education of the citizen to the training of the worker. This has not prevented them, in

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technical education, from introducing specialisation and that of a very high order, but they have carefully kept it till the end of the pupil's career; there is none of the smattering in technical instruction of immature pupils which has had such an unhappy vogue in England. In commercial education they have strangely enough done less than what has been effected in some European states. The reason for this is, that hitherto they have been content to secure for themselves the home market. With the present growth of their foreign trade they will soon feel the need of raising a special army of well-trained commercial travellers, thoroughly versed in modern languages, while their future captains of industry will also require to be more highly educated not in the practice but in the theory of business, or economics as it is called. Most of the so-called business colleges are rather devoted to the teaching of actual practice and the lower arts of commerce, but once the Americans realise the need for a greater number of higher institutions they are sure to speedily supply the missing article. In no country is the distance between cup and lip shorter than in America. The difference between the average Englishman of to-day and the typical American seems to be that the Englishman has to grumble over a deficiency till he has talked himself over into supplying it. With the American, a want has often only to be noticed to be at once met and remedied.

American education, as we have already seen, varies greatly. It possesses, no doubt, a "certain tail." A school in the backwoods cannot obviously compare with one of the latest scholastic palaces erected by the city of New York. Like every other nation America has its educational problems, of which a few have here been noticed, yet the comparative youth of the country has not allowed any of them, with the exception of the negro question, to become either acute or chronic as is the case with those in older lands. There are three things which are essential not only to the military but also to the educational forces of a country: money, men who are ready to go anywhere and do anything, and an experienced leader. The

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educational forces of America are fully equipped in this respect. They can count on being fully supplied with the sinews of war, their *personnel* is singularly enterprising and enthusiastic, and in the present head of their Education Bureau they possess one who may well be described as the Nestor of educationists. The reverse of a *roi fainéant*, who rules but does not govern, Dr. Harris governs because he does not rule. His writ "runs in no state," yet is read in all. His direct jurisdiction over American education is *nil*, yet, unofficially, he exercises over the minds and souls of the teachers all the spiritual suzerainty of an educational pontiff. Year by year he has been inculcating the deepest philosophical principles into the thousands who have sat at his feet at the great annual conventions, or have eagerly devoured the educational encyclicals which have issued in such profusion from the Bureau at Washington. No one can estimate, yet the most superficial observer can discern, the enormous effect such a course of informal philosophy has had on the present generation of American teachers. It has acted as a sort of gigantic conservation of spiritual forces, giving to the American teacher a kind of philosophic balance and ballast which, while it does not shut his mind against new experiments, prevents him from being too easily led away by the craving for novelty.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

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SHIPPING SUBSIDIES

THE sorrow on the sea is as ceaseless as in the days of the Prophet, and is not confined to those who go down to it in ships. It is also shared by those who build and own the ships, and by those who are eager to do business on the great waters. A longing for maritime power just now possesses two nations. In Europe, Germany, or at all events the German Emperor, is yearning for a powerful war navy; in America the United States is pining for a merchant navy, such as she possessed in the good old days before iron superseded wood, and before Protection became high. In this country no topic of commercial import has greater interest than the actual and prospective development of foreign shipping. With the natural development of that shipping we can compete tranquilly, but unnatural development by means of governmental aid is more or less feared, because the potentiality of it is unknown. That the inquiry which has been instituted and is in progress, by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, into the nature and influence of foreign subsidies on shipping will result in material for legislation is improbable.[1] It is much more likely to result in confusion of opinion—judging by the conflicting character of the evidence so far submitted. But even when experts differ, as they generally

[1] Since this article was written the Select Committee have issued an Interim Report containing the evidence already taken, and recommending that a Committee be re-appointed early in next session of Parliament to continue the inquiry.

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do, their remarks are usually interesting, and there will be no lack of interest in the report of the Select Committee when it is forthcoming. In any case, the inquiry is one which, at this particular juncture, we as a nation, practically dependent on shipping, cannot afford to neglect. The question with us is not whether we shall subsidise our shipowners and shipbuilders, but how the bounties granted by other nations have affected or may affect both. A bounty need not be as boundless as the sea to considerably disturb the conditions of sea commerce. And yet when one regards the project of America, it is impossible not to think, with Flavius of Athens, that "'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind"—as well as before.

In all old settled and wealthy countries, as McCulloch has said, numbers of individuals are always ready to embark in every new undertaking, if it promises to be really advantageous, without any stimulus from Government; and if a branch of industry, already established, be really important and suitable for the country, it will assuredly be prosecuted to the necessary extent without any encouragement other than the natural demand. And further:

> A trade that cannot be carried on without the aid of a bounty must be a naturally disadvantageous one. The history of all businesses carried on in this country by the aid of bounties proves that they are hardly less disadvantageous to those engaged in them than to the public.

This country has had experience of bounties for the encouragement of the fishing industry, and the provision of an important nursery for seamen. The system failed in both of the objects in view. The fishermen were distinctly injured by the bounties, which attracted into the industry a crowd of interlopers, who glutted the home markets and spoilt the export trade in herrings. Immediately after the bounties were repealed the quantity of herrings cured and exported doubled; thereby demonstrating that the best way to promote the industry was to leave it alone.

There are people in all countries who regard commerce as a sort of international war. Of such people there seems to be a

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large proportion in the United States, and Mr. Edward Atkinson has commented upon their presence even in the Senate. The outspoken language of this robust American economist is worth recalling.

> With singular fatuity these legislators [he says] are among the most prominent advocates and upholders of bounties and subsidies to lines of steamships connecting the United States with foreign countries; their purpose being to help the United States inflict the injury upon them from which they assume to defend themselves, *i.e.*, to flood other countries with our products; that is to say, to flood Great Britain with our cotton and our grain, and to flood other nations with our manufactured goods and wares, while refusing to accept payment for our surplus products in articles which are of foreign production we need in place of these exports. Surely what is sauce for the gander is also sauce for the goose. Yet these advocates of bounties are the very men who hiss at a reduction of our tariff, and who impute to those who try to promote commerce without bounties a dishonest seeking after British gold.

We have no quarrel with the Americans for longing for a restoration of their maritime power. They lost their place in the ocean traffic by their own fault, and they may recover it through their own virtue. And we have no right to object to their endeavouring to form a mercantile navy by artificial means—or, let us say, with the money of the taxpayers. That is their affair. But we have every right to object to an erroneous economic policy being supported in America by fallacious reference to the example of Great Britain. Mr. Eugene Chamberlain, Commissioner of Navigation (who in this connection may be called "the very soul of bounty") asserts that it is through the mail subsidies paid to steamship companies that Great Britain has retained her leadership in steam navigation. The present writer endeavoured in a recent number of *The Forum* to explain to American readers how very far this is from being the case. Our actual payments for mail subventions are under a million sterling per annum, and they are set off by collections of postage on the mail-matter. The net actual cost to the Exchequer of our so-called mail subsidies is only about a quarter of a million per annum. That the mail subsidies themselves are not regarded as prizes by British ship-

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owners—always keen for employment for their vessels, even when it is not highly remunerative—is evident from the small amount of competition for mail contracts. These contracts involve the shipowner in very onerous obligations, and very large expenditure, both in the provision and in the maintenance of suitable ships. They are necessarily worked at a much higher cost than steamers competing on commercial lines only. The mail flag gives them a certain advantage in the passenger traffic, but shuts them out from a good deal of profitable cargo traffic. In any case, these "subsidised" mail carriers form but a very small portion of our merchant fleet. They include, it is true, the finest specimens of marine architecture, but our maritime commerce by no means depends on floating palaces. The P. and O. Company is the only one of the "subsidised" companies that pays a respectable dividend, but it does not pay so well as many companies which have no mail subsidies. And the companies in the Transatlantic trade make their money not out of their subsidised mail-boats, but out of their non-subsidised cargo boats. Our sea commerce depends on the cargo "tramps," not on the stately mail steamers. And I wrote for the benefit of American readers:

> Nothing can be farther from the truth than the supposition, which seems to prevail in America, that British shipping owes its success and prosperity to Government help. On the contrary, successive Parliaments and Ministries have acted and enacted as if their darling object was to fetter and cripple the industry as much as possible. Little does the American shipowner know what an Old Man of the Sea is the Marine Department of the Board of Trade on the back of his British colleague. We have Free Trade in shipping, it is true, but that does not connote Free Trade in shipowning. It implies not protection in the American sense, but restriction of the British and practical protection of the foreign shipowner. And yet, thanks to steam and steel, we own half the world's tonnage, and do a good deal more than half the world's carrying trade.[1]

Let us see, however, what America proposes to do, and what other nations are actually doing, in the subsidising of merchant shipping.

[1] *The Forum*, December 1900.

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The Shipping Subsidies Bill was the culmination of an agitation for Government aid to American ocean-going vessels which dates back to 1870. In 1871 the United States Government ordered an inquiry into the losses to American shipping which had resulted directly or indirectly from the Civil War, and generally into the causes responsible for the decline of American shipping. It was then reported that 879,000 tons of shipping had been captured during the war, or transferred to foreign flags to avoid capture, and that by far the largest part had been lost by transfer. It was further reported that one of the causes of the decline of American shipping was the great difference in the cost of building vessels of iron in the United States and in Great Britain, and the difference in the cost of working vessels under the British and American flags. To offset these differences, and to infuse new life into American shipping, it was recommended in 1871 that there should be a return to the maritime policy which the United States had adopted between the foundation of the Republic and 1828, when discriminating duties were imposed upon goods imported in foreign ships, and discriminating tonnage taxes on foreign ships entering American seaports, and when the domestic or coastwise trade was restricted absolutely to American vessels. In the period from 1779 to 1828, only ships built in America and owned by Americans could fly the American flag.

The first departure from this maritime policy was by an Act of Congress in 1828, under which foreign ships and their cargoes were permitted to enter American ports on the same terms as American ocean-going vessels, provided the country from which these vessels came granted equal privileges to American vessels. Thirty years ago, when American foreign shipping was on the decline, it was recommended to Congress that the policy followed prior to 1828 should be revived, and that there should be a return to discriminating duties and discriminating tonnage taxes. This proposal Congress hesitated to adopt, because in the meantime had begun the immense material development which followed the war. All the avail-

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able capital that Americans could raise was needed for railway building and industrial enterprises, the returns from which were so large that American capital practically ceased to be employed in over-sea shipping. The result was that, until within quite recent years, there were less than a score of ocean-going steamers flying the American flag.

The agitation for Government aid to American ocean-going vessels never entirely ceased. It was contended that either by discriminating duties or by subsidies the shipping industry should receive some fair equivalent for the protection that the tariff affords to other American industries. It was urged by some that Americans should be permitted to buy ships abroad, if they could thus obtain them cheaper than in America, and that to ships so obtained the right of American registry should be extended; and numerous Bills with that object have been introduced into Congress. But this proposal was in direct opposition to the whole Protective policy of the Republican party, and in recent years the free-ship movement has made little progress. The present agitation for shipping bounties has been helped enormously by the building of the new American navy. When that work was begun there were only three iron shipyards in the country, and to-day there are thirty. The enormous development of the coastwise trade during the last fifteen or twenty years, no doubt, has had something to do with the increase of the American shipbuilding industry, but the building of the new Federal Navy has had more. It has extended some of the older yards, and called new works into existence, and it has brought the shipbuilding interest into closer connection with the administration and with Congress. With the building of the war navy a "shipbuilders' lobby" was created at the Capitol, and it has greater influence there to-day than any other single industrial interest, except that of the railways. Other work than vessels for the navy, however, is needed if all the American shipyards are to be kept continuously busy, and if the industry is to keep pace with the development of other American industries. Therefore, the old idea of discriminating duties and

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discriminating tonnage taxes was pushed aside, and the shipbuilders started the movement for subsidies, which is likely to come to a successful issue in the coming session of Congress.

The Republican party is, of course, the party of High Protection for all American industries, but in 1896 the shipbuilders obtained the assent of members of both political parties to their subsidies scheme. In that year Mr. M'Kinley was elected President, and in his letter accepting the nomination of the Republican party he emphatically supported the subsidies project. In 1898 came the war with Spain, and although Congress, in the session of 1898–99, advanced the Subsidies Bill through its earlier stages, from a variety of reasons it had to stand over. But the shipping interests did achieve some successes in that Congress. The coastwise laws were extended to Hawaii and to Porto Rico, and several American shipyards have been kept busy building ocean-going steamers for the trade between America and the new possessions in the West Indies and in the Pacific. Meanwhile the United States has pushed its way into the front rank of countries exporting manufactured goods. This new industrial position has had large effect on the new colonial policy of the United States. Since the introduction of the Subsidies Bill the electorate has twice endorsed the colonial policy of the M'Kinley Administration, in the belief that it will still further develop the export trade in manufactured goods. A similar view is taken by many of the Shipping Subsidies scheme. The Protective policy was not seriously challenged in the last Presidential campaign. It was accepted as a settled question, but to-day the country is both willing to extend that policy by a measure like the Shipping Subsidies Bill, and to consider a system of Reciprocity such as Mr. M'Kinley foreshadowed in his last speech the day before he was struck down.

The preamble of the Bill before last Congress "to promote the commerce and increase the foreign trade of the United States, and to provide auxiliary cruisers, transports, and seamen for Government use when necessary" was as follows:

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Whereas the profitable employment of the surplus productive power of the farms, factories, mines, forests, and fisheries of the United States imperatively demands the increase of its foreign commerce; and whereas the merchant vessels, officers, engineers, machinists, electricians, and seamen necessary to the increase of the commerce of the United States are also essential as auxiliary to the forces of the United States in time of war and otherwise, and to the better security of the nation and the protection of its possessions; and whereas it is deemed especially expedient to make immediate provision to these ends: Therefore be it enacted, &c.

And among the considerations submitted to Congress in respect of this Bill it was stated that the necessity for legislation of this character was demonstrated, unless it could be shown that the present condition is due to the fault of American shipbuilders and shipowners, or to the paying of too high wages by manufacturers and others employing the labour of the people. It was not admitted that either of these causes exists.

It is asserted that American exports have not kept pace with the increase of population or with the increase of the resources and power of the country in producing food and food-products, and in manufacturing industries of all kinds. The larger the export field, it is contended, the greater will be the capacity of the citizens to utilise and enjoy the products of the farm and the shop, and thereby to enlarge and make profitable the home as well as the foreign markets for everything that is produced or manufactured. The full fruit of development and increase must, it is urged, be found in increasing exportations of all national products and manufactures to every part of the globe where purchasers of them can be found. It is declared to be an "obvious truth" that the volume of the foreign trade of any nation is very largely influenced and increased by the fact that its own ships are the means of its communication and trade. This statement ignores the fact that the export trade of the United States has till now developed in a quite phenomenal manner without an American mercantile marine. But the Congressional paper goes on:

No theory or doctrine of Protection or Free Trade, no theory or doctrine of

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Finance or Currency, can affect the fact that our only means of communication and intercourse with more than 90 per cent. of all the inhabitants of the globe is shipping. In order that the United States can fairly compete with other nations in the markets beyond the seas, it is essential that our means of communication and intercourse with the buying nations should be put under the protection of our own flag and on a footing of equality, at least, with our competitors. In the present condition of national affairs and trade in those parts of the globe where perhaps the largest opening for the trade of ourselves and our competitors will exist in the future, the most efficacious means to these ends must be adopted.

Some American advocates of ship subsidies maintain that no argument against Government aid is afforded by statistical proof of an increase in a nation's maritime efficiency. They declare that subsidies are not asked or needed for vessels in the domestic or coast trade—already strictly reserved for American ships—but only for vessels in the foreign trade. And they maintain that the domestic shipping is prosperous and profitable, first because it is protected by law against the competition of foreign ships. From this the conclusion is attempted to be drawn that the foreign shipping is neither prosperous nor profitable because it is not similarly protected. The flaw in this argument, of course, is that while any nation may preserve its own coasting trade to its own flag by shutting out all competition, it cannot by any amount of protection of its flag on the high seas prevent competition in the international trade.

Subsidies for ships are not new to America. They were granted by an Act of Congress passed in 1845, when only some 6000 tons of steam shipping were on the American register. In 1849 the institution of the Collins line in opposition to the Cunard Company raised the steam tonnage to 20,000 tons, and in 1850 to 45,000 tons, but the subsidies did not enable the Collins line to compete profitably, nor preserve it from total failure within eight years. The increase of tonnage (which went up to 115,000 tons before the Collins line collapsed) under the old Subsidy Act of the United States was certainly not a proof of maritime prosperity. The Postal Subsidy Act was passed in

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1891, and, strangely enough, the steam tonnage on the American register next year dropped 11,000 tons (to 228,900 tons), although the admission of the British-built steamers, *Paris* and *New York*, by special Act of Congress, alone brought in some 22,000 tons. No doubt, between the passing of the Postal Subsidy Act in 1890 and the present time, the steam tonnage on the American register has increased notably, but not as a result of the subsidies, which are earned by only a few of the steamers now under the American flag. Moreover, subsidies for mail carrying are payments for services rendered to the State, whereas subsidies graded according to the distance run and the speed of the vessels, are payments in the nature of free gifts.

In the course of the discussion on the Bill, it was asked why it was proposed that 80 per cent. of a ship applying for registry and subsidy should be owned by Americans. Mr. Edmunds said he regarded this provision as necessary to insure practically American ownership and control. It would be more difficult, he said, for the foreign stockholders to acquire control of a vessel if the American stockholders held 80 per cent. than if they held only 50 per cent. In this connection Senator Frye said it was the principle of the Bill to bring under the United States flag American-owned ships, manned by Americans, which had been compelled, by financial considerations, to sail under a foreign flag. Vessels under the American flag would be able to compete successfully with foreign ships only with the help of the subsidy provided in the Bill.

Some very remarkable and even wild statements have been made in the United States in connection with what is now known as the Payne-Hanna Subsidy measure. Senator Frye, for instance, said that "80 per cent. of the tonnage from 14 to 21 knots was subsidised by the countries whose citizens own those vessels, and that of steamers over 16 knots at sea to-day only six are run without subsidies in one form or another." Senator Hanna, in addressing the Senate in December last, said:

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It has always been the policy of the English Government, in addition to the policy of directly subsidising their mail steamers, to make such concessions in the application of their laws as in fact to give an additional subsidy to their ships. In other words, the tax on shipping property is almost nothing, and all their internal revenue laws exempt shipping.

Mr. Charles H. Cramp stated before the Industrial Commission at Philadelphia that he was "sure that the great steamship companies of Europe are sending enormous sums of money to the United States to defeat the measure now pending in Congress." Others said it was the British Board of Trade which was sending money over to defeat the Bill! It would be the first time, says the British shipowner, that the Board of Trade has ever stretched a finger to help British shipping. Senator Frye's figures are wrong. There are 477 steamers in the world over 15 knots, and of these 298 are under the British flag; and there are 252 over 16 knots, of which 161 are under the British flag. As upwards of 60 per cent. of the tonnage referred to belongs to Great Britain, and as Great Britain grants no subsidies, and only pays (very niggardly) for actual sea services rendered, it will be seen that Mr. Frye is himself very much at sea. How Mr. Hanna has obtained the idea that our shipping is exempt from taxation cannot be guessed. British shipowners are rather under the impression that they are the most heavily burdened and severely taxed class in the country.

It is worth noting that while Great Britain reduced her expenditure for mail carriage, called postal subsidies, by £24,000 last year, the Government of the United States increased theirs, for a much smaller service, by £60,000. Moreover, the United States grant a practical subsidy of a large amount to American vessels by restricting the coasting trade to the American flag. The same may be said of Russia, and also of Holland in so far as trade in Netherlands India is restricted to the Dutch flag. And, yet further, the United States grant practical subsidies in another way. For the carriage of postal matter by foreign vessels not under contract,

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they pay 44 cents per lb. for letters, and 4½ cents per lb. for other matter. But for the carriage of postal matter by American vessels not under contract, they pay $1·60 per lb. for letters, and 8 cents per lb. for other matter.

Our payment for mail services is less than one-twelfth of one per cent. of the annual value of our sea traffic. In the majority of British mail contracts the carriers are paid only for the actual weight carried. Only a few, like the P. and O. Company, are paid a fixed annual amount, and that amount screwed down by competition to the smallest possible dimensions, saddled with very onerous conditions. Sir Thomas Sutherland has stated that it is very questionable whether the P. and O. Company gain anything directly by the mail subsidies they receive, as they are forced to provide very expensive vessels, and to despatch them at stated times, whether full or empty. Such payments are very far from being bounties, and they are certainly very much less profitable to the owners than the payments to vessels engaged in the transport service to South Africa, which no one has thought of calling subsidies. Nor can the Admiralty payment of £60,000 per annum, divided over ten vessels for the right to use them in case of need as cruisers, be regarded as bounty, for in order to adapt these vessels to the possible service in view more money has to be spent over their construction than if they were for the merchant service pure and simple, and their cargo-carrying capacity is considerably reduced.

It would appear that the German subsidies are not merely postal subventions, as has sometimes been thought. Among the replies made by British representatives abroad to Lord Salisbury's letter of November 8, 1899, in regard to the payment of subsidies to shipping, is that of Sir F. Lascelles at Berlin, transmitting a report prepared by Consul-General William Ward, who says that:

> The German Government memorandum submitted to the Imperial Parliament with the Bills proposing the grant of subsidies to the North German Lloyd Company in 1885, and to the German East Africa Company in 1890, expressly

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states that the annual sums to be granted as postal subventions in Germany cannot be regarded merely as a payment for services rendered, that is to say, for carrying the mails; that these sums were asked for establishing and subsidising German mail steamers. This was fully recognised by the German legislative assembly, to whom the Bill was submitted, and no one assumed that the subsidy was merely the value of the postal service, but it was looked upon as value also paid for important interests of the German export industry, the requirements of the navy, and of a colonial policy, &c.

Consul-General Ward shows that Germany pays a larger sum in subsidies than appears on the surface, and that all German ships in the foreign trade participate in indirect bounties. He says that "it cannot be expressed in figures, inasmuch as this bounty is granted in the form of exemptions from payment of customs duties and preferential railway rates." Goods imported for use in the construction of ships, or for their equipment, are admitted free of duty, as also are goods used in the construction of foreign ships of war in German shipyards. State assistance is granted by preferential rates on the German railways for articles for the use of the steamship companies, or for the construction of ships, and for goods for export. Consul-General Ward asserts that the indirect bounties conferred by preferential railway rates have been of immense advantage to German ships engaged in the African and Oriental trades. He says:

> This assistance is given by granting largely reduced rates of carriage by all German State Railways to goods exported from inland places of Germany on through bills of lading. These combined land-and-sea through rates of freight are lower than those in force for goods sent to German ports for direct exportation by sea. This preferential rate is only given to goods shipped by German steamers.

He adds that:

> The effects of this State assistance in the form of preferential railway rates for goods exported by these subsidised lines to Africa and the Orient are clearly perceptible in the large increase in the volume and value of the exports to those countries since the subsidies were granted.

For instance, in eight years the exports to East Africa increased nearly 500 per cent. in volume, while the return

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cargoes increased 200 per cent. in volume. The tonnage of the steamers employed increased in the same time about 600 per cent. The business by the North-German Lloyd line to Asia in five years increased 250 per cent. outwards and 100 per cent. homewards. The North-German Lloyd line to Australia shows similar results.

The total annual amount of direct postal bounties paid by the German Government aggregates £325,000, but that does not include £65,000 paid by the German Post Office to the Hamburg-American and North-German Lloyd steamship companies for the carriage of German mails from Hamburg and Bremen to America. The return mails carried by these companies are paid for by the United States and the other countries in which the mails originate. Consul-General Ward states that the North-German Lloyd line

> made an arrangement with the Hamburg-American line by which the same has taken over a part of the subsidy granted to the North-German Lloyd for a fortnightly service to China and Japan, in consideration of furnishing a certain number of vessels for this new service.

The German steamship companies all work in harmony, and are in close relations with their Government. The Consul-General adds:

> The figures and observations which I have submitted will sufficiently prove that the direct and the indirect bounties granted by the State to the several German steamer lines referred to have been of very valuable use toward developing German trade.

The tonnage of German merchant ships in the foreign trade has largely increased, and would have been much greater than it is but for the fact that the German-owned shipping in the Baltic ports decreased from 449,000 tons in 1871 to 270,000 tons in 1896, owing largely to change of laws by Russia and other countries.

Some of the witnesses before the Parliamentary Committee showed how the German preferential railway rates have helped German shipping. Mr. James Knott, a steamship owner,

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representing the North of England Steamship Owners Association, said:

Cargoes which we used to get from Antwerp are now diverted to Hamburg on account of preferential railway rates, which are tantamount to a subsidy. Some time ago there was a new railway to be built in Turkey, and there was a lot of railway material to be carried from Antwerp. At that time my company had an arrangement with German steamship owners to run on an equality of rates, but railway material was not covered by the arrangement. I was competing for the railway material, but the Germans got it. I was told that the Kaiser himself wrote a letter in his own hand to the Sultan of Turkey in favour of the German line. The Germans, from the Kaiser downward, are doing everything possible to promote German trade. Our trade is slipping away out of our hands—a little here and a little everywhere—and it seems to be nobody's business to take care of it. I believe that the immediate effect of the passage of the Shipping Bill pending in the American Congress will be the transfer to the American flag of a good many ships built by British companies in this country. I know that some owners interested in the American trade have made arrangements to register their vessels under the American flag.

Asked what remedy he proposed on behalf of Great Britain for this state of things, Mr. Knott said:

I regret very much that there is not a Minister of Commerce or Department of Commercial Intelligence in this country with whom traders can take counsel. The Board of Trade is a misnomer; it is really a Board of Labour. They pay no attention to the shipping industry. The Chambers of Commerce are pre-Adamite. The great percentage of the members of Chambers of Commerce have no direct interest in the matter. Subsidies might be one remedy among others, and a good system of through preferential rates might be another. The payment of subsidies helped the mercantile marine, and also to develop an export trade. They had helped Germany and Italy. In France subsidies had benefited the navy, though I do not know whether they have helped the trade of that country. Austrian bounties have made havoc of a very nice trade which used to be done by British vessels to and from Austrian ports, notably in carrying cargoes of cotton from New Orleans to Trieste. The Brazilian Government has passed a law providing that no vessels other than Brazilian shall be allowed to carry coasting cargoes, and that has had serious results on British trade. Vessels of mine used to run from New York to the Brazils, calling at Pernambuco, and made as much as £2500 per voyage. That has been lost. On the voyage to New York the Italian vessel gets £500 per voyage and to the River Plate, £669. To that extent my own vessels are handicapped where they engage in the same trade.

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Mr. Knott here wallows in economic heresy. And whatever benefit the German bounties may have been to the German trade—still an open question—the bounties of Italy, France, and Austria have certainly not served to develop the merchant navies of these countries. It is for the re-creation of a mercantile marine that subsidies are chiefly demanded for America.

Mr. Goffey, chairman of the Liverpool Shipowners' Association, complained before the Committee that French sailing vessels receiving bounties from the French Government engage in the British trade and make their profits almost altogether out of the bounty paid by the French Government. He said that this explained the fact that while in 1892 apparently no French sailing-vessels were produced and 124 British sailing-ships, each of 1000 tons and upwards, were built, the production of French sailing-vessels had since gradually increased, while that of England had declined, so that in 1900 the French produced thirty-eight sailing-vessels, each of 2000 tons or more, while we produced only four sailing-vessels of 1000 tons or more each. He said that there was a strong feeling among British shipowners that in every respect foreign vessels coming to British ports should be made to comply with the British load-line law and every other requirement imposed on British shipping.

Mr. C. H. Wilson, director of Thomas Wilson, Sons & Co. (Limited), owners of the Wilson line of steamers trading to Norway, Sweden, the Baltic, India, and America, testified that in competition with the Norwegian steamships they *lost* money, excepting during the tourist season; but the losses made on the Norwegian line were recouped by the steamers running to America, on which goods were transhipped from that line. Mr. Wilson expressed the opinion that Great Britain ought to follow the example of Germany in promoting the shipping industry, but our contention is that most British shipowners would be more than satisfied if Government would leave them alone. It is not help they want, but the absence of legis-

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lative obstructions. As for Mr. Goffey's idea of bringing foreign vessels under British shipping laws, we may hope for that happy time when, as Charles Kingsley would say, the Cocqcigrues come.

The most recent information as to French bounties is afforded by Sir Edmund Monson's report of June 28, 1900, to the Foreign Office. According to this the amounts voted to the French mercantile marine in 1899–1900 were: for construction bounty on tonnage £196,000, for navigation bounty on tonnage and mileage £452,000—total £648,000. There were also paid the following subventions for postal services: France and Corsica £14,200; Mediterranean £54,000; Calais and Dover £10,000; New York, West Indies, and Mexico £450,820; Indo-China and Japan £243,347; Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco £74,000; Australia and New Caledonia £121,317; East Africa and Indian Ocean £76,985; West Coast of Africa £20,036—in all £1,067,271. In the case of the Transatlantic and Algerian services the credit includes a bounty for speed. The credit for postal subventions in 1901 is the same as in 1900, but there is an increase of £26,000 in the construction bounties, and one of £36,000 in the navigation bounties. The law of 1881 granted half-bounties on navigation to foreign-built ships, but by the law of 1898 only French-built ships were entitled to this bounty.[1] To the amount of postal subvention must be added the *décimes de mer*, or remuneration allowed for the carriage of correspondence beyond seas by foreign vessels, and by French vessels not receiving navigation bounty. There were on the French register in 1899 only 1227 steamers of 507,120 net tons, and 14,262 sailing-vessels of 450,635 net tons. This mercantile fleet of 15,489 vessels and 957,755 net tonnage compares with one of 944,018 net tonnage in 1890, so that in ten years there was a mere trifling increase notwithstanding the bounties. The French bounties encourage the building of

[1] In the Subsidy Bill now before the Chambers it is proposed to discontinue all bounties on ships constructed abroad.

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sailing-vessels, the tonnage of which increased from 886,510 tons in 1895 to 450,685 tons, while in the same period the tonnage of steamers increased only from 500,568 tons to 507,120 tons.

The new Italian law, in virtue of which subventions are granted to steamship and shipbuilding companies, provides for each vessel actually built in Italy, or in course of construction, a subvention of 45 centimes up to the fifteenth year after the construction, to be paid for every ton and mile. For sailing-vessels the subvention is 80 centimes up to the twenty-first year. The subvention will not be allowed for more than 80,000 sea miles per annum as far as steamers are concerned, nor for more than 12,000 miles in the case of sailing-vessels. As to the shipbuilding companies, they will receive a bonus of 85 lire per gross ton for iron or steel vessels, and one of 13 lire per ton for wooden vessels. The builders are, moreover, entitled to import, free of duty, one-third of the metal necessary for the construction of ships' hulks, provided it does not exceed 160 kilos. per gross ton. Building bonuses will be paid on the day of completion, and will amount to 60 lire per ton if the ship is launched before June 30, 1903, to 50 lire from that date to June 1905, and 40 lire to June 1907. The subvention paid on wooden sailing-vessels will be 30, 20, and 10 lire. It is stipulated that the aggregate sum provided in the State estimates for ships' bounties must not exceed 10,000,000 lire per annum.

The Austrian shipping bounties amounted to £318,988 in 1899. Of that total £242,500 represented the general subvention paid to the Austrian Lloyd Steamship Company; £5000 represented a special subvention to that company for parcel post services; £17,208 was for subsidies for postal services in the Adriatic; and £54,280 was for trading and voyage bounties to Austrian vessels under the law of 1898. These last-named bounties have since been raised 10 per cent. in the case of iron and steel ships built in national dockyards, and 25 per cent. if constructed of home-produced material to the extent of at least

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one-half. The mileage bounty paid to the Austrian Lloyd Company is calculated according to the average speed at which any particular voyage is accomplished, and not according to the tonnage of the vessel. The Hungarian Government also pay bounties and subsidies, which in 1899 amounted to £80,755, on tonnage and for postal and other services. But all the vessels in the Hungarian mercantile marine are British-built, and up to last year no construction bounties had been claimed by home builders under the law of 1895. No doubt some subsidised Austrian steamers are now doing work that used to be performed by British steamers; but have we any right to complain of that?

Russia in 1899 granted subsidies to the amount of £318,000, apportioned as follows: To the Volunter Fleet and repayment of Suez Canal dues, £127,500; to the Black Sea Navigation Company, mileage at the rate of 1*r.* 75*c.* to 2*r.* per mile, and repayment of Suez Canal dues, £90,312; to the Black Sea-Danube Navigation Company, £83,256; to the Archangel-Murman Navigation Company, mileage at the rate of 3*r.* 88*c.* per mile, £29,856; to the Amur Navigation Company, at the rate of 1*r.* 87*c.* per verst of two-thirds of a mile, £19,500; Feodoroff's steamers at Vladivostock, £687; Petchora steamers between Archangel and the Petchora, £1062; Sheveleff's steamers in North Pacific, £15,938; total £318,061. And for postal services the following sums were allotted in addition: To the Caucasus and Mercury Company, mileage at the rate of 1*r.* 4*c.* per mile, £80,706; to the Amur Navigation Company, £7068; to the Kiakhta Company running on Lake Baikal, £8618; to the Glotoff Company running on the Lena River, £5318; total £46,695.

Under the estimates of the Department of Trade and Industry of the Ministry of Finance for 1901, the sum assigned for the encouragement of Russian navigation amounted to 3,086,070*r.* 60*c.* or £327,895. It is apportioned among the above and other lines, but the major part is for reimbursement of Suez Canal dues—a very subtle form of subsidy. The additional subventions for postal service amounted to £46,806.

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During the last ten years the total amount of subsidies, direct and indirect, paid by Russia has varied. Thus in 1890 it amounted to £239,998; in 1894 to £260,037; and in 1899 it rose to £364,756 as above. No bounty on tonnage constructed locally or purchased abroad is, says Consul-General Michell, granted to Russian shipowners. But to facilitate the purchase by Russians of vessels abroad, they are, under a recent law, allowed to mortgage such vessels to foreigners on purchase. They will also have, in January 1910, the privilege of reimbursement of the Suez Canal dues paid by them in full on arrival at a Russian port in the Far East, or on departure therefrom, and to the extent of two-thirds on arrival at or departure from a non-Russian port in the Indian or Pacific Oceans. As a further measure of encouragement of Russian shipping, vessels required by Russians abroad and destined for foreign sea-borne trade are now freed from payment of the heavy rate of duty formerly levied on such vessels, while the duty on steamers of foreign construction destined for plying on internal waters has been considerably reduced, and made payable in instalments extending over a maximum period of five years. No Russian line of steamers maintains communication with any of the Australian ports.

No shipping bounties have been granted by Belgium since 1852, but several laws have been passed with a view to increasing the Belgian merchant fleet—by admitting to the Belgian flag foreign-built ships, or foreign shipbuilding material at reduced rates or (since 1864) free of duty. The Belgian merchant fleet, however, is very small (168,000 tons), and as a matter of fact the Belgian Government do to some extent subsidise foreign lines. It will be news to most people, even in the shipping trade, to learn that the Norddeutscher Lloyd Company, of Bremen, receive from Belgium a subsidy of 80,000 francs per annum, and are exempted from pilot and light dues, &c., on condition that their steamers between Bremerhaven and the East shall call at Antwerp. The Deutsch-Australische Dampschiffs Gesellschaft receive 1500 francs for every voyage

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to and from Australia in the course of which their vessels touch at Antwerp. And the Forenede Dampskibsselskab of Copenhagen, whose lines run to the Baltic and Black Sea, receive special facilities for their steamers calling periodically at Antwerp.

The Dutch do not give any bounties or subsidies to shipping, but only what the Minister for Foreign Affairs calls "une indemnité pour le transport régulier des malles et des colis postaux." Such contracts exist between the Netherlands Government and several shipping companies having lines to Batavia, the West Indies, &c. The Government of Netherlands India pay subsidies for the services of the Royal Packet Boat Company in the Eastern seas, at a scale per geographical mile sailed, with the object of keeping up a regular communication between the different parts of Netherlands India.

According to a recent report by Sir Ernest Satow the Japanese Government in 1899 paid as much as £584,696 in shipping bounties. This amount has grown from £100,750 in 1895. The bounties granted by the Japanese Government to Japanese-owned vessels are comprised under three headings: (1) By the provisions of the Law for the Encouragement of Navigation; (2) by the provisions of the Law for the Encouragement of Shipbuilding; (3) by a Bill recently passed granting special subsidies to the vessels of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha and Toyo Kisen Kaisha employed on the European-Seattle and San Francisco lines (for the encouragement of navigation routes). Of No. 3 Mr. Lay says in his Report on the Foreign Trade of Japan for the year 1898 that:

> The expenditure authorised was £272,959 for the European line (Nippon Yusen Kaisha), £66,765 for the Seattle line (Nippon Yusen Kaisha), and £103,500 for the San Francisco line (Toyo Kisen Kaisha), and the payments are to continue for a period of ten years from January 1, 1900. In the European service, which is to be fortnightly, twelve steamers of not less than 6000 tons gross, with a minimum speed of 14 knots an hour, are to be furnished. For the service between Hong Kong and San Francisco, which is to take place at least once every four weeks, three steamers of not less than 6000 tons gross tonnage, and with a minimum speed of 17 knots an hour, are required. For

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the Hong Kong-Seattle line three steamers are provided for with a gross tonnage of not less than 6000 tons each, and a speed of not less than 15 knots an hour, which shall make at least thirteen trips a year. The subsidy is to be granted for vessels which shall be engaged in these services for ten consecutive years, the proportion they are to receive being the same as that which they are entitled to under the Law for the Encouragement of Navigation, the provisions of which must be observed. The steamers must be less than fourteen years old when the contract takes effect, and must pass the necessary official examination. Postal matter is to be conveyed free of charge.

The development of subsidised Japanese tonnage has been striking. In 1872 Japan had 96 merchant steamers of an aggregate of 28,364 tons, all second-hand and unseaworthy vessels that never ventured beyond the coasts of Japan. In 1900 she had 846 steamers of 528,320 tons, most of the vessels being of the finest modern type, well-equipped and well-manned, competing with the best British, German, and American lines.

The following are the mail subsidies and bounties of various character paid to shipping by the several maritime countries. The amounts are for the latest years obtainable:

	£
United Kingdom (mails only)	764,117
United States „	357,723
France (mails and bounties)	1,787,270
Germany (mail subsidies)	400,000
Italy (mails and bounties)	500,000
Russia (mails and bounties)	374,700
Austria-Hungary (mails and bounties)	400,000
Spain (mail subsidies)[1]	
Portugal „	13,000
Netherlands „	75,000
Norway „	30,000
Sweden „	17,000
Denmark „	20,000
Japan (mails and bounties)	700,000

[1] In 1896 Spain paid £335,000 in mail subsidies, but since then has lost Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. Her present payments for mail services are insignificant.

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We do not seek to anticipate the decision of the Select Committee. It is quite possible that for Imperial or other reasons they may recommend the extension of Government aid to some branches of shipping, on the lines followed by the Colonial Office with regard to the new fruit service with the West Indies. What the British Mercantile Marine, however, needs is not more, but less, legislation. It is saddled with burdens that no other nation places on its shipping. It desires an end of restrictive legislation, and of the delusion that shipowners are a class of selfish money-grubbers, who must be compelled by law to work not for their own profit but for the maintenance and development of the foreign trade of the country. The best way to promote the shipping industry is to leave it alone.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

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THE CONTEMPORARY CRITIC

IN considering the province of contemporary criticism it may be well to begin by examining how fundamental differences of mental attitude lead men into different schools. The watchword of one school is Authority,[1] the aim of the other is Interpretation.

First let us accept the critic's delicate position. It is no objection to him, as is confusedly felt, that he is a self-appointed judge. The value of his pronouncements lies in their *justice*, and not, as the vulgar hold, in their issuing from a high and impressive seat of judgment. But how if the word critic, down the long centuries, has attached to itself shades of meaning at odds with the idea of justice? Styling themselves the judges, the discerners (*κρίνω, separate*), have not the contemporary critics shown themselves, to the mind of disillusioned generations, kith and kin with the fault-finders? Is it not that the word critic, in general, suggests to men an inimical shadow hastening to run before slow-footed justice? and where are men more sure of disinterring old criticism than from the learned grave of error? A curious fact this, that when men hear the word Judge, their thoughts turn towards the justice administered, but when they hear the word Critic, they are simply apprehensive; they wait as men expecting *anything*. And they are rarely disappointed!

[1] "The first and most indispensable [condition] is the acknowledgment of the principle of Authority."—Professor Courthope's "Law in Taste," p. 431.

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They are rarely disappointed because the critic's utility, and liberty of delivering judgment being conceded, and since his is the right to construe everything as he pleases, there remains only *his own relation to his subject* to be settled. Nothing can there be, or ought there to be, to prevent the critic from seizing those special vantage grounds, whence his subject seen from above, or below, or askew, can be caught at some angle, in focus or out of focus, at his will, and so, either revealed or contorted, be thrust upon the watching audience. But the critic must vindicate his right to his supreme liberty of movement and use of vantage ground, by proving to us that his formidable cleverness, his persuasiveness, his elastic manipulations, re-adjustments and interpretations are in the service of his passion for justice, or are inspired by his delicate sense of his relation to his subject. For this relation of the critic to his subject may be purely arbitrary. Anything he may draw from the deep wells of his misunderstanding, if delivered oracularly, is in fact the impressive judgment the crowd accepts! Is not the average critic's anxiety to show his superiority over his subject, at all costs, proof that his ideal of justice is justice for *himself?* And have not the majority of critics of every generation been thereby subtly led to commit critical *felo-de-se?* Therefore we may look curiously and with an intent eye at those hosts of critics who put themselves before their subjects, who put themselves first, a long long way first, and their subjects last. Such critics may on occasion utter good and searching criticisms, but does not occasional justice bring the judges into contempt? Seeking a more convincing basis for judgment let us put the self-seekers for the time aside.

II

But how can the critic be just? Just to *what?* It is by the world of standards that the critic carries within himself that he defines himself. And these standards imply his prejudices, his limitations, his partialities no less than his insight, his potency, his illumination of spirit. Of such a web

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is his judgment strangely woven, and by the respective worlds that this web stretches over to-day shall we define each modern critic as ranged in one of two classes—academic or contemporary. Each has his separate standards, each dispenses a different justice, the first the deferred justice of a Court of Appeal, the second that of an Arbitrator. Of the third, or the journalistic pseudo-critic which our hasty age has fabricated to serve its hasty purpose, *his* justice is that of a crowd in motion. The Court of Appeal's justice springs from a resifting of accumulated evidence, the Arbitrator's justice from swift insight into contending forces—the age and the man. Whose task is the more puzzling? If a strange darkness descends not rarely upon the academic critics, upon those elect men, privileged to judge the buried past, who cast their purged gaze towards the Olympian peaks of literature standing out clear and well defined beyond the confused and shifting foregrounds of our age, if on *them* descends the darkness, what misty seas of error, continually sweeping up from the modern plains, must envelop the contemporary critic? How to be just to our contemporaries, when the "movements" and the needs of the generation continually force the critic to shift his ground hastily, in order to keep the range of the advancing and passing contemporary crowds? What *standards* is the contemporary critic to be just to? Must not, after all, every critic's aim be to fight for his own special creed in the *melée* of contemporary movements, and must not he break lances with all men who bar his passage? If, for example, like Mr. Andrew Lang, he carry within himself a praiseworthy passion for what is "old and seasoned,"[1] or like Señor Valdés[2] he mourn over the decadence of modern literature, must he not strive to close

[1] "We ought to aim at excellence of matter and form, and we may be content to think that *all goodness of form is old*, and is not fantastic."—"Literature in the Nineteenth Century": Essay by Andrew Lang.

[2] "I cast my eye over Europe, and I see nothing in poetry and painting but lugubrious and prosaic scenes, and in music I hear nothing but sounds of death."—The Decadence of Modern Literature": Essay by Señor Valdés.

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with his strait creed the mouth of this unworthy generation? The answer is—Assuredly he must, and by the nature of his insight into the movements of his day shall we class him as an academic[1] or contemporary critic, or merely as an engrossed indefatigable journalist. Assuredly it is the honourable task of the academic critic, of the scholar, and of many a fine spirit to rally in the defence of "the old and seasoned" and uphold the cause of great literature, and to be deaf to the interested shouts of the marketplace and the present-day turmoil. So strong may that instinct be that we find Joubert, that finest of spirits, would admit to the shelves of his library neither Voltaire nor Rousseau, for fear of contamination, though probably Mr. Lang, who bars the great Russian author Tolstoy, and the great Scandinavian Ibsen, has decided that Voltaire and Rousseau are "old and seasoned" enough to be innocuous reading, both for the crowd and for himself. Certainly the academic critic, strong in every age, from the days of the Alexandrians to the days of M. Brunetière, will be always with us, and in this hour of commercialism in letters and of the Americanisation of the world, he deserves that fine gold should be intertwined in his professional laurels. Whether he direct his age from an Oxford Chair, or whether he illumine the pages of illustrated "weeklies," his brave stand for good literature, for classic literature, for the literature that the happy inspiration of the ages has led him to reconsecrate solemnly, will see him enrolled, if not in the ranks of the immortals, assuredly in the ranks of their cupbringers and their torchbearers. "They loved the old, good literature that the common man passed by." That is in itself a just and noble epitaph for the true academic critic. But many are the methods of advancing the cause of good literature, and we humbly urge that the favourite method of the academic critic,

[1] "The ability and success with which the journalist discharges his functions naturally excite emulation among those who practise the fine arts. They imitate his methods. Hence they are led to Realism in the choice of subject Impressionism . . ."—Professor Courthope, "Law in Taste." (Fielding and Sterne we see are thus accounted for!—E. G.)

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that of refusing entrance to the spirit, taste, and tendency of his time,[1] would almost disqualify the contemporary critic from exercising his functions.[2] The web of the contemporary critic's mind is otherwise woven. So complex and diverse are the worlds of modern tendency, which the critic's web must stretch to and embrace to-day, that one quality, receptivity, must be inherent in the fibre of the contemporary critic's mind. The critic who, in the cause of good literature, or in the cause of "seasoned literature," is fond of waving various manifestations of contemporary literature aside,[3] he who refuses to examine certain aspects, and he who forbids life to manifest itself in this or that fashion through literature,[4] is in fact seeking to dictate to life the new forces of its growth and the new horizons. A serious, an invaluable academic critic he may be, but all the same a partisan of the classics, priding himself on fencing out from his palisaded enclosure that upheaving modern world which must evolve new forms in art, new ideas, formulas, styles and jargons, or else drop back into scholasticism, imitation, and conventionalism of form. The academic critic's contention

[1] "... the modern artist, in opposition to ancient practice, either ignores the necessity of finding his groundwork in the selection of a subject common to himself and his audience, or insists on his right of treating his subject without regard to the public taste or experience. Every one can see for himself that this is the way in which an essentially modern artist like Ibsen constructs his plays."—Professor Courthope, "Law in Taste."

[2] "It has been a great century in letters, but its earlier glories in letters are little studied (with a few exceptions), and the literature of the moment is only in one way encouraging. It cannot well be worse; it is the dark hour before the dawn."—Andrew Lang, "Literature in the Nineteenth Century."

[3] "Meanwhile we must endure constant exhibitions of crude and one-sided experiments, 'symbolism,' adventures in odd metres, tales without beginning or end, or interest, uncouth attempts at phonetic reproduction of rude dialects, mincing euphuisms, miscalled 'style,' and many other tribulations, among them flocks of imitations of everything that has a week's success."—Andrew Lang. *Ibid.*

[4] "Great stores of 'realism,' 'naturalism,' Ibsenism, decadence, and art according to Maeterlinck, have been unloaded on a public, which, lectured out of its natural human tastes, is already reverting to them."—Andrew Lang. *Ibid.*

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at bottom amounts to this—that life should express itself only by certain *authorised* forms of literature, and literature should not be free to work out new channels for life's expression.[1] So perchance ought it to be! but fortunately so it is not. How have the "authorised forms" been attained, we may ask, if not through the uncouth beginnings, the ceaseless experiments of successive generations? And no amount of critically applying the standards of culture of bygone ages to the literature and art of a present generation can appreciably modify a "movement's" evolution; every new literary movement, renaissance, or fresh departure in art and letters, whether fine or cheap, whether long lasting or transitory in its effects must spring largely from fresh needs and outlooks, and from the new vistas opened by life to each successive generation.

This being so, in order to be *just* to any school of writers, to any literary movement of any period, must not the critic first try and investigate the mental outlook arising from the social conditions of the life of which any school is a manifestation? of which it is a revelation? to which it is a contradiction? Must we not first of all examine the author's attitude in relation to the prevailing tendencies round him? We may often, of course, not succeed in discovering how a particular writer has been fertilised by his age, and certain writers seem to spring up independently of their environment, but, in considering the main body of the literature of the generation, will not the main proposition from which the contemporary critic should start be something as follows:

All literature is documentary evidence on mind or life. Every age seems to produce in the bulk of its literature, those varieties of special literary food which are best calculated to nourish the prevailing conceptions of life; and simultaneously from the community's ranks (always silently developing fresh unseen forces) constantly there emerge fresh men bringing with

[1] "The standards of poetry have been fixed long ago by certain inspired writers whose authority it is no longer lawful to call in question."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. i. p. 63. "On Southey and his School."

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them new conceptions and new forms, which challenge the old forms and conceptions. Now when critics are found strenuously contending against new schools of writers, and new forces,[1] they are nearly always showing their blindness to the forces of life working in and behind these writers, and so they have not the scale by which to render justice to its literature.[2] Irritated by new methods, new ferments and uncouth experiments,[3] these critics do not understand that even the foolish fashions, if you will, of contemporary literature do "show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." The critic may indeed say to contemporary writers: "By all the tests of good literature I find your standards execrable," but should we not require from contemporary criticism a justice more explanatory and more penetrating? "The law does not deal with a man's motives, but only with the result of his actions" is a principle in jurisprudence consistently set aside by all the great critics of human life. And certainly that finer justice by which the critic seeks to *place* each man's performance, will lead him first to inquire—what necessity in *you*, what inheritance, what outcome of what conditions give you your character, and make you the mouthpiece of the life which you represent to us? This is the finer justice, that which considers literature not as fruit detached from the tree, the soil, the climate, the influences which have brought it forth, but that which shows its human meaning, its curious value in relation to the contemporary attitude of mind it bodies forth. If the critic does not pursue this method, but

[1] "A splenetic and idle discontent with the existing institutions of society seems to be at the bottom of all their serious and peculiar sentiments."—*Edinburgh Review* on "Southey and Coleridge."

[2] "From the steppes of Russia come delirious mystics who work up the country of Molière, Rabelais and Voltaire. From thence surge unwholesome analyses and scandalous improprieties, that corrupt the sons of Cervantes."—Señor Valdés.

[3] "New sentiments and new images others may produce; but to attempt any further improvement of versification will be dangerous. Art and diligence have now done their best, and what shall be added will be effort of tedious toil, and needless curiosity."—"Life of Pope." Johnson's Works, xi. pp. 194, 195.

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seeks to fix the value of his age's literature by reference to the æsthetic standards of the literature of the past, we shall find him denying "excellence" to whole schools of literature,[1] or disdaining to inquire into the significance of the really significant tendencies of his age.[2] We shall find him, in short, failing to show that *passion for justice*, that delicate sense of his relation to his subject, which should lead him to interpret his age's productions. We shall find him, finally, ranging himself amidst that host of critics, who, avowedly fighting in the cause of good literature, often ignore, misread, and misinterpret in their day that very literature which is good.[3]

III

What, then, is the contemporary critic's duty? He cannot hope to do more than fix a provisional value on the literature of his day. But his aim must surely be (*a*) to discover in the great mass of literary "matter" the fresh creative spirits bringing new illuminations, new valuations into literature and life; (*b*) to set down the characteristics of those contemporary documents which *do* betray to the age "his form and pressure" and (*c*) to detect the forces underlying the literary movements, and explain the nature of the life which determines their

[1] "The same rule applies to continental literature. 'Decadence' and reaction from Decadence (as in M. Rostand); 'Realism' and reaction from Realism; social philosophies, striving to take literary form (as in Tolstoy); theories and contending critical slogans meet us everywhere, but we find little spontaneous genius, little permanent excellence."—Andrew Lang, "Literature in the Nineteenth Century."

[2] "So when there appears one of these ostentatious, enormous, wearisome works, enveloped in vagueness and mystery, full of symbolical and mystical aspirations, like many of the Romantic Schools of the past, and nearly all of the modern naturalists, symbolists, and decadents, the public is delighted," &c.—Señor Valdés, "The Decadence of Modern Literature."

[3] "Mr. Wordsworth's diction has nowhere any pretence to elegance or dignity. . . . Alice Fell is 'trash.' . . . The poem on the Cuckoo is 'absurd.' 'The Ode on Immortality' is 'the most illegible and unintelligible part of the whole publication. . . . We venture to hope that there is now an end of this folly.'"—*Edinburgh Review*, xxxiv. 203.

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qualities. He aims at justice thereby; and though he rarely attain it, perhaps his verdict on the newcomers, whom he greets, is about as useful as that pronounced by the academic critic upon the ages which have fled far from him. Let us apply this humble scheme of the critic's duty to some of the literary "signs and portents" on our horizon.

IV

What are the manifestations of contemporary literature? What does authority say? "The literature of the moment is only in one way encouraging. It cannot well be worse: it is the dark hour before the dawn," says the distinguished critic whom we have already quoted. But why, why are the critics always longing for the dawn instead of rejoicing in the deluge? For is it not the hour of the deluge and of no dawn that arrives, and of a still more wonderful deluge to-morrow? Looking at the seas of modern literature before us, around us, advancing upon us, and recalling the text "The fountains of the great deep were broken up . . . and the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth," it may be asked: Is not this literary inundation indeed the uncontrollable expression of modern life, of its rushing volume, and is not the critic's vocation to face with a spirit curious, undaunted, free, this literature's far-circling expanse, rejoicing in ascertaining its depths and racing currents and all the portents of its babbling shallows? Can any agency assuage, or academic precept stem, this incalculable flood?

What is the special note of this literature that "cannot well be worse?" Vulgarity and banality, some will answer. "The note of emancipation from certain human decencies," Mr. Lang replies[1]; but does not a broader note in our literature's voluminous voice, one of a deeper import, force itself upon us? Shall we

[1] "The note of the early century was that of emancipation from rules which had always been conventional, the rules of French criticism under Louis XIV. The note of the closing century is emancipation from certain human decencies."—Andrew Lang, "Literature in the Nineteenth Century."

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not rather recognise that modern life's fecundity, diversity, and complexity along with its vulgarity are being marvellously mirrored by the literature of our time,[1] that our literature breathes that spirit of expansion whereby the modern man's horizons are constantly enlarged, and whereby he is to-day, no less than yesterday, exploring, seizing, and developing the illimitable fields of life and thought stretching for his annexation and investigation. And is not our literature, in the main, one of sympathetic curiosity and keen inquiry as to the thousands of roads life is going.[2] Wherever the civilised man places his foot, in whatsoever spot of the globe he finds his habitation, there is contemporary literature speedily recording *him*, and so adding to the old world's realisation of its new life.[3] Centuries to come, looking back on our generation's literature, will see in it the ceaseless movement and expansion that characterise our day. Now, if our literature brings to men's cognisance so fully the variegated life of European societies, its decadence in those "centres" where decadence is[4] and its vigorous expansion where growth is,[5]

[1] To take only the writers best known to us in England as creative artists who have produced their main work since 1860 (the year that marks for Mr. Lang "the degeneracy of literature") we may cite: Meredith, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Maupassant, Walt Whitman, Henry James, Anatole France, Howells, Nietzsche, Jules Lemaitre, De Goncourt, Zola, Bourget, Pater, Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, Maeterlinck, Heredia, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Serao, Fogazzaro, Carducci, D'Anunzio, Negri, Sienkiewicz, Spielhagen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Couperus, Verhaeren, Valdés, Bjornson, Jonas Lie, Jacobson, Hardy, Henley Stevenson, Mark Twain, Sarah Orne Jewett, Miss Thackeray, Miss Wilkins, Daudet, Robert Bridges, Jokai, Orzeszko.

[2] I can at all events attempt without undue temerity to discover the common tendency of writers of to-day. You meet, I think, almost everywhere an aversion to the conventional, the artificial, and a patient and persistent search for Nature, reality and truth."—Jules Pravieux. "On Contemporary French Literature," *Athenæum*, July 6, 1901.

[3] Stevenson in the South Seas; Pierre Loti in Indo-China; Stephen Crane in Mexico; Joseph Conrad in Malaya; Henry Lawson in Australia; Maxime Gorky in South Russia; V. Korolenko in Siberia, &c. &c.

[4] Huysman, Eckhoud, Pierre Louys, Catulle Mendes, &c.

[5] Bret Harte, Rudyard Kipling, Louis Becke, Hamlin Garland, &c.

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does it not accomplish its mission? Can the literature of decaying communities and the literature of the new peoples beyond sea alike gain sincerity by their spiritual adjustment to classic models? Yet the academic critic's dissatisfaction with modern literature poises itself delicately on the vast and rounded contention that they can and should.[1] If we have to endure, in Mr. Lang's words, "constant exhibitions of crude and one-sided experiments," "symbolism, adventures in odd metres, &c.," may we not recognise that these "one-sided" experiments cry aloud with the great voice of Culture which has taught the general public to become articulate, which has opened a way for the yeasty waters of popular literature and carried them over the breakwaters of the Academies and the "literary men," and over the quiet beaches sacred to the "fine spirit?" Must we not recognise as kindred phenomena of one and the same great spectacle—the world's progress—the facts that, on the other hand, never was a generation more culture ridden than ours, never were there so many "Classics for the Million" and "World Classics," so many "Edited Texts," "Golden Treasuries," and "Globe Libraries," so many "Temple Shakespeares" and "Century Scotts," so many "Manuals of Literature," "Literary Histories" and "Histories of Literature," so many "Standard Editions" and "Complete Works"; never were there so many "Royal Roads" and Extension Lecturers, and certified professors of literature and language, so many registered teachers and scholarly expounders of all the standards that the academic critics deem to be "old and excellent"—nay, is not the *Daily Mail* itself edited by young Oxford and Cambridge scholars?—and yet, yet on the other hand this is the age of "The Sorrows of Satan" and

[1] "The most marked characteristic in the contemporary art and literature of every country in Europe is the pursuit of Novelty; by which word I mean not the freshness, character, and individuality, which are essential to every work of genius, but the determination to discover absolutely new *matter* for artistic treatment. . . . The causes of Poetical Decadence . . . are moral not physical."—Professor Courthope, "Law in Taste."

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Miss Marie Corelli's other novels, of "The Eternal City," and Mr. Hall Caine's novels running into *their* millions of copies, and Mr. Guy Boothby and *his* hundreds of thousands of copies. Does it not almost look as if it were the successful application of the "sweetness and light" of the classics to the Philistine soul of our world that has aroused the great general public to manifest itself in literature, and to pour from the floodgates of its consciousness that whirling sea which "cannot well be worse"? And while academic teaching and the literary deluge synchronise, is it possible that we shall not get rid of either in this inspiring modern world? Is it possible that we are merely viewing two phantasmagorial aspects of one and the same ingenuous spectacle?

V

In any case, whether it is the diffusion of superficial culture which assists the depraved human mind to produce the bulk of popular literature, must not the contemporary critic accept that wider standpoint which involves a recognition of the "bulk" as "the literature of the self-education of the crowd" —the mental food necessary to its present state of development? And will he not better seize its significance, and indeed render it absolute justice by treating it as *documentary evidence* of the community's mental outlook, needs, wishes, and states of feeling?[1] Is not the crowd trying to get into the whole house of modern literature, and find out its life there, and is there not to-day such a noise and confusion, such a banging of doors and opening of windows that the house is rendered temporarily uninhabitable to the "fine spirit"? And are not the most "popular" writers very, very insignificant as creators, but very plainly significant as the instructors,

[1] For example, perhaps the fullest justice that we could render to that remarkable work "The Eternal City" would be by analysing its caricature of Tolstoyism and by considering its solemn projection of the Suburban Protestant lower-middle-class conscience through the airy medium of Fleet Street sensationalism into the astonished corridors of the unrelaxing Vatican.

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the overseers, the spokesmen of the community's ignorance?[1] If the critics would only recognise as a national drama this surprising unlocking of the doors of our heterogenous General Public's consciousness and its flinging itself outwards into literature, eager to bring its world into violent and familiar contact with the great stream of life flowing outside it, would they not fix the valuations of this literature, get all round it, see into its meaning, and thereby place it better than by simply condemning it as not in harmony with certain æsthetic canons. We are all witnessing to-day the phenomenon of the culture of the community not being *grown* slowly from the deep roots of its life (by which slow growth for example, flowered the exquisite poetry and exquisite arts of many old-world peasantries), but being transplanted, imported, and administered by the Press, the academies, and other wholesale agencies for indiscriminate consumption. And the unassimilated "culture" of our modern commercialised world is the ferment in the hasty brew of "popular" works.[2] It is the chief source of very bad art. Accordingly the contemporary critic, seeing the relation this "culture" bears to society's mental outlook, seeing inevitably why it is prevalent, and the purpose it serves, must discriminate most sharply between the comparatively small band of artists whose creative instincts shape true works of art for us, and for posterity, and the running multitude of writers whose works reflect the common perishing valuations of our bustling and self-important time. Herein lies the distinction between living and dead criticism. For if the critic fails to detect in the deluge of his

[1] "Hall Caine's 'Eternal City' is a great novel revealing the author at the very zenith of his gift. . . . The book's greatest wealth is its wealth of contagious and engrossing emotion. It is a triumph of imagination, of power over the feelings, as it is of dexterously used observation of an historic and most interesting and deeply agitated people . . ."—*The Liverpool Daily Post.*

[2] For example, the rise to-day of a pseudo-realistic, pseudo-romantic school of fiction (examples, Mr. Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," Miss Fowler's "The Double Thread") suggests that the great-middle-class public is suffering from an indigestion of culture and a painful chaos of ideas.

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day the spirits that being finely creative open new windows for our consciousness, if he confuses what is significant with what gives us a mere face value, he fails. Weary of the deluge, he is in danger of rejecting his age *en bloc* or of hailing, let us say, the achievements of Mr. Rider Haggard, and of being critically disheartened by the "symbolism" of Maeterlinck.

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Seeking then, in this weltering literary flood to-day loosed upon us, for talents of special originality which add something really living to literature, and for those documents of life which show the age in meaning outline, the critic understands first that justice implies that receptive spirit, which hastens to recognise each writer's world, listens to his message whatever it be, and responds to anything individual he is privileged to reveal to us about which other men are dumb. Secondly the critic asks: "Does this talent open to us a new window into the world of men, the world of the mind? Wherein lies the difference between this new window and all the other windows?" And generally, in the case of those few windows opened for the first time, which are most strange to us, how apt are the critics to have an actual distaste for them,[1] at first refusing to look out of them, and even clamouring to have them blocked up altogether.[2]

But in the majority of cases the windows, we agree, merely open back into the commonplaces of the human mind, then the critic's duty is to see whether but one solitary face looks out or a multitude of contemporary faces. The majority of *litterateurs* in every age are as human wax on which

[1] The *Guardian* on Charles Kingsley's "Yeast": "It is the countenance the writer gives to the worst tendencies of the day, and the manner in which he conceals loose morality in a dress of high sounding and philosophic phraseology which calls for plain and decided condemnation." Quoted by Mr. Basil Worsfold in "Judgment in Literature."

[2] See Mr. William Archer's list of first English criticisms on Ibsen's plays,—"Carrion," "Loathsome Putridity," "Shocking immorality," &c., &c.

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are impressed individual records of the modes of thought, institutions, ethics, fashions, and general forms of life current in their day. The average mind having little original creative power, with which to resist, transform, or appraise the prevailing standards, gives us the *face-value* only of the life around. And the critic, in dealing with this class of literature, will stamp it as the crowd's. Crowds, *en masse*, have too their literature, the writings in ogham, the rock-carvings of their mental state, and in order to do it justice the critic must fix in his criticisms these people's valuations of life, and he must try and get behind their literature and see what it falsifies as well as what it reveals in the nation's life.[1] To subject the bulk of contemporary literature to high æsthetic and literary standards is often simply to *suppress* its significance. As the majority of new works are but the age's ephemeral children they can only make an appeal to their parent age; the contemporary critic's duty, therefore, is to fix, in the significant documents of the life of his time, the *character* of his age; and to the majority of average works of literature he will do justice by treating them as revelations of the contemporary mind, knowing that though the inner individual spirit of these typical documents may be of very little significance, its testimony to the overlordship of the age may be of very much.

To come back to our starting-point: how can the critic be *just?* If we penetrate into the critics' camp do we not find it pitched at the meeting of many cross roads along which the various critics, asking "What is the value of this new literary field presented to us?" are seen taking each some individual path, some idiosyncratic lane of judgment, whence they obtain some special prospect, but rarely command a wide view of the main lie of the land. So in trying to get nearer to just judgment we are led to criticise the critics' relative justice and we then see the critics as men fulfilling dissimilar functions.

[1] For example, the "immoral passages" of a "scrofulous" French novel often imply there is little to hide and much pretence of immorality. The English novel hides and assumes, equally, certain aspects of the national life.

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The rank and file of the army of critics would indeed seem to serve as the faithful janissaries of the main body of the public's prevailing concepts, ethics and mental outlook, janissaries whose function it is to attack all literature that is strange or rare, the assimilation of which may be held to be harmful to the national constitution. (Example. The general English criticism of the French "naturalists.") Other critics stand as the spokesmen of foreign or classic culture, the study of which in their judgment would bring to their nation a wider outlook, finer aims, and clearer self-knowledge, and such critics may be in their turn liable to misjudge the significance of "new windows" opened at home. (Example. Matthew Arnold and his attitude to Tennyson, Browning and other contemporary writers.) Other critics again, enamoured of certain features in the national life may show little justice to writers, "schools" or movements outside their own bracing programme. (Example. The critical policy of Mr. Henley's *National Observer*.) The critics, in fact, perhaps, should be looked upon less as judges responsive to demands for justice at their gates, than as the priests of literature vowed to their special creeds, to their own particular altars, and deaf to all but the favoured communicants within their sacred walls. When a "new window" is opened revealing a fresh territory of the mind, is not the average critic less anxious to find out what are the special laws of its existence, of what life and what nature it is the outcome, than to establish that this new territory, this new mind, ought, according to such and such literary standards, to be something rather different from what it is.[1] Undoubtedly this is criticism's chief work; the ushering of the great procession of æsthetic and literary standards to announce to each writer "You have failed here; you have succeeded there; you are too much yourself, or you yourself are too little." This is the daily work of criticism, the bringing of this Rhadamanthine court to throw its shadow

[1] The multitude of "journalistic" critics who find in every goose a swan is, of course, a "portent" demanding kindly analysis in its turn.

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over and efface all productions that are feeble and malformed at birth, the continued existence of which the critic deems injurious to literature itself and to the common good. But this formidable process explains also why most criticism has merely an ephemeral value and administers but partial justice; for in trying to judge where the work arrives in the great road of literature stretching before us, the critic is apt to discuss too much its transitory relations with the surrounding world to which it speaks, and too little its permanent relations with the world from which it has come. If we take up the sorriest pamphlet of (say) the eighteenth century we understand what it is, we see its value as literature and its relation to the life of its age. The critics of its day did not see what it was; they saw what it "ought" to be and therefore their "oughts" passed away in the pomp and show of transient superiority. The critic's "ought" rarely *explains* the meaning of the writer's "is"! The contemporary critic will therefore understand by justice that which explains the "is," finds the illuminating light it casts on life, and does not exclude it from its place, because it "ought" to be rather different from itself.

Thus, looking at the relations of the mass of critics to the literature of their day, the contemporary critic aims first at *interpretation*, knowing that he must be prepared to controvert current opinion, and yet he must sympathise with his age in order to penetrate to its meaning. He is the arbitrator, just or unjust, between the individual men of his age and his age's prevailing tendencies, and accordingly he will prove himself less of the censurer and faultfinder the more he shows in his ideal and in his practice that he is the explainer, the demonstrator of what writers introduce or reflect in contemporary life. His aim will be to *account* for authors, to explain them to their age, and their age through them—which will not indeed render them ultimately less dissatisfied with him. He will, however, understand that it is his duty to resist what is bad in literature chiefly by showing what tendency it represents, by tracing what is its relation to contemporary society and the

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contemporary mind from which it springs. And thus the critic, in inquiring into the significance of the really significant tendencies of his time, will leave to the academic school its watchword of authority as applying to the past, and will find the weapon that can deal with the present, in his chief aim—*Interpretation.*

Finally, the academic and the contemporary critic may be said to rule over different provinces. The function of the former may perhaps be defined as "the interpretation of the literature of the past, and the promulgation of the highest literary canons (of the past) in order that good literature (as heretofore understood) may be perpetuated." The academic critic, in any case, gathers in the honours of the last word. Willingly we leave the silent field to his impressive figure. He frowns at the birth of the obscure, but his sense of duty impels him to officiate at the obsequies of the illustrious dead. To him falls, after the lapse of centuries, the most delicate of tasks—the task of marshaling those writers who, by virtue of their qualities, have survived the censure of the academic critics of their own day.

EDWARD GARNETT.

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THE SYMBOLISM OF SIGNORELLI'S "SCHOOL OF PAN"

PERHAPS the most fascinating and certainly one of the best primitive pictures in the Berlin Gallery is the well-known picture which is usually called the School of Pan, but which the Berlin catalogue entitles "Pan as God of natural life and master of music with his attendants." It cannot be without a pang of regret that the English connoisseur admires its beauties, for it was originally offered to the trustees of the National Gallery and rejected by them with that keen discrimination of, and distaste for, great masterpieces which have so frequently been displayed by that body even in more recent years. The particulars of this—unfortunately typical—transaction, and also an account of the discovery of the picture by Signor Tricca in the Palazzo Corsi at Florence, are given in Miss Cruttwell's admirable monograph on Signorelli (G. Bell & Sons, 1899). In her account of the picture itself, which may be taken as the latest and fullest, though she alludes to the "true touch of the Pantheistic spirit" which it evinces, to its poetry and idyllic charm, she does not give any clear notion of the meaning of the picture, or of what ideas in the artist's mind led to the production of this fascinating poesy. And yet, in fifteenth century art, such compositions as this were never purely capricious fantasies.

Modern as the artist of that time was, in some ways, he was not modern enough for that; he was too much accustomed in

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painting to the practice of setting out to express some definite and well-recognised idea, to create so elaborate a composition without given data. Some train of thought, discoverable or not, always led him, by more or less logical and intelligible stages, to the particular imagery of his composition. In the case of Botticelli's mythological poesies, the ideas have almost all been traced to their sources in the literature of Politian or of the Latin poets.

That this is, in a sense, a companion piece to those we might have guessed even without Vasari's testimony. It is so unlike Signorelli's other work, it bears so unmistakably the impress of Lorenzo's peculiar pantheistic imagination, his fervid neo-Platonism, that the inspiring idea could only have taken rise among those poetical metaphysicians of Lorenzo's circle who found in classical mythology so perfect an expression of their dreams about the universe.

But how did Lorenzo de' Medici—since we may take his imagination to have been the prime mover in this poesy—how did Lorenzo come by such a conception of Pan as is hinted at here? How comes Pan to have the stars for his robe and the moon for his horns? What is the meaning of his curiously twisted stick, and above all, why has Lorenzo made the artist attempt such a strange—for Italian art of this period such a unique—effect, of the after-glow of a clear sunset? For although the last warm rays of the setting sun fall on the figures and cast slant shadows across the foreground, Signorelli has availed himself of a poet's licence to introduce into the sky and clouds an effect which only occurs when the sun has already set in clear æther, when the moon begins to tell on the intense violet of an Italian sky, while the clouds, lit by the sun's afterglow, still compete with its growing light.

I do not know of any other Central Italian or Florentine work of this period in which the mood of such a twilight effect is so vividly and so feelingly conveyed as it is here, not, it is true, by a literal and consistent rendering of the facts of tone and colour, but by an instinctive perception of what in the

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effect, as one sees it in Italy, stirs so poignantly the cosmic emotions of the beholder.

In classical art and literature, both of Greece and Rome, Pan is given no such exalted position as this. The horrid and jovial shepherd god of Arcadia could hardly have sat on this rustic throne or cast his eyes up and sighed with such an overpowering sense of *weltschmerz*. It was not till neo-Platonic pantheism and perhaps some notions derived from Egyptian religion had found their way to Rome that this conception of Pan took shape. And it is, I believe, from the writings of Macrobius and Servius of the fourth century A.D. that Lorenzo de' Medici got his idea.

Macrobius says ("Saturnaliorum," Lib. i. c. 19).

> Pan ipse, quem vocant Inuum, sub hoc habitu quo cernitur solem se esse prudentioribus permittit intelligi. Hunc Deum Arcades colunt appellantes τὸν τῆς ὕλης κύριον, non silvarum dominum sed universæ substantiæ materialis dominatorem significari volentes, cujus materiæ vis universorum corporum, seu illa divina, sive terrena sint, componit essentiam.[1]

But though this gives us clearly the general notion of the picture the passage from Servius is much more explicit. In the note on Virgil's Bucolic ii. line 31, "Imitabere Pana canendo," Servius adds:

> Nam Pan deus est rusticus, in naturæ similitudinem formatus. Unde et *Pan* dictus est, *i.e.*, *omne*; habet enim cornua in radiorum solis et cornuum lunæ similitudinem. Rubet ejus facies ad ætheris imitationem. In pectore nebridam habet stellatam, ad stellarum imaginem. Pars ejus inferior hispida est propter arbores, virgulta, (et) feras. Caprinos pedes habet, ut ostendat terræ soliditatem. Fistulam septem calamorum habet, propter harmoniam cœli, in qua septem zoni sunt: . . . καλαύροπα habet, *i.e.*, pedum, hoc est baculum recurvum propter annum, qui in se recurrit: quia hic totius naturæ deus est, a poetis fingitur cum amore luctatus: et ab eo victus: quia ut legimus *Omnia vincit amor*. Ergo Pan, secundum fabulas, amasse Syringam

[1] Pan himself, called also Inuus, under the guise here seen allows the initiated to understand that he is the Sun. The Arcadians worship him under the name of *the Lord of Hylè* ("wood" or "material") signifying thereby not the ruler of forests but the controller of all material substance, the material whose strength makes the essence of all bodies whether earthly or heavenly.

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nympham dicitur: quam cum sequeretur, illa, implorato Terræ auxilio, in calamum conversa est: quem Pan ad solatium amoris incidit, et sibi fistulam fecit.[1]

We get here I think the germ of the whole picture. I can hardly doubt indeed that the picture is little else than an elaboration of the notions contained here. We have at once an explanation of the intense red of Pan's flesh, of his curious wand, of the moon for his horns, and of the stars on his robe, and also of the peculiar effect of afterglow when sun, moon and stars all unite in the celestial harmony. We have an explanation of the seven pipes (it will be seen that they are all displayed, though in order to do so Signorelli had to arrange them in an unusual manner in which, in fact, they could not all be played). We see that the idea of Pan as a god of music which the title of the Berlin catalogue suggests, and which is not a familiar attribute of Pan, is unnecessary, for the music symbolises the celestial harmony. We may also surmise that the nude woman in the foreground is not Echo,[2] as is usually supposed, but Syrinx, an attribution which is clearly hinted at in the long reed she holds in her right hand. We may also suppose that she is intended to symbolise, as Servius suggests, the female principle in nature.

Undoubtedly the passage in Servius gives us no direct explanation of the four male figures. But I think it is not

[1] For Pan is a rustic god, formed in the similitude of nature. Whence also he is called Pan, *i.e.*, *All-things*. And he has horns in the likeness of the sun's rays and the moon's horns. His face is ruddy in likeness to the æther. On his breast is a starred fawn-skin, an image of the stars. His lower part is hispid on account of the trees, undergrowth, and wild beasts. He has goat's feet to show the solidity of the earth. He has a pipe of seven reeds in accordance with the harmony of the heavens in which there are seven zones. He has a shepherd's staff or crook: this is a recurved wand in accordance with the solar year which returns upon itself. And since he is the god of all nature, poets have feigned that he strove with love and by him was overcome, since we read that "Love conquers all things." So Pan, according to the fables, loved the nymph Syrinx, who, when he followed her, called upon the Earth for help, and was turned into a reed, which Pan to solace his love cut and made into a pipe.

[2] It is not unlikely that the seated figure behind is Echo.

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difficult to see how they might arise out of the ideas already obtained from Servius.

The suggestion which most obviously occurs to me is that they are the four seasons, but in that case they would, I think, be more plainly symbolised; besides, one scarcely sees why autumn should expostulate with Pan.

It seems to me more probable that they are four phases of the activity of the natural man, of human life as it would be if Pan were the supreme god. The first phase is devoted to love; the youth lying on the ground gazes with rapt ecstacy at Syrinx, the *ewig weibliche*. The second phase is that of the cultivation of rustic arts, typified by the man playing the pipe. The third is that of intellectual activity, the middle-aged man who reasons with Pan. The fourth, devoted to reverie and retrospection, is seen in the old man to the extreme right.

I am aware that this explanation is highly problematical, and I should not be surprised if some other passage in late Latin literature were found to throw further light on the subject. But apart from this embroidery on the main theme, I think that the passage I have quoted explains more fully than has yet been done the genesis of this fascinating work.

ROGER E. FRY.

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MAGIC MIRRORS AND CRYSTAL GAZING

MR. YEATS recently instructed the readers of this magazine in magic and spells, of which he is a master. My humbler purpose is to show the inquiring student how he may (perhaps) make experiments for himself in what was once thought a branch of magic, but is now an outlying province of experimental psychology. These are long words, but the experiments are as easy and simple as brushing one's hair before a glass. History and romance, ancient and modern, are full of anecdotes and legends of "magic mirrors," magic crystals, "show stones," like those of Dr. Dee, in Queen Elizabeth's time, and so forth. Conspirators have, in various ages, been accused of trying to discern, say, the period of the King's life, by looking into "magic mirrors." The early Church denounced *specularii*, people who peeped into these forbidden glasses with the purpose of "spotting" winners in the chariot races. The Earl of Surrey, the poet, was shown his distant Geraldine in a mirror; "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," by Sir Walter Scott, narrates a similar tradition in the Rosebery family. The ink-gazing of the modern Egyptians puzzled Lane, keenly interested Scott, and was laughed at by Kinglake in "Eothen." The experiments of the Regent d'Orleans are recorded by Saint Simon, and those of Cagliostro by Carlyle. There is, in short, a chain of examples, from the Greece of the fourth century B.C., to the

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cases observed by Dr. Mayo and Dr. Gregory, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and to those which Mrs. de Morgan wished to explain by "spiritualism."

In spite of all these examples, I, for one, had always regarded crystal gazing and the use of "magic mirrors" as purely superstitious or poetical fancies. I did not believe that any sane and truthful person could see more, say in a glass ball, than the fancy pictures we construct in the fire or the clouds, or from the stains of a damp wall. There would be reflections in the glass, which anybody, even I, could fancifully construe into, let us say, landscapes of rivers, hills, and sheets of water. In this practical, sane, and scientific mood, forswearing all examination of the subject, I remained, till I read Miss Goodrich Freer's article (signed "X."), on crystal gazing.[1] Miss Goodrich Freer gave an excellent account of the history of the hallucinations, or let us say fancy pictures, induced by gazing into any clear deep. Then I remembered George Sand's account of the visions which, as a child, she used to see, and could not get any one else to see, in the back of a polished screen. George Sand had no motive for invention here, she did not seem to have heard of, or to be interested in, the general question of such fancy pictures. As Miss Goodrich Freer adduced many contemporary examples in her own experience, and among her acquaintance, I fell from my scientific pinnacle so far as to suggest experiments. Of course, to make such experiments was, scientifically speaking, mere superstition. But a common glass ball was bought, and I, with a number of persons at a country house, began to stare at it. We saw reflections of our noses, and of other adjacent objects. However, our hostess was at first rather startled by beholding pictures in the ball. A man lying in bed, his face like that of the actor who takes the chief part in the Ammergau mystery play, was the first picture, others followed, faces and places, and scenes, as it were, out of romantic novels, which she was not aware of having read. None

[1] *Proceedings of the Psychical Society*, vol. v. p. 486, *et. seq.*

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of these "led to anything"; no information of any kind was derived from them: in fact, they soon bored the lady. Here I may remark that, with perhaps two exceptions, crystal gazing does not interest any of the many people of all sorts and ages whom I have since found able to see, what I cannot see, pictures of persons in motion and other pictures in a glass ball, a ring stone, a teaspoonful of ink, a glass jug of water, or what not. Of the two exceptions, one is a student of psychology; the other, out of good nature, made regular notes, to oblige myself and the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers. As the gazers were persons of undoubted veracity, my intimate friends, near relations, or casual acquaintances, and as they were not "hysterical," nor ghost seers (except in three or four cases), and as the numbers of persons with the faculty proved to be large, I have been obliged to abandon the obvious and popular hypothesis that they are all engaged in a practical joke. One of them, Mr. B., had a rare opportunity. I had sent him (without any comment) an object, an inch of leather shoe-tie, found beside an unidentified corpse that lay for years under the Chancellor rock in Glencoe. I asked Mr. B. to look in a glass ball for information about the piece of leather. He replied, by letter, that he saw nothing. But, by a mere chance, he knew what the scrap of leather was, and whence it came. The temptation to play on my credulity by seeing the corpse in Glencoe, Mr. B. overcame; in his case I should have succumbed to it!

Having satisfied myself that some people really would see hallucinatory pictures in a glass ball or in water, I examined the ethnological side of the question. I found, by studying works of travel and anthropology, that many savage and barbarous races gaze into water, polished basalt, rock crystals, and so on, for the purpose of seeing distant events, foreseeing the future, detecting criminals, and so forth. Polynesians, Hurons, Iroquois, Apaches, the Huille-che, the people of Madagascar, the Zulus, the Siberians, the people of Fez, the Arabs, the Australian black fellows, the Maoris, the Incas,

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not to forget the Hindoos, all unite in the same practice. It does not seem to me credible that so many and so widely separated peoples should agree with ancient Greeks and the races of Western Europe, in staring away, if they did *not* see hallucinatory pictures. So I believe that some people do see them: nor is the fact now denied by professors of psychology. Here I ought to meet the current objections, such as occur to everybody.

(1) If anybody can see such pictures everybody ought to see them. "If it is a law of Nature it is universal," a fair logician said to me to-day.

But it is not everybody who even dreams, or, at least, wakens with any conscious recollection of having dreamed. Again, not everybody has experience of *illusions hypnagogiques*: visions of faces and places, and other things, seen with closed eyes on the borderland of sleep. These are very common and much discussed by writers on psychological science. But I have remarked that persons of common sense, unfamiliar themselves with the experience (only too customary with myself), do not believe in the existence of *illusions hypnagogiques*, yet no professor of psychology has any doubt on the matter. If as small a percentage of people dreamed as the percentage that sees crystal pictures, the majority of mankind would deny the existence of dreams.

One may also cite the "mind's eye" visions of figures (numerals) coloured and arranged in diagrams on which Mr. Galton has written. Many scientific men did deny the existence of pictures "in the mind's eye." They do not occur to myself, but nobody, thanks to Mr. Galton, now doubts that they do occur. My own nearest approach to anything like crystal gazing is the *illusion hypnagogique*. A few days ago I was drowsy before dinner; I sat between two friends who were talking, and, with shut eyes, I contemplated a very complex pattern in red of a wall paper till I rose and dressed for dinner. I could have copied the pattern, but I could not consciously have designed it. Now the ordinary crystal picture

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has more than the vividness and distinctness with all the unexpected, unsummoned character of the *illusion hypnagogique*, only it is seen with open eyes by people in a fully wide-awake condition. The pictures obey a law of Nature no doubt, but we are not all endowed with the faculty of seeing the pictures, any more than we all dream or all see *illusions hypnagogiques*, or numerals arranged in coloured diagrams.

(2) "Hypnotism" is not the explanation. I never studied a crystal gazer who was not wide awake and in the full possession of all of his or her normal faculties. The fixed gaze at the glass ball may hypnotise some people, but I never met such a case.

(3) It is often argued that the pictures are merely imaginative readings of the reflections and lights and shadows in the glass ball or jug of water. This may sometimes, or often, be the case. You may see pictures in the embers, where I see none, and also in the reflections in the ball. My friend, Mr. B. already spoken of, believed in the reflection theory. So did the Misses A., ladies entirely unknown to Mr. B. I therefore took him to the house where they were staying, and seated Mr. B. with his back to the wall, facing the light, in one corner of the room. Miss C. A. sat with her back to the light, in the opposite corner. Each looked at a glass ball. I then left the room with Mr. B. He had seen a picture of an old woman. We returned and asked Miss C. A. if she had seen any picture? She had seen an old woman writing. There was no old woman, nor any picture of one in the room, and the reflections, in the circumstances described, could not, within reasonable probability, have coincided in representing an old woman. Nor was collusion possible, not to mention that Mr. B. was the last person likely to "collude." Again he and Miss C. A. wished to maintain the theory of reflections, which the experiment, as far as it went, tended to confute.

Again, I met this year a young gentleman engaged in applied science. He had never, as far as he was aware, dreamed a dream in his life. But he several times repeated this experi-

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ment. He covered up his head to exclude the light, and stared into a perfectly dark funnel. He found that the funnel filled with light (hallucinatory, of course), and that crystal pictures of the usual kind (fancy pictures and vivid reminiscences of things familiar) appeared in this "light that never was on sea or land." I tried the funnel myself, it was absolutely black, there could be no reflections. The experimenter, on trying with a glass ball, found that the pictures were similar to those in the funnel. Though he never dreamed, he was subject, between sleeping and waking, to *illusions hypnagogiques*, vividly representing machinery, pages of calculations on which he had been at work, and so on. His case convinces me that reflections in the glass are not necessarily the sources, or *points de repère* of crystal pictures. In fact, the gazer does his best to exclude reflections.

(4) If all my many friends and acquaintances who see crystal pictures are not hoaxing me, if the argument (1) about law being universal does not constitute a valid objection (because our faculties are not identical in all individuals), if the theory of reflection is, to say the least, not exhaustive—pictures being seen where no reflections exist—I may be told that "it is all imagination." Perhaps the philosophers who say this will ask themselves what they mean by "imagination"? If they mean invention, or "poetic imagination," one must remark that most of the seers are not inventive or poetical, and that the inventive and poetical usually see—their own noses, at least, as far as I have questioned them. But if by "imagination" is meant the power of consciously calling up a vivid "mind's eye" picture of a selected object—of "visualising" things—I agree that most crystal seers (as far as I know) are good visualisers, though many good visualisers are incapable of seeing crystal pictures. But the crystal pictures are not consciously selected and created mental pictures of a known object (except in certain cases). They come, and go, and change, like figures in a dream, or in *illusions hypnagogiques*, to the surprise of the gazer, and without *conscious* choice or effort on his part. For my part

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my pictures, seen with closed eyes on the frontier of sleep, represent no objects selected by or even, as a rule, consciously known to me. They may be intensely vivid, but, when completely awake, I can scarcely "visualise," or form a "mind-picture" at all. When I try, between awake and asleep, to call up a picture of a face, I never succeed: never once have I succeeded. But a bright picture may arise of a face that I never saw, or of a wall paper, or of a landscape unknown to my conscious self, or of something that I remember having seen, but this is very rare.

For all these reasons, though I do not deny that "imagination" is concerned in making the pictures appear, I infer that it is a peculiar sort of "imagination," not consciously exerted. Some crystal gazers can, and others cannot, purposely put into the ball a picture of a familiar person or object. As a rule, they no more call up the pictures on purpose than they can choose their own dreams. Thus we cannot dismiss the pictures as "all imagination," or "all fancy." Our business, on the other hand, is to examine and try to understand the processes of this peculiar species of "imagination." To show that it is not the usual sort of exercise of the fancy, I may mention two cases; both of maidservants who had never heard of the topic. One of them picked up a glass ball, looked at it, and said: "That is a pretty picture of a ship." She then turned the ball round, expecting to find that a picture was pasted on the back. The other girl was asked by a friend of mine to look at a glass ball. She did so, said that she saw a piece of paper covered with writing, and then laid the ball down. "She thought the ball was one of those toy things where you see views and things, and that the writing was there, and at any moment she could pick up the ball and read it." But she could not see the writing again, though she was able to describe the characteristics of the hand. "The girl had never heard of this harmless scientific amusement," my friend adds.

These two cases are cited to show that the kind of "imagination" at work is not the usual kind. The gazers

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believed what they saw to be real or objective, a material picture, an actual piece of written paper, fixed in, or at the back of the glass ball.

(5) It may be said that the people who can see such pictures are "hysterical." That they are usually "hysterical" appears to be the theory of Dr. Janet.[1] Dr. Janet had experimented on "neurotic" patients. In my own experience the subjects have been healthy British subjects, often vigorous athletes, sportsmen and sportswomen, golfers, tennis players, bicyclists, and salmon fishers. I would not attend to the descriptions of crystal pictures given by hysterical patients, who are eminently and cunningly mendacious.

(6) People almost always object—"But, if the faculty exists, what is the use of it?" The suppressed premise is that, if anything has no known use, that thing does not exist. But what is the use of argon in the atmosphere? What is the use of dreams, or of *illusions hypnagogiques*, or of the appendix in the human organism? The last, we are told, is a rudimentary survival of some organ that was useful to man when his ancestors were another kind of animals. Perhaps the faculty of crystal gazing is also a survival of some earlier mental equipment. I have no theory, but there the faculty is.

The ordinary Briton says, like an acquaintance of mine to his wife: "Now if you could spot winners there would be some use in it." The lady then asked him to read the names of the horses entered for two races. She looked in the ball, and *did* spot the winners. Thus, a horse called Night Watchman was among the entries. She saw, for that race, a man with a lantern patrolling a dark lane. Night Watchman won. But I do not advise anybody to back horses thus indicated; you might as well back the winners indicated by dreams, a method only occasionally successful.

I have now discussed the *a priori* objections to the existence of the faculty of crystal gazing. It is dull work, "tedious and inartistic," as a reviewer of mine remarks. But I am not

[1] *Les Névroses et les Idées Fixes.* Bleau, Paris. 1898.

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treating the subject as a drawing-room amusement. People, if not sceptical, are apt to be superstitious. They expect crystal gazers to read the future, and they go to professional seers, who, like other extorters of money on false pretences, ought to be locked up. Other people say that the devil, or "spirits of the dead," are the causes of the phenomena. That was the savage and the mediæval theory; I know no single fact which lends to it any reason of plausibility.

On the other hand (and here I must expect to be regarded as credulously superstitious), I cannot deny that I have met many cases in which the crystal gazer appeared to see, in the glass ball, pictures of what was in the mind of another person present. And, what was more curious, say that A. (a stranger to B., the gazer) was thinking of C., at a distance, B. would behold C., and describe him or her, dressed and occupied as C., on inquiry, proved to have been. I have published a collection of these and other singular results.[1] In the work cited I exhausted such ingenuity as I possess, in the way of inventing ordinary explanations, such as those of imposture, collusion, eager recognition of persons from vague descriptions, and chance coincidence. None of these theories, nor all of them together (one for one case, others for others), proved satisfactory. The gazer was a visitor among strangers; I had never met her before; she had never heard of crystal gazing before I lent her a glass ball; she could not have "crammed" the history and family connections of the people among whom she found herself, and then made lucky guesses; she could not have anticipated the contents of letters which had not arrived. The witnesses were usually old friends of my own, who made signed depositions. I myself was "scried for," with more than the usual precautions, and with astonishing success. The descriptions of persons seen were extremely minute, and eked out by pantomimic imitation of gait and manner. As to chance coincidence, it seemed to be

[1] "The Making of Religion." Second edition. Longmans & Co. 1900. Chapter V.

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excluded by the fact that the people seen in the pictures were sometimes described as in unusual situations, which it was found they had occupied. On the other hand, in one case for myself, and in others known to me, the gazer either saw nothing, or nothing to the purpose. Obviously a certain conclusion could only be reached by a long series of experiments, with many people, conducted in a psychological laboratory. For my own part, I was, and am, personally convinced that a more than normal faculty was exhibited, both by this gazer and by others of my acquaintance, including Mr. B. (already mentioned as almost too disdainful of a practical joke, and as a partisan of the theory that the pictures are constructed out of the reflections in the ball).

Mr. B., for example, first saw the ball in the hands of his sister. After some "chaff" he retired with it to the library. He returned, and only said that he had seen a person of his acquaintance "under a lamp," but would learn on Tuesday (the day was Sunday about five P.M.) whether he had seen rightly or not. On Monday he went to a place about forty miles away, and there on Tuesday met a lady at a dance. "On Sunday," he said, "about five you were sitting under a standard lamp, in a dress I never saw before" (he described it) "making tea for a man in blue serge, I could only see the tip of his moustache, as far as his face went."

"Were the blinds up?" said the lady.

"No, I was at ——" said Mr. B.

Both persons wrote and signed statements to this effect.

Another day Mr. B. was at my house. We had been talking, among other things, about a lady known to me, whom Mr. B. had never seen. After luncheon Mr. B. looked in a glass water jug, and very minutely described what he saw, the hall of a house, a white cat coming down the stairs. The whole arrangements answered to those of no house which either of us had ever seen to our knowledge. Later I mentioned the facts to the lady of whom we had been talking.

"That's my house, and my white Persian cat," she said.

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I had never been in her house in London, but, when I visited it, I found everything as Mr. B. described it. The cat, unluckily, was not at home. His existence is, however, undeniable. I see "no use" in Mr. B.'s crystal pictures, nor does he.

Perhaps my most curious cases are those in the book cited, (pp. 99–101) where letters from India and elsewhere, received just after the crystal pictures were recorded in Scotland, entirely corroborated their contents or "message."

The gazer in this last, the Indian, case, is by far the most surprising whom I have encountered. The ordinary experiences are much like what I shall now describe.

K., a near relation of my own, and one on whose veracity I would cheerfully stake my existence, looked at a glass ball when in my company, at a place we went to in the Highlands, and there she saw an old castle which we had visited; and a lady playing at a peculiar game of cards in which she (K.) had once taken part with her. A young lady, M., of our friends then tried thinking of some one. K. described "a lady like your mother," but with certain marked differences and peculiarities. Both M. and I recognised M.'s maternal aunt, of whom she had been thinking. K. had never seen M.'s aunt. Hearing footsteps in the passage, I looked out, and asked a young man, a hotel acquaintance, to come in and try his luck. K. then saw Y. and Z., whom we knew, fishing in a boat. "I first thought of them," the young man said, "but, when you spoke, I was thinking of the big trout they caught." Then I did the thinking; I thought of Dr. W. G. Grace, as he is not hard to "visualise." "I see John Knox," said K. We then went for a walk, and next, went to church. On the road a memory occurred to me. "Do you recollect looking in the glass for me at F. when I was thinking of John Knox, and you saw something else?" I asked. Up to that moment I had forgotten the circumstance.

"No, I don't remember," said K.; but, of course, she must have had a "subconscious" recollection, which started the

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picture of Mr. Knox. After church, M.'s mother did the thinking. K. saw a daughter of hers in a blue dress, but the lady was thinking of a dog, dear but defunct. Of course, we called K. a fraudulent medium. In July she wrote to tell me that she had seen in the ball the result of an examination in which she was engaged, and which was still undecided. What she saw was a piece of paper on which were written names, thus:

1. Miss K.
   Miss G.
2. Miss L.

The rest of the names were indecipherable. This little prediction was fulfilled; Miss G. had not been expected to take a high place. Chance guessing, "sub-conscious," covers the case.

While reading for the same examination, K. and another lady P. looked into the ball. They then, separately, wrote down what they had seen. Each had seen the Pyramids (of which neither was consciously thinking), with a caravan of camels, some loaded with burdens, others ridden by men, moving from left to right. I only happen to know two other cases of a collective, or shared crystal vision, in each case said to represent events occurring at a distance and unknown to the gazers.

When at the Highland inn, we met two young Englishmen, who had never heard of the topic before, but saw pictures. One frequently saw a lady whom he knew, *in a reversed position!* He found that, gazed at in total darkness, the ball merely filled with bright light. Again, a lady, trying in a glass water jug, saw, for example, an Ecce Homo of the familiar type. She said, "I used to see things like this in ink, when I was a child." She was not aware of the Egyptian and Indian practice of ink-gazing.

I have never been able to foresee from character, complexion, habit of mind, and other indications, what persons would prove capable of descrying even fancy pictures in a glass ball. The best gazers of my acquaintance (those who hit on pictures coincidental with actual events unknown

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to them, or with the secret thoughts of a companion), are, both of them, not unfamiliar with other curious experiences. But I have tried with the glass ball two or three other friends who have seen what are vulgarly called "ghosts," in haunted houses, and, in the glass ball, they can see nothing, while people who never saw ghosts, do see "coincidental" pictures in the glass ball. In another case, a "ghost-seer," known to me, can occasionally see pictures in the ball, but, as a rule, fails. The vast majority of the successfnl gazers have had no other hallucinations of any kind. A cook, a school master, a golfer, a barrister, may succeed; a poet, painter, or novelist may try in vain: to my knowledge.

If any readers care to make experiments, they can begin by purchasing a ball (from half a crown to four shillings) from the Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, 19 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, Strand, W.C. As a rule, the public declines to take this initial trouble and expense, and I am obliged to buy the balls for friends who wish to try their luck. Of course a glass jug of water will do, or even a teaspoonful of ink, in some cases, but both are inconvenient and may spill.

Having got the ball, the neophyte may read the accompanying instructions. It is best to go, alone, into a room, sit down with the back to the light, place the ball, at a just focus, in the lap on a dark dress, or a dark piece of cloth, try to exclude reflections, think of anything you please, and stare for, say, five minutes, at the ball. That is all. If, after two or three trials, you see nothing in the way of pictures in the ball (which *may* seem to vanish, leaving only the pictures), you will probably never succeed. But you may have acquaintances who will succeed. If you, or your friends, are successful, you would oblige by making contemporary notes. If anything like pictures correctly representing what is, unknown to you, in the mind of a "sitter" appears, or if events are represented which later prove to have been actually occurring, the sitter, or other witnesses, ought to write down and sign their statements.

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But it is very unlikely that you or they will take so much trouble. If the trouble is not taken, mere anecdotes, orally reported later, are of no kind of use as evidence.

Many psychologists, at least in France, now admit the reality of the faculty of crystal gazing. But that the pictures can convey intelligence as to what is, unknown to the gazer, in another person's mind, or is actually occurring at a distance, *that* science will not believe in our time: will not even consider the question. It is my humble aspiration to collect evidence copious and strong enough to induce official professors to give it consideration, a pious desire! In my opinion any two persons who can see pictures in the ball might try careful and carefully watched and recorded experiments in simultaneously gazing. It would be interesting to learn in what proportion of cases their experiences coincide: that is, they see the same hallucinatory picture. Of course, the usual difficulty of securing the good faith of the experimenters is glaringly obvious. But *that* difficulty occurs in all cases where psychologists rest (as they frequently do) on the reports which people give of their own mental experiences.

I shall be happy to receive (at 1 Marloes Road, Kensington, W.) any carefully recorded, dated, and well attested accounts of experiments in crystal gazing; though it would be simpler to send them to the Secretary of the Society of Psychical Research, at the address already given.

The experiments ought to be recorded on the day of their occurrence. If any one has two or three successes in divining thoughts, or descrying things unknown or distant, he or she should also record all failures. But, alas, one cannot expect even the busiest and most energetic people to "have time for" all this writing.

My own position, let me repeat, is the opinion that crystal gazing, in my experience, has yielded apparent traces of the existence of unexplored regions of human faculty. But evidence which, provisionally, satisfies me is, of course, not nearly sufficient to satisfy those who do not personally know

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the gazers and the other witnesses. But let us not be deterred by the oppositions of writers of popular science, who never examine evidence in these fields; or, at best, misread, misquote, mistake, and mislead, in too many instances. I have never known trance or self-hypnotisation result from the experiments, and in only one case have I heard of a repulsively ghastly picture being seen.

A. LANG.

Google

FRANCIS GORDON

A STUDY OF CHARACTER AND CIRCUMSTANCE

IT annoys me that the world, which is often roughly right in its judgments of men it knows personally, should persist in misunderstanding one who is my old and valued friend, and what follows is partly an attempt to set him right with it. But I think also that the case is not without significance for our times; that there are many men of a temperament and an intelligence akin to those of Francis Gordon whose relation to the world is much the same as his: men whom other periods would have treated differently and yet for whom this period assuredly should find a use. I fancy it in the case of some other men of my acquaintance; I know it in his, for I am the oldest and, I believe, the most intimate of his familiars. I cannot say what this use may be; I am an observer, not a practical politician. You, perhaps, may be able to tell me.

The average fool holds that Francis Gordon is a sulky brute, and that he has no business to be so because his income is over ten thousand a year. His face and manner alike are grave; his courtesy is a little stilted and his joints seem slightly to creak when he unbends. Hardly anybody but myself calls him Frank. Wiser men say that he is a sentimentalist, though none of them, I am sure, ever heard him talk sentimentally, and add that plenty of hard work would make a different man

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of him. Women are apt to think him interesting when they first meet him, and cold or sarcastic when they know him better. One of them, a woman very zealous about charities and causes and things, told me she would like to shake him, and this although he had given her a considerable sum for one of her institutions. Another woman confided to me her opinion that his life was shadowed by some passion that went wrong, and that it was most unfair to his wife who was devoted to him.

All these opinions are wrong. Francis Gordon is not sulky, but is on the contrary anxious that his guests should enjoy themselves, though I admit he does not care much what they think of him. Work would not have made him very different, though, as things have turned out, it might have made him a shade happier. But he was quite honest in thinking that since it was unnecessary for him to work for a living he might do more good in his generation by independent effort than by increasing its competition; he had and has plenty of energy and far more than the average brains. As for women, I am quite certain that no "unhappy passion" business has bothered him at all, and if it had I am even more certain that he would soon have got over it. He is one of those men—far more numerous than women novelists imagine—in whose lives women are more of an accident than an influence. If they marry, it is from the ordinary attraction of healthy manhood, evanescent in itself and succeeded by a relation of pleasant friendliness, given good luck. If they do not marry, they think little of women, in a personally sexual way, when they are past thirty. In the sum there is far more emotional interest for them in their friendships, many or rare, with men they know well and who meet them on their own plane of intellect. Frank Gordon is one of them. His wife is not "devoted" to him, but they are excellent friends. They both recognise human duties, and their child—they have a daughter five years old—would be a restraining hand if they needed one. They do not, and as far as their mutual relation is concerned

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their lives are smooth and eventless. I have been a little particular in this matter, because a fiction-fatted public is slow to remember, in spite of its personal experience, that there are men in whose lives women (unless they happen to marry an abnormally vicious one) count for little.

Then why is Frank Gordon's face so sad in repose? why are his eyes sometimes so wistful? Why, in spite of his honest efforts to look interested, do people hate him for looking bored? Why is he so restless, pacing the smoking-room after a long day's sport, and going for aimless journeys? He has fair health, a quick and sound intelligence, many minor interests, at least, in books and art, an untroubled home and a good income. Why is he essentially a discontented man? It needs but few words to tell you. Francis Gordon is an enthusiast without an enthusiasm, a born reformer with nothing to reform. Time and again his nature has struggled into an outlet, and time and again his intelligence has pushed it back. I fancy an outline of his history so far—he is thirty-five or thereabouts—contains a slight remark, a whisper or so, for his age and country.

He is not so Scotch as his name, for his great-grandfather, who married an English heiress, settled on her lands in Kent, and there this off-shoot of the Gordons has remained ever since. We are all rather mixed in race, and Frank's mixture is of the usual English proportion; there is the original Highland stock, a Lowland Scotch grandfather on his mother's side; Kentish squires, a remote drop of Irish, a dash of successful commerce. The preponderating element—these questions interest me—has been the land-holding, essentially though not technically aristocratic class. The physical result in Frank is a tall, rather lanky, raw-boned, sanguine, blond creature, with a broad forehead and big dark-blue eyes. It is the conquering type, as the ethnologists say, the type that pushes and succeeds and sways, actively intelligent and organising, not as a rule reflectively poetical, or subtle.

The first typical recollection I have of him is one which I hope will not offend anybody; I give it simply as an indication

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of character; the theology of a boy of sixteen need hardly be taken to heart. It was at school. We had been confirmed at the same time, and were walking from the chapel together after our first communion. Suddenly Frank stopped, laid a hand on my arm and looked hard at me. Then, "There's nothing in it, old man," said he, "nothing whatever." I was more surprised than shocked, I confess, for I had taken my confirmation rather calmly, in a spirit of routine. But Gordon had been extraordinarily zealous and attentive to our instructions, had studied the books he was told to read with immense care and had avoided light reading or conversation all the time. I was not shocked, but I thought his remark rather bad form under the circumstances and told him so. He looked at me contemptuously and was silent for a while. Then he said: "I've been thinking it all out, and it won't do. I can't believe in any of it." "You don't believe in Christianity?" I asked sarcastically. It seemed absurd then that anybody should not believe in Christianity. "No, I don't," he said stoutly. "It's just like any other superstition." He walked me round and round the cloisters, arguing and explaining. So far as I can remember he had arrived independently—more or less—at the common objections, the difficulty of reconciling the omnipotence of Providence with its benevolence, inconsistencies of accounts, the facts of science, the kind of evidence for the orthodox view and so on. It would be stupid and shallow to dismiss the youth Gordon as a prig. His emotions had been genuinely stirred on behalf of the mystery he had been lately taught, and it was with painfulness and reluctance that he come to disbelieve. You must remember that young people, when they have the premisses, are far more relentless logicians than their elders. I suppose he had heard sceptical talk at home and something had brought it back to him, and his interest being now alive, the argument was pursued with vehemence. He had gone through in his boyhood the kind of struggle which many men went through fifty years ago, which few men go through now. He told me that it was just after the Communion that he had

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felt convinced he could never believe in it all again. After this he read a good deal on the subject, but cared little to talk about it; he ceased rapidly to trouble himself, having once made up his mind.

This incident may seem absurd to my readers, because we are accustomed to our boys and young men having the minds of babies, and the race seems to be losing its interest in all abstract questions. But every now and then you find a boy, who is not a prig, reproducing the more active intelligence of our ancestors at the same age. Gordon, so far as I can remember our school days, never wanted to air his ideas, nor was he ever remarkably reflective; he simply had an inquiring mind and acquiesced in its conclusions.

This was his first disappointment, and it is interesting to me because it shows a sort, a type of intelligence which prevents its possessor from entering upon the recognised modes of spiritual endeavour. But for that, Francis Gordon might easily have become a parson zealous among the poor, or might have enlisted himself among the active spirits of the Roman Church.

At the university he paid the customary toll to athletics, but was unable to regard them as the *summum bonum*. He spoke a few times at the Union, but soon gave it up. "It's all humbug," he said, "it's all playing at being politicians. No one's really keen about a question; no one really cares what happens in the country; it's all swagger and posing." His reading used to amuse me. He would start on a philosopher, and peg away at his theories, until he convinced himself that they had no practical bearing on the world—a conviction he invariably came to—when he would decline the philosopher's future acquaintance altogether. As for ancient history, he was interested in learning which state beat which and how and why, or in following the development of policies, but names and dates he simply waved on one side. Naturally he took no distinction in the schools. In our time there was no particular "movement" going on, religious or æsthetic. The place had

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settled down into a playground, in which condition I believe it remains. Nor would Gordon have been an easy disciple for either. What he wanted was a good tangible fighting cause and a big field for it. He disbelieved in the influence of the university, and was eager to be done with it. "And what are you going to do?" his tutor asked him in his last term. "The bar? Politics?" "Politics, I think," said Gordon. "You see, if one hasn't got to work it's a chance for backing up one's side." "And what is your side?" "I don't know yet. I shall see." His tutor smiled, and probably thought Gordon was a trifler.

The fact is that he was far too much in earnest to label himself. "You see," he said to me, "the Conservative party's a collection of vested interests, mostly bad. The only good vested interest, the interest which did something for the country in keeping up its manhood, has been hopelessly betrayed. The landed interest, of course, yes: you think because I'm going to be a squire: never mind. Well, then, the Liberals are simply grinding away at meaningless catchwords: *they're* no good. I wish to heaven I believed in Home Rule for Ireland"—it was in 1890—"there would be something tangible to fight for. But I don't, and there's no need of anybody to fight against it. What we want, my dear chap, is to knock this beastly plutocracy on the head; to kill this infernal reverence for money; to put people in their right places and give the country a decent ambition."

"Well, knock it on the head," said I.

"But don't you see," he replied, without noticing my irony, "if we did that we should probably destroy British commerce at the same time, and where would the country be then?"

He did not stand for Parliament, but on leaving Oxford did a good deal of private investigation in London and in other large towns of the condition of the people. I saw him at intervals at this time and he used to distress me with horrible accounts of overwork and destitution. He never raved; I should give a very wrong idea of Frank Gordon if I implied

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that he was a foolish sentimentalist, running hither and thither. He was quietly, and so to speak, glowingly determined to find some way of succour. He failed, of course. He gave away nearly all his large allowance, but "what," as he asked, "is the good of pouring a quart bottle of oil into the sea?" He formed a great alliance with a very militant working men's M.P., and he was interested in Trades Unions. He was soon disillusioned.

"Their methods are rotten," he said. "They can't protect the weak without spoiling the strong—the good strong, I mean. They won't let a workman get above the average; they put a premium on incapacity. If this goes on America will cut us out all over the shop."

He joined the Fabian Society, remained in it a year, and left it because (as he said) it was all theorising. "There's nothing to get your teeth into," said he.

After that he got on to the London School Board, and enjoyed fighting what he thought was class selfishness. But he ended by disapproving of the ideas and methods of his friends. He inclined to the opinion expressed in after years by Sir John Gorst that they cared for their own importance more than for education. They would not listen to his view of what popular education should be, and he left the School Board in disgust.

About this time—in 1895 I think—his father died, and Gordon had £12,000 a year to give to a cause if he liked. But in the interval he had married—talking politics hard all the time—and was about to become a father. He showed (I think) good sense in this connection. "My wife didn't marry me for my money, but still the money, the place and all that, was an implied part of the contract. It wouldn't be fair to give it away. Besides, show me the cause that deserves it." I did not show him such a cause: there are not too many charming places in the country where one can go when one likes. Frank, however, does give largely to hospitals and other charities. Under protest, however; he says it is a crying scandal that they are not run by the State; he believes his

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gifts to be immoral and has an uneasy conscience about them. When the Græco-Turkish war broke out I wondered if Gordon would take a turn with the Greeks. When I spoke of it he fetched a copy of the *Times* which contained an account of the increasing poverty and hardships of the Italians. "There," said he, "is the result of fighting for distressed nationalities. It's all true; I've seen it for myself. I'm glad the old man never realised it." I remembered then that his father had lost an arm and spent a large part of his fortune in the cause of Italian Independence. Frank broke out fiercely. "Yes! That's the end of it. To enrich a horde of cursed bourgeois place-hunters and swindlers. That's what it always comes to. Look at France. Liberty! By Jove, how I envy those other chaps, Byron and all that. They believed in liberty—thought it worth fighting for—had no misgivings. What can we fight for?"

I was less surprised than his other friends when Frank Gordon joined the Imperial Yeomanry. He went out to South Africa at a time when events looked black for England, and that motive was, I am sure, more than a quest of excitement or than discontent with him. I looked to find him changed on his return a few months ago. But he was just the same.

"I was keen enough at first," he said. "Oh, yes, I *do* know what fear means. But I was keen enough not to care, and one gets used to the chance of being hit all right. But—don't repeat this—I don't mind admitting to you that after we'd got to Pretoria, and it was certain that it was only a question of time for us to settle things—after that I hated it. It seemed as though it wasn't my business quite so much as before, somehow, and I just the least bit grudged the chance of being maimed for life—the killing didn't so much matter. And then I hate the whole business. Not our fault? No; not in one sense. But it *is* our fault that we didn't stop the Boers arming years ago. Public opinion wasn't ready, of course; there's never a government that will do its duty if it's not sure of being

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backed up. It's damnable. And then the Boers—poor devils! They're simply the victims of the Kruger gang and our infernal apathy. Of course, one gets to understand and like our own chaps, and all that. We had to go on, of course. But I lost my enthusiasm."

So Francis Gordon is home again. It is not much in my way to commiserate the troubles of the well-to-do; as a general rule I wish they had more of them. But Francis Gordon's case I do think a pity. He has parts and energy; he would not shirk work; he is disinterested and honestly wishes to do something for a generation he holds to be in a bad way. He is, to be sure, constitutionally incapable of going on with details when he sees nothing more than details ahead. He must have a recognisable, large object for which to work. But that given, he would work hard as a subordinate, though I firmly believe him to be a born leader. He showed that in South Africa, so far as opportunity went; his men (he held a commission) were not only devoted to him, but a conspicuously effective unit. He is the organiser of all kinds of useful things in his district of Kent. But there is no large recognisable object for his work. He refuses to go into Parliament; he sees nothing there but personal competition of a rather dingy order, an ignoble compromise, an insistent zeal to do the least possible. He deplores the materialism of his fellow-countrymen, but he has nothing better to offer them. He detests the modern conditions of labour, but he sees no way of effectually improving them, which would not further handicap the country in the competition of the nations. He still rails at the plutocracy, but he sees no way of dispensing with it. For books and all kinds of art he has the normal Englishman's view that they are a bye-work, an amusement, though he has not the normal Englishman's unspoken contempt for them. He is fond of books and pictures and music, but they could never supply an object for his unemployed enthusiasm. He is an engine rusting off the rails.

I can think of no duty incident to his position which he

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does not perform. He looks after his tenants as well as in these independent days he is allowed. He does what he can to promote the prosperity and social pleasures of his part of the world. (He has even called on a plutocrat Jew who has bought a neighbouring place that he may keep the Jew up to the mark as a landlord.) He is hospitable, and does his best for a succession of guests who generally complain of his aloofness afterwards. All this would occupy the whole time of many men, but Frank does it with his left hand. His right hangs by his side. The times are out of joint for him, but unlike Hamlet he would be only too delighted to set them right, or do his share of it, if he were shown the way. He has the qualities, is of the type of Englishmen who succeed in life, but that he has no selfish ambition, and will not work for personal success alone, and he has found no cause which he has not found out. As we count years nowadays, he is only just middle-aged. Still, if the world is to find a use for him, it must find one soon. It seems a pity to waste him altogether.

G. S. Street.

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A FAMOUS MEDIÆVAL HUNTING-BOOK

I

WHEN lately describing in these pages Emperor Maximilian's "Hunting-Book,"[1] written just four hundred years ago, it was necessary to refer briefly to "La Chasse," the most famous of all sporting classics, penned rather more than a century earlier by Gaston Phœbus, the reigning Count de Foix and Béarn, the hero of many of Froissart's most thrilling tales. "La Chasse" is not the earliest work of its kind; there are two French hunting treatises that can claim to be older; viz., the "Dict de la Chasse du Serf," and the more voluminous "Le Roi Modus"; but the Count de Foix's book is by far the best, as it is also the fullest, account of the various forms of sport in the Middle Ages. For English sportsmen and students of the literature of venery it is of peculiar interest; for when one of Britain's most gallant princes, the Plantagenet Edward of York, who bought victory at Agincourt with his life, wrote what is the oldest treatise on hunting in the English language, *i.e.* "The Master of Game," he borrowed by far the largest number of his chapters by verbatim translation from the great Frenchman's text. As I have for the last year or two been engaged in the task of preparing for the press Duke Edward of York's "Master of Game," a close comparison of his text with the various manuscripts of Count de Foix's book

[1] *Monthly Review*, February 1901.

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The Chase of the Reindeer as described in "La Chasse" by Gaston, Comte de Foix (died 1391).
From a MS. in the *Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.*

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became necessary. These studies, carried on as they were in the principal British and Continental libraries and archives, suggested to me that as the Frenchman's book contains much that the Duke of York could not possibly use for his treatise on English hunting, it would be interesting to give an account of those game animals which are not found in Britain, such as the bear, the reindeer, the ibex, and the chamois, and to describe certain foreign hunting practices unknown to the British sportsmen of the time, and also to illustrate these descriptions by reproductions, specially made for this purpose, from the exquisite illuminations—almost unknown even in France—that adorn the choicest of the thirty-nine ancient copies of "La Chasse" that have come down to us.

The personality of Gaston de Foix, the third of that name, and lord of two independent countships on the French side of the Pyrenees, must have been one of the most interesting produced by the fourteenth century. As warrior he made his name at the age of fourteen in Guienne, and as his Boswell relates, he was one of the most valiant knights of his age, fighting in numberless engagements against the kings of England, France, Arragon, Navarre, and the heathen tribes in northern Europe. As sportsman he was acknowledged to be the first of his age, even during his lifetime, which was not a very extended one, for the results of a bear hunt caused his death at the age of sixty. Froissart, who had stayed at his court only a year before, thus describes him:

> This Earl Gaston of Foix, with whom I was, at that time he was of a fifty and nine years of age; and I say I have in my time seen many knights, kings, princes, and others, but I never saw none like him of personage, nor of so fair form nor so well made; his visage fair, sanguine, and smiling; his eyes grey and kind, where he listed to set his regard; in everything he was so perfect that he cannot be praised too much: he loved that which ought to be beloved, and hated that which ought to be hated . . . he loved hounds above all beasts; winter and summer he loved hunting: he never loved folly, outrage, nor foolish extravagance; every month he would know what he spended.

Gaston Phœbus, as he was sometimes called on account of

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his manly beauty, and other perfections, was also a great traveller, and, as his notes amply prove, an amateur naturalist gifted with keen powers of observation. Thus, his account of the reindeer must be considered the earliest fairly correct description of this deer species. Subsequent transcribers of his narrative, as well as the early printers who first published editions of "La Chasse" (books which now fetch £400 a copy), made sad havoc with his manuscript, committing mistakes which were copied and recopied almost down to the present day. Thus, Buffon's extraordinary error in making the reindeer an inhabitant of France in the fourteenth century was solely caused by such a clerical mistake, Gaston's *peu veuz* being rendered *plus veu*.[1]

About Gaston's writings there is an impersonal tone and absence of all self-laudation singularly attractive to the modern reader. Only on rare occasions does the personal pronoun obtrude itself; in fact one dearly wishes that this modest old sportsman had given us more of his personal experiences and adventures in lieu of the countless long obsolete instructions upon venery.

The illuminations that illustrate the precious codex from which the camera has borrowed them for these pages—the volume is preserved in the National Library in Paris as one of its greatest treasures[2]—are masterpieces of the art of illuminating, and if not actually the work of Louis XI.'s famous illuminator, Jean Foucquet, are certainly by his school. They were wrought in the first decade of the fifteenth century, a few years after the author's death, which occurred in 1391; and while these eighty-six pictures, which probably represent the work of many years, notwithstanding their primitive conception of perspective, throw valuable light upon many doubtful points

[1] Verard, who issued the first edition of "La Chasse," turned the author's words "J'en ai vu en Nourvegue et Xuedene et en ha oultre mer, mes en romain pays en ay je pou veus" into "J'en ai veu en Morienne et Puede ne oultre mer, mais en romain pays en ay je plus veu."

[2] MS. 616.

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The Ilex (*Ilex aquifolium*) and Chestnut (*Castanea vulgaris*).

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of ancient venery, it is perhaps hardly necessary to warn the reader that those pictures relating to sport beyond home surroundings must be considered more or less imaginary; for they represented scenes with which the artist was probably quite unfamiliar, and they were not subject to the same critical control by contemporary sportsmen as were those dealing with home sport.

"La Chasse" commences, in the good old style, with a prologue, consisting of a homily, in which the author shows that he who pursues venery avoids the seven deadly sins, and by so doing secures for himself an entrance into Paradise. With this exception, the book contains none of the moralising and religious mysticism that occupied such an important space in the intellectual life of the late Middle Ages. The first part of the book deals with the nature of the various species of game known to Gaston, the latter part with their chase and the various manners of taking wild beasts by traps and nets and other "gins." In the present article we propose to deal with the four beasts unknown to the British hunter of mediæval times, viz., the ibex, chamois, reindeer, and bear.

Gaston calls the ibex *bouc sauvage* or wild buck-goat, and the chamois he terms *bouc ysarus*, the name by which the Pyrenean representative of the agile mountain antelope is still known. Of the latter, the great peaks forming the southern boundaries of Count de Foix's principalities must have contained vast numbers, and their chase does not seem to have appealed over much to this great hunter, for he says:

> In my mountains the dress of the people is more frequently of chamois skins than of scarlet, as are also their leggings and shoes, for of these beasts there is too great a multitude. At one view I once saw in the winter more than five hundred. Of these beasts every peasant is a good hunter for the sake of their venison as well as for their pelt, and there is no great skill in taking them—

an opinion which seems almost incredible, for it refers to an age when firearms were unknown in the chase. This is how Gaston de Foix describes chamois hunting:

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When the hunter would hunt the wild goat or the goat *ysarn* he should go and remain the night before in high mountains in the huts where the shepherds live who guard the cattle, and he should have reconnoitered eight days before the whole country of the mountains, and all the runs and passes, and have made hays and have stretched nets in front of the rocks where they (chamois) will go to safety, just as one would do in front of the river for a stag. As soon as they are somewhat tired they go to take refuge on the rocks, and if hays cannot be made everywhere he should put on the highest rocks all the people he can get, who should throw stones of the crossbow at them so that they come not thither or that they kill them with the crossbows, or that the stones make them jump down the rocks. One should quest and start them with a limer as one does a stag. And it suffices well to let run ten or twelve hounds of the pack, and to make at least four relays at the passes and at the highest mountains, about a league from one another. For when the hounds have climbed the mountains they cannot hunt for the great heat. Sometimes they go to some rivers if there be any at the foot of the mountains, and here a relay should be set, and he who gives the relay should not wait for the hounds that are hunting, for they may be hunting the forlogne (at a great distance behind the hunted game), but he should relay on sight as one does with greyhounds.

The picture of chamois hunting gives us in quaintly contracted manner a view of how the limer is led forth, how "the relays on the high mountains" are posted, and we see the berner with an alpenstock in his hand take profound chasms in his stride, while the animal in the centre of the picture, probably intended to represent a chamois buck, stares unflinchingly at the approaching veneur armed with a crossbow. The squatting pose of this beast reminds one more of the curious habit of the rare white Rocky Mountain goat than of chamois, who, by the way, have in the course of the intervening five centuries long retired to regions where running hounds, limers, and relays of greyhounds cannot bother them.

The ibex which our author seems to have hunted—to judge by the remark that he had seen one buck jump down a height of ten fathoms without being killed or even injured—were probably the Spanish species, and though in the first of the two ibex pictures the artist gives in two instances fairly correct representations of their horns, others, particularly in the second picture, are sadly incorrectly drawn. To the widely spread

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The Chase of the Ibex and Chamois with hunters and crossbow-men.

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mediæval legend that ibex pitch themselves down great heights, breaking the descent by falling on their horns, Gaston gives quite a reasonable interpretation by explaining that on account of their heavy horns they now and again lose their balance when jumping down rocks and pitch forward on their horns, though "sometimes they failed in this and broke their necks, but not often."

According to the picture, reindeer were hunted in much the same fashion as were deer, with running hounds; but in his text Gaston carefully excepts the use of the limer to quest for and start the quarry. Greyhounds were taken into the middle of the woods, and nets were stretched across the different runs. "On account of his heavy antlers and *grant gresse* (great fatness), he is heavy and cannot run long before the hounds." Exactly where Count Gaston enjoyed this running of reindeer he unfortunately fails to tell us. Over the morassy ground where to-day the reindeer is chiefly found, this method of hunting could hardly have been pursued.

Of the bear Gaston writes a long chapter on his "Nature," and a somewhat shorter one than one might expect on the hunting of him, for he does not wax as enthusiastic over the chase of bruin as he does over that of the stag and the wild boar, for bruin does not run fast before the hounds (who therefore always hunt in view), nor does the chase last long, nor does he by ruse or stratagem try to deceive the hunter and his hounds as does the wily old stag, nor does he turn on you and charge so sharply as does the fierce wild boar, the chase of which was considered the most dangerous, requiring not only presence of mind and precision of eye but also a strong and skilful arm.

Turning first to his Natural History chapter, he tells us:

> The bear is a common beast enough, and I need not tell of his making, for there are few men who have not seen many of them. Bears are of two kinds, some large by nature and the others little by nature, although they may be old. Their custom and manner of life are the same, but the large ones are stronger, and are those which sometimes devour domestic animals. They are marvellously strong in all their body, except in their head, where they are feeble, so

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that if they are hit there they are stunned, and if they are hit hard they are dead. . . . When the she-bear is with young she goes into caves in the rocks and remains there till she has cubbed, and the male bear also remains in the cave forty days without eating and drinking except that they suck their paws. And on the fortieth day they come out. And if this day be fine they return again to their cave for another forty days, for they think that it will be a bad winter and cold until this day. And if the day they issue from their cave be bad they keep out, thinking that the weather will be fine. They are born in March, and never more than two, and they remain dead for the length of a day, and their mother breathes so strongly on them and warms them, and licks them with her tongue until she hath revived them, and their fur is more white than black. . . .

They scent from afar, and have better wind (nose) than any beast save the wild boar; for they will scent a feed of acorns if there be any in a forest, although there are not any (other) in the whole country except in this forest, and they will wind them six leagues off. And when they are done and discomfited they will be taken in any little river or stream. They are hunted with alaunts, greyhounds, and with running hounds, and with the bow and with spears and lances and swords, with nets and ropes, and with other gins. Two men on foot with good spears, if they will keep each other company, can well kill a bear, for as one strikes him he will be revenged on that one, and when the other strikes him he runs at him, and when the first one strikes him again he runs to him, and thus they can strike him as oft as they like, but they must be on the lookout and not confused. But one man alone I do not advise him to it, for he will be soon wounded or dead.

If a hunter would chase a bear it is the best and surest thing to quest for him with one's limer; and if there is no limer draw for him on chance as I have said for the fallowdeer and roe. The bear should be harboured and run to in the same manner as wild boar. And to hunt him and take him the sooner there should be mastiffs mixed with running hounds, for they (the former) will bite and anger him till they get him at bay or make him void the country. And if there are alaunts that can be loosed at the bay within the wood, they will never let him leave that place till they have killed him, for he kills not the hounds as doth a boar, but he bites them and hugs and wounds them so that if I had fine and good greyhounds I should regret to slip them at him. Also one should have archers or crossbow-men or both, and good spears and strong. . . .

As I have said before, that one man all alone should not play with him, but two or more with good spears, if they keep good companionship they can well kill him. And every man can strike him with certainty the first time, for, as I have said, until he is wounded he will not run at a man, but after this let every one be on his guard.

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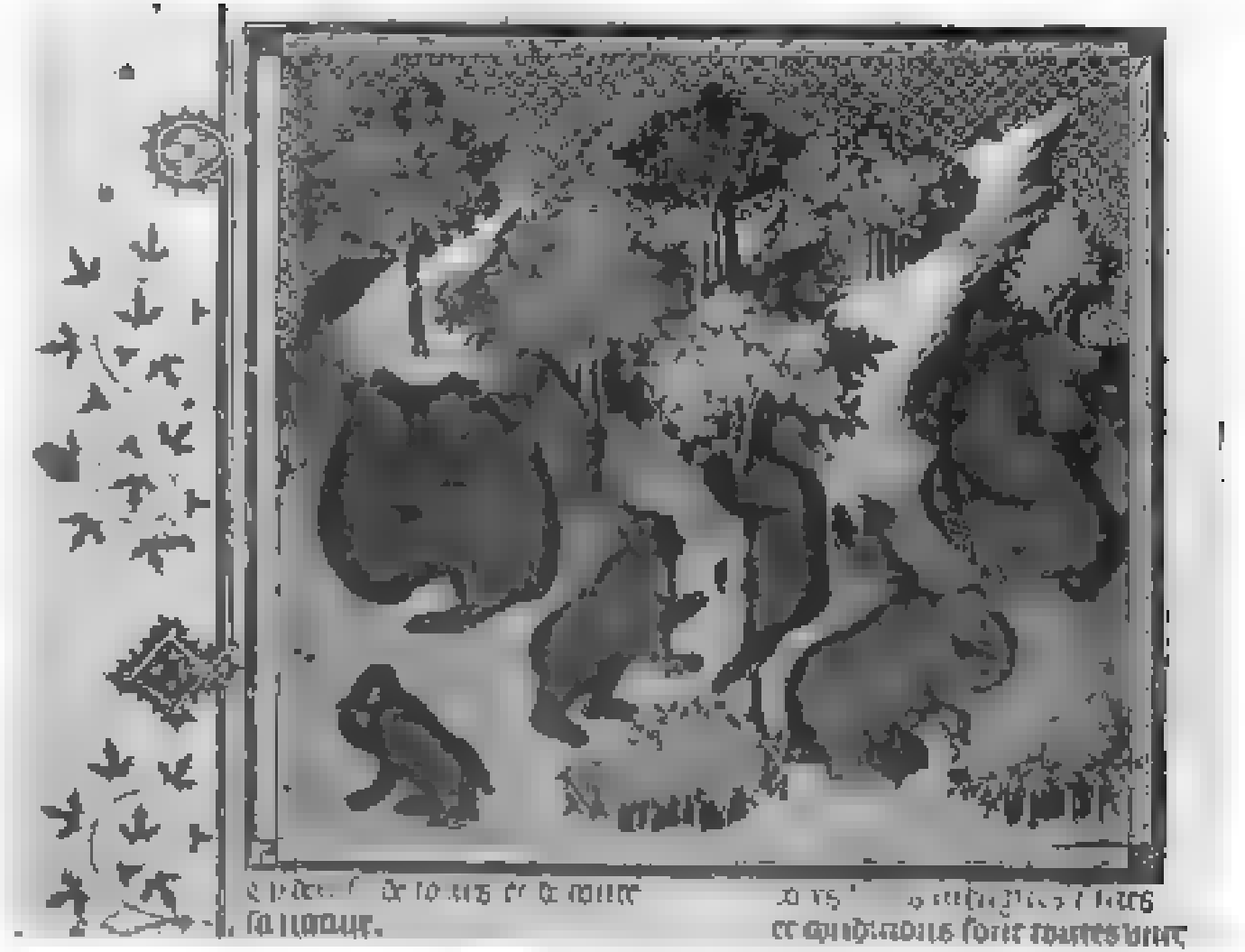

The Bear and his Nature.

Those on horseback should strike him by throwing the lances or spears, but not approach him within a sword's length as one does wild boar, for he that does so would be received and "kissed" not too graciously.

As there is little mastery (skill) in this chase except the harbouring and starting I shall speak no more of it.

With this characteristic leave-taking the robust old sportsman concludes his description of bear-hunting. His remarks about two men being able to tackle with safety bears of the size to which we know mediæval bruins grew reminds one of a singular manner of attack, to which sportsmen of the next century had recourse, and of which that prolific painter of sporting scenes, Stradanus, the Dutch-Italian Landseer, born in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, has left us a spirited drawing. It represents men clad in plate armour attacking master bruin single-handed, a long dagger doing deadly execution while the upright bear was in the act of hugging the attacker in an embrace which would be deadly were it not for the armour in which the pursuer is enveloped. Whether this kind of "bear-fighting" ever came into general use, the writers on venery do not relate. It was certainly a sign of degenerating sport, for it reduced the risks very materially; and much in the same spirit that sportsmen of that century poured vituperative criticisms upon the use of the "cowardly fire tube which no brave hunter would design to use," we can well imagine that men of the stamp of Gaston de Foix and Emperor Maximilian gloried in tackling the bear in his lair and charging the boar single-handed, armed with nought but cold steel.

W. A. Baillie-Grohman.

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DOBRYNIA

A RUSSIAN BŬILINA

This is one of innumerable *bŭilinŭi* or ballads sung by the Russian peasants, a fragment of that oldest epic cycle which weaves a web of myth about Prince Vladímir's Round Table at Kiev. Coming into being in the neighbourhood of Kiev some thousand years ago, and ousted long since from their birthplace, the old ballads are still chanted by fishermen mending their nets on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and by remote settlers among the tundras of Siberia.

The first man who committed them to writing—*pace* the new school of Russian folklorists, who believe nothing—was one Kirša Danilov, a Siberian Cossack. He put a few samples down on paper about 1750 to amuse the leisure of an eccentric millionaire, one of the rude forefathers of the now princely house of Demidov. But the polite world at large knew nothing of them till the nineteenth century, when the Demidov MS. was published. About 1860 a certain Rŭibnikov, exiled to the North for some Russian reason, collected and printed a mass of such poems; and at last the polite world became aware that the "uncultured classes" of their countrymen had for their entertainment a common heritage of song from which they themselves had been excluded for centuries. Other collectors followed, and new variants of the old poems are nowadays unearthed in the provinces with great regularity every summer.

For the interpretation of the poem here given, readers may follow Vsevolod Müller, who believes it to be no more than a corruption of a certain Turkish tale; or Orest Müller, who regards it as a sun-myth. For Dobrynia is a dragon-slayer like many sun-gods, and in this poem the speculative may find a solar allegory in his rapid flight over the earth at evening, like the rays of sunset; and they may find a likeness to Apollo in his skill upon the cittern.

In any case they must not come here for exact information on chronology and geography. The peasants who preserved and embroidered these poems paid no heed to such things. There are no Saracens, Calmucks, Chuski or Circassians on the road between Kiev and Lithuania; indeed, the Chuski or

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Chukahi live in the extreme north-east of Siberia. Neither these nations nor the Tartars had been heard of in the days of Vladímir, who flourished about 1000 A.D.

This translation is meant to be taken in the Demidov spirit of mere enjoyment. Compounded from many variants, it is literal; but my object has been to preserve the spirit as well as the body of the original, by imitating as far as possible the manner of the telling, according to the different genius of our language.

DOBRYNIA

THERE was revelry in Kiev
In Vladímir's golden palace.
There were gathered all the heroes:
Stout Ilyá, Dunái the Gentle,
And Nikita's son Dobrynia,
With the trailing-skirted Martin,
Mincing-gaited young Churilo,
Michael Pótyk, Duke Stepanov,
Basil, Daniel, Volkh Seslávich,
And the priest-begot Alosha.
Half the day done, half the drinking;
High the sun and high the revel.
All about the golden bower
Walked the gracious Prince Vladímir,
Combing out his raven ringlets,
Crying to the lords and ladies:
"Who will do me gallant service,
Gallant service far from Kiev?
Who will hunt the hordes of heathen?
Who will rid me of the foemen
That debar me from the highway
To my Lady's grisly sire
Etmanuil Etmanuílof,
Lord of distant Lithuania?
Who will slay the white-eyed Chudians,[1]
Slay the skirted Sorocinians,[2]

[1] Finns. [2] Saracens.

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Slay the hillmen of Circassia,
With the Calmucks and the Tartars,
With the Chuski and Alutors?"
When the heroes heard, they hid them:
Hid the tall behind the taller,
Hid the small behind the smaller,
And the smallest stood in silence,
Stood abashed before Vladímir.
From the midst came young Dobrynia,
Came Nikita's son Dobrynia.
Deeply, deeply had he drunken
Of the Rhenish and metheglin:
Yet he stood and never tottered,
Yet he spake and never stuttered.
"Now all hail, thou Eye of Heaven,
Gracious master, Prince Vladímir!
Be there none will serve thee willing,
There is one will serve thee nilling.
I will go among the nations;
I will hunt the hordes of heathen;
I will rid thee of the foemen
That debar thee from the highway
To thy Lady's grisly sire
Etmanuil Etmanuilov.
I will slay the white-eyed Chudians,
Slay the skirted Sorocinians,
With the hillmen of Circassia,
With the Calmucks and the Tartars,
With the Chuski and Alutors."
Then the gracious Prince Vladímir
Bade his butlers fill a beaker
With the green young wine of Russia,
Gallons four, a hero's portion;
And a bugle-horn of honey,
Gallons six of good metheglin;
And he bare them to Dobrynia.

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In his lily hand he took them,
At a draught he drank and drained them;
Turned and prayed before the image,
Turned and bowed him to Vladímir,
To the lords and to the ladies;
Turned and went unto his mother
Timoféyevna Mamélfa,
With his head upon his bosom,
And the teardrops falling, falling.
Said his mother: "O Dobrynia,
Wherefore comest thou so sadly
From the banquet in the palace?
Have they seated thee unduly?
Was the wine-cup passed untruly?
Did some foolish fellow flout thee?"
"Nay, thy son was seated duly,
And the wine, they passed it truly,
And no fool has dared to flout me.
Woe is me, my lady mother,
Timoféyevna Mamélfa!
Wherefore, wherefore didst thou bear me
All for sorrow and for trouble?
Hadst thou born a stone, 'twere better,
Born a stone of flaming amber,
Wrapped it in a sleeve of linen,
Stood upon the hill of Skata,
Flung it in the azure ocean,
There to lie through endless ages,
Never changing, never ranging,
Dead to joy and dead to sorrow.
Better that than be as I am,
Ever riding without reason,
Ever slaying without season,
Murdering the joy of mothers,
Widowing the wives of heroes,
Orphaning their sons and daughters."

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Spake Mamélfa, spake his mother:
"O my gallant son, Dobrynia,
Glad were I could I have born thee
Lusty as Ilyá of Múrom,
Beautiful as Prince Vladímir,
Bold as priest-begot Alosha,
Mincing-gaited as Churilo,
Courteous still as thou thyself art.
Courtesy thy God has given
And all other gifts denied thee:
There is little boot repining."
"Woe is me, my lady mother,
Timoféyevna Mamélfa!
While the other heroes hid them
At the banquet in the palace,
I have boasted to Vladímir
Of the service I will do him.
I must hunt the hordes of heathen,
I must slay the white-eyed Chudians,
Slay the skirted Sorocinians,
Slay the hillmen of Circassia,
With the Calmucks and the Tartars,
With the Chuski and Alutors."
"O my darling, ever boastful,
An thou go to hunt the heathen,
Who shall keep thy lady mother,
And thy bride, thine Okulina?"
And he answered: "I will leave thee
To the Saviour and his keeping;
I will leave mine Okulina
To the Virgin—and to freedom.
Now I pray thee for a blessing
That shall last me six long summers,
Aye, and summers twelve if need be."
Bitter, bitter was her weeping
As she granted him her blessing

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That should guard him six long summers,
Aye, and summers twelve if need be.
And she cried: "O Okulina,
Thou art sitting in thy terem,
In thy golden-fretted bower,
And thou knowest not the sorrow
That awaits thee for the morrow;
For our sun is at its setting,
Sinking sadly by the forest,
Falling fast beyond the mountain."
Now Dobrynia's steed was saddled,
And he rode upon the prairie.
Forth his mother went to speed him,
Turned and wept and wended homeward.
At Dobrynia's stirrup-leather
Walked his lady Okulina,
Saying: "When thy home-returning?"
And he answered her: "Be patient
Summers six before thou see me,
Aye, and other six if need be.
When the twelve long years are ended,
Hold me perished from the living.
Be a wife or be a widow:
Wed a boyard or a burgess,
Wed a peasant or a paynim;
Only wed not with the liar,
With the ladies' little jester,
With the priest-begot Alosha."

Like two swans upon the water,
Cheek to cheek in mingled sorrow,
Sit the mother and the daughter,
Waiting, waiting for Dobrynia.
Day by day like raindrops falling,
Week by week like grasses growing,
Year by year like river running,

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Six long years are past in waiting,
But they bring not him they wait for.
Came a knight of Russia pricking,
Came Alosha from the prairie,
With a melancholy tiding,
Saying: "Out upon the heathen!
They have slain thy young Dobrynia,
And his head is from his shoulders.
Lo! it lies beneath a willow,
And the ravens and the vultures
Pluck his eyeballs from their sockets."
Sadly, sadly wept his mother,
Timoféyevna Mamélfa,
For her darling son, Dobrynia,
Till her face was wan with weeping,
And her eyes were dim with greeting.
Then came all the wives of Kiev,
Saying: "Harken, Okulina!
It is ill to be a widow;
Wed a boyard or a burgess,
Wed a peasant or a paynim,
Even wed thee with Alosha."
And she answered: "I have waited
Summers six as I was bidden;
Time to marry, though I tarry
Till the tale of twelve be perfect."
Day by day like raindrops falling,
Week by week like grasses growing,
Year by year like river running,
Summers six are past in waiting,
But they bring not young Dobrynia.
Came the priest-begot Alosha,
Saying: "Late I saw Dobrynia
Where he lay upon the prairie;
Lo! his bleaching bones are scattered
Where the feather-grass is greenest;

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In his skull beneath the willow
Grow the little purple flowers,
Little tender purple flowers,
From his empty sockets peeping."
Then Vladímir came awooing
With his dainty dame Apraxia;
They came wooing for Alosha.
Okulina gave a kerchief
To the Prince and to the Lady;
And she gave an iron arrow
To the priest-begot Alosha,
For a token she would wed him.[1]

There was revelry in Kiev
At Vladímir's golden palace.
Three days sate they at the banquet;
Then they went into the minster
To the golden crown of wedlock.[2]

Now Dobrynia at that season
Was aweary of his warring;
He had slain the white-eyed Chudians,

[1] The gift of the arrow is probably a ceremonial invitation to the suitor to carry off the bride by force of arms: for the forms of capture are still preserved by the Russians in all their integrity in the marriage customs. Compare the custom of the Mundaris of Bengal, quoted by Lubbock from Dalton: "The bride walks in front of the bridegroom with a pitcher of water on her head supported by one arm. The bridegroom walks behind, and through the pretty loophole thus formed he shoots an arrow. The girl walks on to where the arrow falls, picks it up with her foot, takes it into her hand and respectfully returns it to her husband." The meaning of the kerchief is the same, with a difference. Among the Altai Tartars the kerchief is given by the girl to the man who is to run away with her (Verbitski, Altaiskie Inorodtsŭi p. 84). Russian peasant-brides nowadays give handkerchiefs to all the men who attend their weddings (Stasov, Russki Ornament p. v.).

[2] The crowning of the bride and bridegroom, who are called the "Prince" and the "Princess," is part of the marriage-custom of the Russians, high and low.

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Slain the skirted Sorocinians,
Slain the hillmen of Circassia,
With the Calmucks and the Tartars,
With the Chuski and Alutors:
It went hardly with the heathen.
So he rested from his labour
By the flaming stone of amber,
By the noble oak of Nevin.
He has spread a white pavilion,
He has laid him down to slumber.
Came a pair of pigeons winging,
Winging wearily from Kiev,
And they rested in the branches
Of the noble oak of Nevin.
"O Nikita's son, Dobrynia,
Thou art slumbering and sleeping,
And thou knowest not the sorrow
That awaits thee for the morrow;
For thy lady Okulina
Deems thee perished from the living,
And to-day she weds another,
Weds the priest-begot Alosha.
Leaped the hero from his slumber,
Fell and knelt before his courser,
Saying: "Harken, O my courser,
Twelve-year comrade of my trouble!
Three long years the road to Kiev,
In an hour we must achieve it;
For my lady weds Alosha."
Like an arrow from the crossbow,
Like a falcon flying southward,
Sped the Knight to holy Kiev;
Leaped from mountain unto mountain,
Leaped from fountain unto fountain,
Higher than the feathery forest,
Lower than the watery welkin,

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Over lakes and rivers bounding,
By the shores of ocean rounding.
So he came at last to Kiev;
Scorned the gate and leaped the rampart;
Swiftly passed the watchman's tower,
And he came into the forecourt
Of Mamelfa's marble mansion.
Court and hall he entered straightly—
There was none to make announcement—
Till he came into the bower
Where the venerable widow
Knelt in prayer before the image;
Signed the cross as it is written,
Bowed him down as it is bidden,
Bowed him lowest to the widow;
Said, "All hail, thou ancient widow,
Timoféyevna Mamélfa!"
Said, "Thy gallant son, Dobrynia,
Bade me carry thee a greeting."
"Sure, thou mockest me, O stranger;
Well I know that they have slain him."
"Now God save thee, ancient widow,
Twas but yesterday at even
That I parted from the gallant
By the noble oak of Nevin.
And he charged me with a message
That I bid thee get the garments
That are hanging in his chamber
By the bed of carven yew-beam;
That thou get the silken buskins
And the silver-sounding cittern,
And array me as a jester
To make merry at the wedding."
So she fetched the silken buskins
And the silver-sounding cittern,
And arrayed him as a jester.

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He is gone unto the palace,
To make merry at the wedding.
Court and hall he entered straightly,
Without waiting for announcement;
Quaked the oaken floor that bore him,
Brake the oaken door before him;
Ne'er a word he gave the warder,
Ne'er a word he gave the porter,
Thrust them headlong from his pathway;
Entered boldly on the banquet,
Signed the cross as it is written,
Bowed him down as it is bidden,
Bowed him lowest to Vladímir.
Came the warders, came the porters
With a plaint: "O Eye of Heaven,
Late a courier this stranger
Came a-posting into Kiev;
Now in guise a merry jester
Is he come into the palace.
Ne'er a word he gave the warders,
Ne'er a word he gave the porters,
But he thrust them from his pathway."
"Harken, sirrah, merry jester!
What is this they make complaint of?
Hast thou dared to scorn my warders?
Hast thou dared to scorn my porters?
And to thrust them from thy pathway?"
But Dobrynia did not mark him:
Turned away and did not harken;
Cried, "Make room there for the jester!"
Then Vladímir spake in anger:
"Go and sit upon the oven,[1]
Fittest place for such a jester!'
Lightly leaped he on the oven,

[1] The great Russian brick stove, on the top of which the peasants sleep in winter.

Google

Lightly thrummed upon his cittern,
Lightly tuned his voice to music;
Sang a melody of Tsárgrad,[1]
Sang a melody of Sion,
But his words were all of Kiev,
And of those that dwelt in Kiev.
Leaned the guests across and whispered:
"This is surely not a jester,
'Tis some gallant masquerading."
And he sang: "Oh, thing unheard of,
That a bride should e'er be other
Than a maiden or a widow."
Ceased the minstrels from their music,
Ceased the jesters from their jesting,
And they hearkened to Dobrynia.
Then his finger swept the cittern
In a melancholy measure:
All the lords and all the ladies
Sat in silence and in sadness
As they listened to Dobrynia.
Then he smote upon the cittern
In a mad and merry measure:
All the lords and all the ladies
Left their places at the table;
They are leaping, they are dancing,
Up and down about the chamber.
So he rested. And Vladímir
Spake and said: "O merry jester,
Tell me, how shall I reward thee
For the music thou hast made us?
Wilt thou choose a place of honour?
Choose the chiefest, by my own side?
Choose the second, by my lady?
Choose the third, where'er it like thee?
Shall I give thee towns and hamlets?

[1] Constantinople.

Google

Store of gold and pearl and silver?"
Then the jester made him answer:
"Nay, I will not be rewarded
With thy first or next or third place,
With thy towns or with thy hamlets,
With thy pearl or gold or silver.
Let a goblet be my guerdon
For a pledge to pledge the bride with."
So Dobrynia filled a beaker,
Dropped his finger-ring within it,
Dropped his Okulina's troth-ring.
And he bare it to her, saying:
"There's a blessing in the beaker
An thou drain it to the bottom."
So she took and drank and drained it,
Till the finger-ring in rolling
Ran and touched her lips of sugar.
Then she sate and gazed in wonder
On the ring and on the giver;
And she cried: "O lords and ladies,
Of a truth it is no jester,
'Tis Nikita's son, Dobrynia."
And she knelt and fell before him:
"O my well-beloved master!
O thou rampart of my city!
I beseech thee to forgive me
That I thought to wed Alosha
In despite of thy commandment."
Said Dobrynia: "I forgive thee;
Women's folly is a proverb;
'Long their hair but short their wit is;'
Go their lords to gather faggots,
Straight they take them other husbands.
God forgive thee, young Alosha,
God forgive thee . . . not Dobrynia!
For thou cam'st with lying rumours

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That mine enemies had slain me,
That my head was from my shoulders,
That it lay beneath a willow,
That the ravens and the vultures
Plucked my eyeballs from their places;
And that underneath the willow
Grew the little purple flowers,
Little tender purple flowers,
From my empty sockets peeping.
Sadly, sadly wept my mother,
Till her face was wan with weeping
And her eyes were dim with greeting.
This and this I'll not forgive thee."
He laid hand on young Alosha;
  Took him by his yellow ringlets,
  Plucked him out across the table,
  Flung him down upon the pavement,
  Dragged him up and down the bower,
  Beat him sorely with his cittern,
Till Alosha howled for mercy,
Rose in shame and left the palace,
Sprang to saddle and departed,
There is none that knoweth whither.
  But Nikita's son, Dobrynia,
Gat him home unto his mother
With his lady Okulina.
And his mother fell aweeping,
Not for sorrow, not for sadness,
But she wept for very gladness.

So they tell the ancient story
For a solace to the sea, sirs,
And a song for you and me, sirs.

GEORGE CALDERON.

Google

THE PITFALL

Oh Thou who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

LADY Mary Craven sat near the open window of her blue and white boudoir looking out intently, fixedly across Park Lane at the shimmer of the trees in Hyde Park. It was June. It was sunny. The false gaiety of the season was all around her; flickering swiftly past her in the crush of carriages below her window; dawdling past her in the walking and riding crowds in the park. She looked at it without seeing it. Perhaps she had had enough of it, this strange conglomeration of alien elements and foreign bodies, this *bouille-à-baisse* which is called "The Season." She had seen it all year after year for twelve years, varying as little as the bedding out of the flowers behind the railings. Perhaps she was as weary of society as most people become who take it seriously. She certainly often said that it was rotten to the core.

She hardly moved. She sat with an open letter in her hand, thinking, thinking.

The house was very still. Her aunt with whom she lived had gone early into the country for the day. The only sound, the monotonous whirr of the great machine of London came from without.

Mary was thirty, an age at which many women are still

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young, an age at which some who have heads under their hair are still rising towards the zenith of their charm. But Mary was not one of these. Her youth was clearly on the wane. She bore the imprint of that which ages—because if unduly prolonged it enfeebles—the sheltered life, a life centred in conventional ideas, dwarfed by a conventional religious code, a life feebly nourished on cut and dried charities sandwiched between petty interests and pettier pleasures. She showed the mark of her twelve seasons and of what she had made of life, in the slight fading of her delicate complexion, the fatigued discontent of her blue eyes, the faint dignified dejection of her manner, which was the reflection of an unconscious veiled surprise that she of all women—she the gentle, the good, the religious, the pretty Mary Craven was still—in short was still Mary Craven.

The onlooker would perhaps have shared that surprise. She was indubitably pretty, indubitably well-bred, graceful, slender, with a delicate manicured hand, and fair waved hair. Her fringe, which seemed inclined to grow somewhat larger with the years, was nearly all her own. She possessed the art of dress to perfection. You could catalogue her good points. But somehow she remained without attraction. She lacked vitality, and those who lack vitality seldom seem to get or keep what they want, at any rate in this world.

She was the kind of woman whom a man marries to please his mother, or because she is an heiress, or because he has been jilted and wishes to show how little he feels it. She was not a first choice.

She was one of that legion of perfectly appointed women who at seventeen deplore the rapacity of the older girls in ruthlessly clutching up all the attention of the simpler sex; and who at thirty acidly remark that men care only for a pink cheek and a baby face.

Poor Mary was thinking of a man now, of a certain light-hearted simpleton of a soldier with a slashed scar across his hand, which a Dervish had given him at Omdurman, the man

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as commonplace as herself, on whom for no particular reason she had glued her demure, obstinate, adhesive affections twelve years ago.

Our touching faithfulness to an early love is often only owing to the fact that we have never had an adequate temptation to be unfaithful. Certainly with Mary it was so. The temptations had been pitiably inadequate. She had never swerved from that long ago mild flirtation of a boy and girl in their teens, studiously thrown together by their parents. She had taken an unwearying interest in him. She had petitioned Heaven that he might pass for the army, and he did just squeeze in. By the aid of fervent prayer she had drawn him safely through the Egyptian campaign, while other women's husbands and lovers fell right and left. He had not said anything definite before he went out, but Mary had found ample reasons for his silence. He could not bear to overshadow her life in case, &c., &c. But now he had been safely back a year, two years, and still he had said nothing. This was more difficult to account for. He was fond of her. There was no doubt about that. They had always been fond of each other. Every one had expected them to marry. His parents had wished it. Her aunt had favoured the idea with heavy footed zeal. Her brother, Lord Pollington, when he had a moment to spare from his training-stable had jovially opined that "Maimie" would be wise to book Jos Carstairs, while she could, as if she was not careful she might outstand her market.

Mary, who had for years dreamed of gracefully yielding to Jos's repeated and urgent entreaties, had even begun to wonder whether it would not be advisable if one of her men relations were to "speak to Jos." Such things were done. As she had said to her aunt with dignity, "This sort of thing can't go on for ever," when her aunt—who yearned for the rest which, according to their own account, seems to elude stout persons—pleaded that difficulties clustered round such a course.

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The course was not taken, for Jos suddenly engaged himself to a girl of seventeen, a new girl whom London knew not, the only child of one of those ruinous unions which had been swallowed up in a flame of scandal seventeen years ago, which had been forgotten for seventeen years all but nine days.

It was sedulously raked up again now. People whispered that Elsa Grey came of a bad stock; that Jos Carstairs was a bold man to marry a woman with such antecedents; a woman whose mother had slipped away out of her intolerable home years ago for another where apparently life had not been more tolerable.

Jos brought his Elsa to see Mary, for he was only fit to wave his sword and say, "Come on, boys." He did not understand anything about anything. He only remembered that Mary was a tender loving soul. Had she not shown herself so to him for years? So he actually besought Mary to be a friend to the beautiful young sombre creature whom he had elected to marry.

Mary behaved admirably according to her code, touched Elsa's hand, civilly offered the address of a good dressmaker (not her best one), and hoped they should meet frequently. The girl looked at her once, wistfully, intently, with unfathomable lustrous eyes, as of some untamed, prisoned, woodland creature, and then took no further notice of her.

That was a fortnight ago. They were to be married in three weeks.

Mary sighed, and looked once again for the twentieth time at the letter in her hand. It was a long epistle from her bosom friend, Lady Francis Bethune, the electric tramways heiress, joylessly married to the handsomest man in London, the notorious Lord Francis Bethune.

"My dear," said the letter, "men are always like that. They are brutes, and it is no good thinking otherwise. They will throw over the woman they have loved for years for a flower girl. You are too good for him. I have always thought so. (So had Mary.) But the game is not up yet.

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I could tell him things about his Elsa that would surprise him, not that he ought to be surprised at anything in her mother's daughter. He is coming to me this afternoon to tea. He said he was busy; but I told him he must come as it was on urgent business, and so it is. He is my trustee, you know, and there really is something wrong. Francis has been at it again. After the business is over I shall tell him a few things very nicely about that girl. Now, my advice to you is—chuck the Lestranges' water party this afternoon, and come in as if casually to see me. I shall leave you alone together, and you must do the rest yourself. You may pull it off yet, after what I shall say about Elsa, for Jos has a great idea of you. Wire your reply by code before midday."

Mary got up slowly, and walked to the writing table. Should she go and meet him? Should she not? She would go. She wrote a telegram quickly in code form. She knew the code so well that she did not stop to refer to it. She and Jos had played at code telegrams when he was cramming for the army. She rang for the servant and sent out the telegram. Then she sat down and took up a book. It was nearly midday, and too hot to go out.

But after a few minutes she cast it suddenly aside, and began to move restlessly about the room. What was the use of going, after all? What could she say to Jos if she did see him? How could she touch his heart? Like many another woman when she thinks of a man, Mary stopped before a small mirror, and looked fixedly at herself. Was she not pretty? Had she not gentle appealing eyes? See her little hand raised to put back a strand of fair hair. Was not everything about her pretty and refined, and good. The vision of Elsa rose suddenly before her, with her dark mysterious beauty and her formidable youth. Mary's heart contracted painfully. "I love him, and she doesn't," she said to herself with bitterness. But Jos would never give up Elsa. She would make him miserable, but—he would marry her. Oh! what was the use of going to waylay him to-day? Why had she lent herself

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to Lady Francis's idiotic plan? Why had she accepted from her help that was no help? She would telegraph again to say she would not come after all. No. She would follow up her own telegram, and tell her friend that on second thoughts she did not care to see Jos.

She ran upstairs, put on her hat, and in a few minutes was driving in a hansom to Bruton Street. The Bethunes' footman knew her and admitted her, though Lady Francis was technically "not at home."

Yes, her ladyship was in, but she was engaged with the doctor at the moment in the drawing room. The footman hesitated. They were a-tuning of the piano in her ladyship's boudoir, he said, and he tentatively opened the door of a room on the ground floor. It was Lord Francis' sitting room.

"Was his lordship in?"

"No, his lordship had gone out early."

"Then I will wait here," said Mary, "if you will let her ladyship know that I am here."

The man withdrew.

Mary's face reddened with annoyance. She disliked the idea of telling Lady Francis she had changed her mind, and the discussion of the subject. Oh! why had she ever spoken of the subject at all? Why had she telegraphed that she would come?

The painful reiterated stammering of the piano came to her from above. It seemed of a piece with her own indecision, her own monotonous jealousy.

Suddenly the front door bell rang, and an instant later the footman came in with a telegram, put it on the writing table, and went out again.

Her telegram! Then she was not too late to stop it. She need not explain after all.

The drawing-room door opened, and Lady Francis' high metallic voice sounded on the landing.

Mary seized up the pink envelope and crushed it in her hand. What? The drawing-room door closed again. The

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conference with the doctor was not quite over after all. She tore open the telegram and looked again at her foolish words before destroying them.

Then her colour faded, and the room went round with her. Who had changed what she had said? Why was it signed "Elsa?"

She looked at the envelope. It was plainly addressed, Lord Francis Bethune. She had never glanced at the address till this moment. The contents were in code as hers had been, but it was the same code, and before she knew she had done so, she had read it.

What did it mean? What *could* it mean? Why should Elsa promise to meet him after the Speaker's Stairs—to-day—at Waterloo main entrance?

Mary was not quick-witted, but after a few dazed moments she suddenly understood. Elsa was about to go away with Lord Francis. But what Elsa? Her heart beat so hard that she could hardly breathe. Could it be Elsa Grey?

As we piece together all at once a puzzle, that has been too simple for us, so Mary remembered in a flash Elsa's enigmatical face, and a certain ball where she had seen—only for a moment as she passed—Lord Francis and Elsa sitting out together. Elsa had looked quite different then. It *was* Elsa Grey. She knew it. Degraded creature, not fit to be an honest man's wife.

Mary shook from head to foot under a climbing devastating emotion, which seemed to rend her whole being. The rival was gone from her path. Jos would come back to her.

As she stood stunned, half blind, trembling, a hansom dashed up to the door, and in a moment Lord Francis' voice was in the hall speaking to the footman.

"Any letters or telegram?"

"One telegram on your writing-table, my lord."

The servant went on to explain something, Lady Mary Craven, &c., but his master did not hear him. He was in the room in a second and had closed the door behind him. Lord

Google

Francis' beautiful, thin, reckless face was pinched and haggard. He seemed possessed by some fierce passion which had hold of him and drove him before it as a storm holds and spins a leaf.

Mary was frightened, paralysed. She had not known that men could be so moved. He did not even see her. He rushed to the writing-table, and swept his eye over it. Then he gave a sharp, low, hardly human cry of rage and anguish, and turned to ring the bell. As he turned he saw her.

"I beg your pardon. I don't understand," he said hoarsely. "Why did my fool of a servant bring you in here?"

Then he saw the open telegram in her hand, and his face changed. It became alert, cold, implacable. There was a deadly pause. From the room above came the acute, persistent stammer of the piano.

He took the telegram from her nerveless hand, read it, and put it in his pocket. He picked up the envelope from the floor, and threw it into the waste-paper basket. Then he came close up to her, and looked her in the eyes. There was murder in his.

"It was in cypher," he said.

She was incapable of speech.

"But you understood it? Answer me. By— Did you understand it, or did you not?"

"I did not." She got the words out.

"You are lying. You did, you paid spy. Now listen to me. If you dare to say one word of this to any living soul I'll——"

The door suddenly opened, and Lady Francis hurried in.

"Sorry to keep you, my dear," said the high, unmodulated voice. "Old Carr was such a time. What! You here, Francis. I thought you had gone out."

"I have been doing my best to entertain Lady Mary till you appeared," he said.

"I came to say I am engaged this afternoon," said Mary. "I can't go with you to your concert."

The footman appeared with another telegram.

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Lord Francis opened it before it could reach his wife, and then tossed it to her.

"For you," he said, and left the room.

"Well, my dear," said Lady Francis, "in this you say you *will* come, and now you say you *won't*, or am I reading it wrong? I don't understand."

"I have changed my mind," said Mary feebly. "I mean I can't throw over the Lestranges. I only ran in to explain. I must be going back now."

Lord Francis, who was in the hall, put her into her hansom and closed the doors. As he did so he leaned forward and said:

"If you dare to interfere with me you will pay for it."

PART II

Ah! woe that youth should love to be
Like this swift Thames that speeds so fast
And is so fain to find the sea,—
That leaves this maze of shadow and sleep,
These creeks down which blown blossoms creep,
For breakers of the homeless deep.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE little river steamer, with its gay awning, was hitched up to the Speaker's Stairs. The Lestranges were standing at the gangway welcoming their guests. There was a crowd watching along the parapet of Westminster Bridge just above.

"Are we all here? It is past four," said Captain Lestrange to his wife.

Mrs. Lestrange looked round. "Eighteen, twenty, twenty-four. Ah! Here is Lady Mary Craven, late as usual. She is the last. No. There is one more to come. Miss Grey."

"Which Miss Grey?"

"Why the one Jos Carstairs is to marry. She is coming

Google

under my wing. And now she isn't here. What on earth am I to do? We can't wait for ever."

A tall white figure was advancing slowly, as if dragged step by step, through the shadow of the great grey building.

"She does not hurry herself," said Mrs. Lestrange, indignantly, and she did not welcome Elsa very cordially as she came on board. The youngest of the party had made all the rest of that distinguished gathering wait for her.

Mary in a gown of immaculate white serge stitched with black was sitting under the awning when Elsa passed her on her way towards a vacant seat lower down. The two women looked fixedly at each other for a moment, and in that moment Mary saw that Elsa knew that she knew. Even in that short time Lord Francis had evidently warned the girl against her.

Do what she would, Mary could not help watching Elsa. This was the less difficult, as no one ever talked for long together to Mary. The seat next her was never resolutely occupied. Her gentle voice was one of those which swell the time-honoured complaint, that in society you hear nothing but the same vapid small talk, the same trivial remarks over and over again. She was not neglected, but she awakened no interest. Her china blue eyes turned more and more frequently towards that tall figure with its lithe panther-like grace sitting in the sun, regardless of the glare. Mary, whose care for her own soul came second only to her care for her complexion, wondered at her recklessness.

Mrs. Lestrange introduced one or two men to Elsa, but they seemed to find but little to say to her. She was *distraite*, indifferent to what was going on round her. After a time she was left alone, except when Mrs. Lestrange came to sit by her for a few minutes. Yet she was a marked feature of the party. Wherever Elsa might be she could not be overlooked. Mysterious involuntary power which some women possess, not necessarily young and beautiful like Elsa, of becoming wherever they go a centre, a focus of attention whether they will or no.

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Married men looked furtively at her, and whispered to their approving wives that Carstairs was a bold man, that nothing would have induced *them* to marry a woman of that stamp. The unmarried men looked at her too, but said nothing.

At seventeen Elsa's beauty was mature. It was not the thin wind flower beauty of the young English girl who emerges but slowly from her chrysalis. It was the splendid pale perfection of the magnolia which opens in a night. The body had outstripped the embryo spirit. Out of the exquisite face, with its mysterious foreshadowing of latent emotion, looked the grave inscrutable eyes of a child.

Elsa appeared quite unconscious of the interest she excited. She looked fixedly at the gliding dwindling buildings, at the little alert brown-sailed eel-boats, and the solemn, low-swimming hay barges, burning yellow in the afternoon sun, and dropping gold into the grey water as they went. Sometimes she looked up at the over-hanging bridges, and past them to the sky. Presently a white butterfly came twinkling on toddling unsteady wings across the water, and settled on the awning. Elsa's eyes followed it. "It is coming with us," she said to Captain Lestrange, who was standing near her. The butterfly left the awning. It settled for a moment on the white rose on Elsa's breast. Now it was off again, a dancing baby fairy between the sunny sky, and sunny river. Then all in a moment some gust of air caught its tiny spread sails, and flung it with wings outstretched upon the swift water.

Elsa gave a cry, and tearing the rose out of her breast, leaned far over the railing and flung it towards the butterfly. It fell short. The current engulphed butterfly and rose together.

Captain Lestrange caught her by the arm as she leaned too far, and held her firmly till she recovered her balance.

"That was rather dangerous," he said, releasing her gently.

"I could not stand by and see it drown," said Elsa shivering, and she turned her eyes back across the river to

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where in the distance the white buildings of Greenwich stood almost in the water in the pearl haze.

Who shall say what Elsa's thoughts were as she leaned against the railing, white hand against white rose cheek, and watched the tide which was sweeping them towards the sea? Did she realise that another current was bearing her whither she knew not, was hurrying her little barque, afloat for the first time towards a surging line of breakers where white sails of maiden innocence and faith and purity might perchance go under? Did she with those wonderful melancholy eyes look across her youth and dimly foresee, what all those who have missed love learn in middle life, how chill is the deepening shadow in which a loveless life stands? Did she dimly see this and shrink from the loveless marriage before her, which would close the door against love for ever? Did she in her great ignorance mistake the jewelled earthen cup of passion for the wine of love which should have brimmed it? Did she think to allay the thirst of the soul at the dazzling empty cup which was so urgently proffered to her? Who shall say what Elsa's thoughts were as the river widened to the sea.

. . . . . .

They were coming back at last, beating up slowly, slowly against the tide towards London, lying low and dim against an agony of sunset. To Mary it had been an afternoon of slow torture. Ought she to speak to Elsa? After the Speaker's Stairs the telegram had said. Then Elsa meant to join Lord Francis on her return *this evening*. Ought not she, Mary, to go to Elsa now where she sat apart watching the sunset, and implore her to go home? Ought she not to tell her that Lord Francis was an evil man who would bring great misery upon her? Ought she not to show her that she was steeping her young soul in sin, ruining herself upon the threshold of life? Something whispered urgently to Mary that she ought at least to try to hold Elsa back from the precipice, whispered urgently that perhaps Elsa, friendless as she was, might listen to her even at the eleventh hour. And Elsa knew she knew.

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Was it Mary's soul—dwarfed and starved in the suffocating bandages of her straitened life and narrow religion—which was feebly stirring in its shroud, was striving to speak?

Mary clenched her little blue veined hands.

No, no. Elsa would never listen to her. Elsa knew very well what she was doing. Any girl younger even than she knew that it was wicked to allow a married man to make love to her. Elsa was a bad woman by temperament and heredity, not fit to be a good man's wife. Even if Mary could persuade her to give up her lover still Elsa was guilty in thought, and that was as bad as the sin itself. Did not our Saviour say so. *Elsa was lost already.*

"No, no," whispered the inner voice. "She does not know what she is doing."

She did know very well what she was doing—Mary flushed with anger—she was always doing things for effect in order to attract attention. Look how she had made eyes at Captain Lestrange about that butterfly. If there is one thing more than another which exasperates a conventional person it is an impulsive action. The episode of the butterfly rankled in Mary's mind. Several silly men had been taken in by it. No. She, Mary, would certainly speak to Elsa, she would be only too glad to save a fellow creature from deadly sin if it was any *use* speaking—but it was not. And she did not care to mix herself up with odious, disgraceful subjects unless she could be of use. She had always had a high standard of refinement. She had always kept herself apart from "that sort of thing." Perhaps, in her meagre life, she had also kept herself apart from all that makes our fellow-creatures turn to us.

Lord Francis' last threat, spoken low and distinct across the hansom doors, came back to her ears—"If you dare to interfere with me you will pay for it."

The river was narrowing. The buildings and wharves pushed up close and closer. The fretted outlines and towers of Westminster were detaching themselves in palest violet from the glow in the west.

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A river steamer passed them with a band on board. A faint music, tender and gay, came to them across the water, bringing with it the promise of an abiding love, making all things possible, illuminating with sudden distinctness the vague meaning of this mysterious world of sunset sky and sunset water and ethereal city of amethyst and pearl; and then—as suddenly as it came—passing away down stream, and taking all its promises with it, leaving the twilight empty and desolate.

The sunset burned dim like a spent furnace. The day lost heart and waned all at once. It seemed as if everything had come to an end.

And as, when evening falls, jasmine grows white and whiter in the falling light, so Elsa's face grew pale and paler yet in the dusk.

Once she looked across at Mary, and a faint smile, tremulous, wistful, stole across her lips. Tears shone in her eyes. "Is there any help anywhere?" the sweet troubled eyes seemed to say. But apparently they found none, for they wandered away again to the great buildings of Westminster rising up within a stone's throw over the black arch of Westminster Bridge.

The steamer slowed and stopped once more against the Speaker's Stairs.

The Lestranges put Elsa into a hansom before they hurried away in another themselves. All the guests were in a fever to depart, for there was barely time to dress for dinner—and they disappeared as if by magic. Mary, whose victoria was a moment late, followed hard on the rest. As she was delayed in the traffic she saw the hansom in front of her turn slowly round. She saw Elsa's face inside as it turned. Then the hansom went gaily jingling its bell over Westminster Bridge, and was lost in the crowd.

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PART III

Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

THE scandal smouldered for a day or two, and then raged across London like a fire. Mary stayed at home. She could not face the glare of it. She said she was ill. Her hand shook. She started at the slightest sound. She felt shattered in mind and body.

"I could not have stopped her," she said stubbornly to herself a hundred times, lying wide-eyed through the long, terrifying nights. She besieged Heaven with prayers for Elsa.

On the fourth day Jos came to her.

She went down to her little sitting-room and found him standing at the open window with his back to her. She came in softly, trembling a little. She would be very gentle and sympathetic with him. She would imply no reproach. As she entered he turned slowly and faced her. The first moment she did not recognise him. Then she saw it was he.

Jos' face was sunk and pinched, and the grey eyes were red with tears fiercely suppressed by day, red with hard crying by night. Now as they met hers they were fixed, unflinching in their tearless, enduring agony, like those of a man under the surgeon's knife.

"Oh! Jos, don't take it so hard," said Mary, laying her hand on his arm.

She had never dreamed he would feel it like this. She had thought that he would see at once he had had a great escape.

He did not appear to hear her. He looked vacantly at her, and then recollected himself, and sat down by her.

"You saw her last," he said, biting his lips.

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Mary's heart turned sick within her.

"The Lestranges saw her last," she said hastily. He made an impatient movement. He knew all that.

"You were with her all the afternoon on the boat."

"Yes. But, of course, there were numbers of others. I had many friends whom I had to——"

"Did you notice anything? Did you have any talk with her? Was she different to usual?"

"She does not generally talk much. She was rather silent."

"You did not think she looked as if she had anything on her mind."

"I couldn't say. I know her so very slightly." Mary's voice was cold.

"She did not care for me," said Jos. "I knew that all along," and he put his scarred hand over his mouth.

"She was not worthy of you."

He did not hear her. He took away his hand, and clenched it heavily on the other.

"I knew she didn't care," he said in a level, passionless voice. "But I loved her. From the first go off I saw she was different to other women. And I thought—I know I'm only a rough fellow—but I thought perhaps in time . . . I'm not up to much, but I would have made her a good husband—and at any rate I would have taken her away from—her father. He said she was willing. I—I tried to believe him. He wanted to get rid of her—and—I wanted to have her. That was the long and the short of it. We settled it between us. . . . She hadn't a chance in that house. I thought I'd give her another—a home—where she was safe. She had never had a mother to tell her things. She had never had any up-bringing at that French school. She had no women friends. She had never known a good woman, except her old nurse, till I brought her to you, Mary. I told her you were good and gentle and loving, and would be a friend to her; and that I had known you all my life, and she might trust you."

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"She never liked me," said Mary. It seemed to her that she must defend herself. Against what? Against whom?

"If she had only confided in you," he said. "I knew she was in trouble, but I could not make out what it was. She was such a child, and I seemed a long way off her. I took her to plays and things after I had seen them first, to be sure they were all right, and she would cheer up for a little bit—she liked the performing dogs. I had thought of taking her there again; but she always sank back into low spirits. And I knew that sometimes young girls do feel shy about being married—it's a great step—a lottery—that is what it is, a lottery—so I thought it would all come right in time. I never thought. I never guessed." Jos' voice broke. "I see now I helped to push her into it—but—I didn't know. . . . If only you had known that last afternoon, and could have pleaded with her . . . if only you had known, and could have held her back—my white lamb, my little Elsa."

He ground his heel against the polished floor. There was a long silence.

Then he got up and went away.

. . . . . .

It was not until the end of July that Mary saw him again. She heard nothing of him. She only knew that he had left London. He came in one evening late, and Mary's aunt discreetly disappeared after a few minutes' desultory conversation.

He looked worn and aged, but he spoke calmly, and this time he noticed Mary's existence. "You look pulled down," he said kindly. "Has the season been too much for you?"

"It is not that," she said. "I have been distressed because an old friend of mine is in trouble."

He looked at her and saw that she had suffered. A great compunction seized him. He took her hand and kissed it.

"You are the best woman in the world," he said. "Don't

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worry your kind heart about me. I'm not worth it." Then he moved restlessly away from her, and began turning over the knick-knacks on the silver table.

"Bethune has been tackled," he said suddenly. "The Duke of —— did it, and he has promised to marry her—if—if——"

"If what?"

"If his wife will divorce him. The duke has got his promise in black and white."

"I don't think Lady Francis will divorce him."

"N-no. I've been with her to-day for an hour, but I couldn't move her. She doesn't seem to see that it's—life or death—for Elsa."

"You would not expect her under the circumstances to consider Elsa."

"Yes I should," said the simpleton. "Why should not she help her. There are no children, and she does not care for Bethune. She never did. She ought to release him for the sake of—others."

"I don't think she will."

"I want you to persuade her, Mary." Mary's heart swelled. This then was what he had come about.

"Aren't you her greatest friend? Do put it before her plainly. I'm a blundering idiot, and she seemed to think I had no right to speak to her on the subject. Perhaps I had not. I never thought of that. I only thought of—. But do you go to her, and bring her to a better mind."

"I will try," said Mary.

"I wish there were more women like you, Maimie," he said, using for the first time for years the pet name which he had called her by when they were boy and girl together.

Mary went to Lady Francis next day, but she did not make a superhuman effort to persuade her friend. She considered that it was not desirable that Elsa should be reinstated. If there were no punishment for such misdemeanours what

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would society come to! For the sake of others, as a warning it was necessary that Elsa should suffer.

All she said to Lady Francis was: "Are you going to divorce Lord Francis?"

"No, my dear," said that lady with a harsh little laugh. "I am not. Not that I could not get a divorce. He has been quite brute enough, but if I did it would be forgotten in about a quarter of an hour, whether I had divorced him or he had divorced me. I have a right to his name, and I mean to stick to it. It's about all I've got out of my marriage. I don't intend to go about as a divorced woman under my maiden name of Huggins. The idea does not smile on me. Besides I know Francis. He will come back to me. He did—before. He has not a shilling, and he is in debt. He can't get on without me. I was a goose to marry him; but still I am the goose that lays the golden eggs."

. . . . . .

Jos' parents sent Mary a pressing invitation to stay with them after the season. Mary went, and perhaps she tasted something more like happiness in that quiet old country-house than she had known for many years. Jos' father and mother were devoted to her, with that devotion, artificial in its origin, but genuine in its later stages, of parents who have made up their minds that she was "the one woman" for their son. Mary played old Irish melodies in the evenings by the hour, and sang sweetly at prayers. She was always ready to listen to General Carstairs' history of the *fauna* of Dampshire, and to take an interest in Mrs. Carstairs' Sunday School. She had a succession of the simplest white muslin gowns (she could still wear white) and wide-brimmed garden hats. Mary in the country was more rural than those who abide in it all the year round.

Jos was often there. There was no doubt about it. Jos was coming back to his early allegiance. Perhaps his parents, horrified by his single unaided attempt at matrimony, were tenderly pushing him back. Perhaps in the entire exhaustion

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and numbness that had succeeded the shock of Elsa's defection he hardly realised what others were planning round him. Perhaps when a man has been heartlessly slighted he turns unconsciously to the woman of whose undoubted love he is vaguely aware.

Jos sat at Mary's feet, not metaphorically but literally, for hours together by the sundial in the rose-garden; hardly speaking, like a man stunned. Still he sat there, and she did her embroidery, and looked softly down at him now and then. The doors of the narrow, airless prison of her love were open to receive him. They would be married presently, and she should make him give up the army, and become a magistrate instead. She would never let him out of her sight. A wife's place is beside her husband. She knew, for how many wives compact of experience had assured her during the evening hour of feminine confidence when the back hair is let down, that the perpetual presence of the wife was the only safeguard for the well-being of that mysterious creature of low instincts, that half-tamed wild animal, always liable to break away unless held in by feminine bit and bridle, that irresponsible babe, that slave of impulse—*man*. She would give him perfect freedom of course. She should encourage him to go into the Yeomanry, and she should certainly allow him to go out without her for the annual training. He would be quite safe in a tent, surrounded by his own tenantry; but, on other occasions, she, his wife, would be ever by his side. That was the only way to keep a man good and happy.

. . . . . .

Early in September Jos went away for a few days' shooting. Mary, who generally paid rounds of visits after the season at dull country houses (she was not greatly in request at the amusing ones), still remained with the Carstairs, who implored her to stay on whenever she suggested that she was paying them "a visitation."

Jos was to return that afternoon, for General Carstairs was

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depending on him to help to shoot his own partridges on the morrow. But the afternoon passed, and Jos did not come. The next day passed, and still no Jos. And no letter or telegram. His father and mother were silently uneasy. They said, no doubt he had been persuaded to stay on where he was, and had forgotten the shoot at home. Mary said, "No doubt," but a reasonless fear gathered like thin mist across her heart. Where was he? The letters that had been forwarded to his last address all came back. A week passed, and still no Jos, and no answers to autocratic telegrams.

Then suddenly Jos telegraphed from London saying he should return early that afternoon, and asking to be met at the station.

When the time drew near Mary established herself with a book in the rose-garden. He would come to her there as he had so often done before. The roses were well nigh over, but in their place the sweet white faces of the Japanese anemones were crowding up round the old grey sundial. The sunny windless air was full of the cawing of rooks. It was the time and the place where a desultory love might come by chance, and linger awhile, not where a desperate love, brought to bay, would wage one of his pitched battles. Peace and rest were close at hand. Why had she been fearful? Surely all was well, and he was coming back. He was coming back.

She waited as it seemed to her for hours before she heard the faint sound of his dog-cart. She should see him in a moment. He would speak to his parents, and then ask where she was, and come out to her. Oh! how she loved him; but she must appear calm, and not too glad to see him. She heard his step—strong, light, alert, as it used to be of old, not the slow, dragging, aimless step of the last two months.

He came quickly round the yew hedge and stood before her. She raised her eyes slowly from her book to meet his, a smile parting her lips.

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He was looking hard at her with burning scorn and contempt in his lightning grey eyes.

The smile froze on her lips.

"I have seen Elsa," he said. "I only came back here for half-an-hour to—speak to you."

A cold hand seemed to be pressed against Mary's heart.

"I found by chance, the merest chance, where she was," he continued. "I went at once. She was alone, for Bethune has gone back to his wife. I suppose you knew he had gone back. I did not. I found her." He stopped as if the remembrance were too acute, and then went on firmly. "We had a long talk. She was in great trouble. She told me everything, and how he, that devil, had made love to her from the first day she came back from school, and how her father knew of it, and had obliged her to accept me. And she said she knew it was wrong to run away with him, but she thought it was more wrong to marry without love, and that the nearer the day came the more she felt she must escape, and she seemed hemmed in on every side, and she did love Bethune, and he had sworn to her that he would marry her directly he got his divorce, and that his wife did not care for him, and would be glad to be free, and that all that was necessary was a little courage on her part. So she tried to be brave—and—she said she did not think at the time it could be so very wicked to marry the person she really loved, for *you* knew, and you never said a word to stop her. She said you had many opportunities of speaking to her on the boat, and she knew you were so good, you would certainly have told her if it was really so very wicked."

"I knew it was no use speaking," said Mary, hoarsely.

"You might have tried to save my wife for my sake," said Jos. "You might have tried to save her for her own. But you didn't. I don't care to know your reasons. I only know that—you did not do it. You deliberately—let—her—drown." His eyes flashed. The whole quiet commonplace man seemed transfigured by some overmastering ennobling emotion. "And

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I have come to tell you that I think the bad women are better than the good ones, and that I am going back to Elsa; to Elsa —betrayed, deserted, outcast, my Elsa, who, but for you, might still be like one of these." He touched one of the white anemones with his scarred hand. "I am going back to her— and if—in time she can forget the past and feel kindly towards me—I will marry her."

And he did.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

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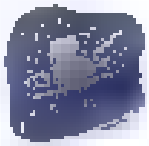

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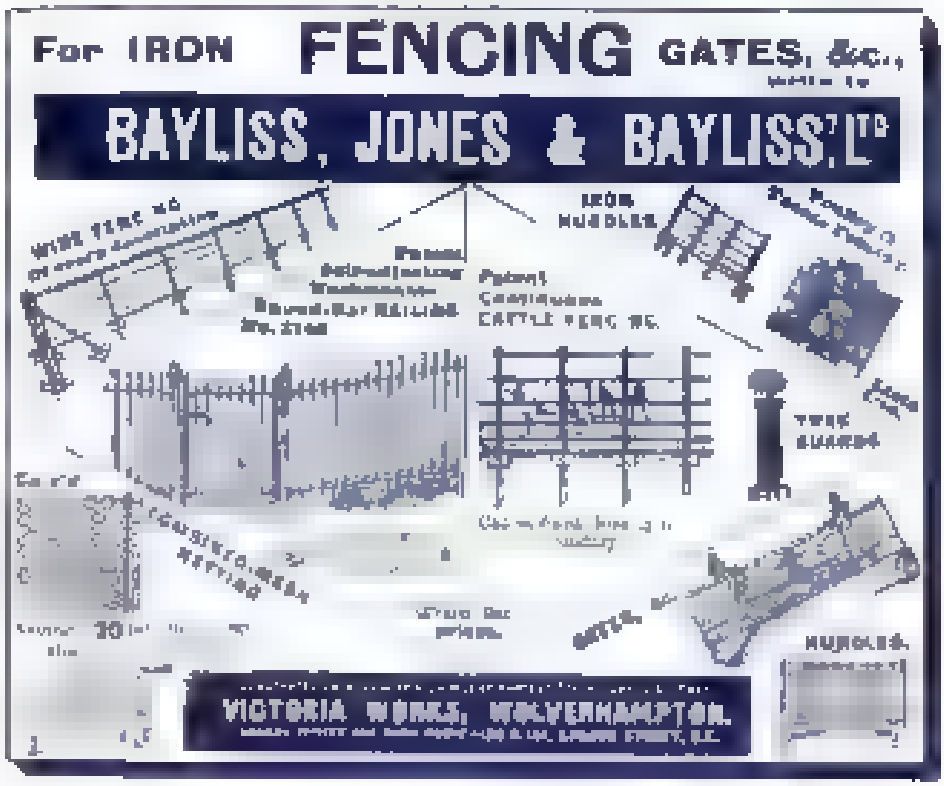

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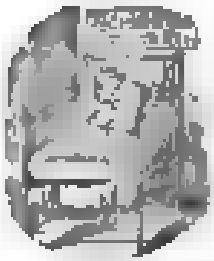

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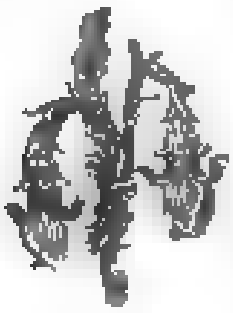

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Referred to on the previous page, showing

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After payment of premiums due in the current year 1901.

Year of Entry	POLICIES PAYABLE AT DEATH. Amount per £1000.	Paid up Policies.*	Surrender Values.*	Loans.*	Year of Entry.	POLICIES PAYABLE AT 60 OR DEATH Amount per £1000.	Paid-up Policies.*	Surrender Values.*	Loans
1853	£2134	£1901	£1577	£1510	1877	£1487	Policy due	In course	£
1855	2067	1908	1493	1430	1878	1463	£1405	£1237	£11
1857	2001	1822	1404	1345	1879	1440	1325	1142	10
1859	1935	1734	1313	1260	1880	1416	1246	1052	10
1861	1880	1654	1231	1180	1881	1392	1170	1008	9
1863	1836	1583	1156	1105	1882	1371	1097	889	8
1865	1793	1508	1078	1030	1883	1350	1026	815	7
1867	1750	1429	997	955	1884	1329	957	744	7
1869	1605	1335	910	870	1885	1308	889	670	6
1871	1640	1238	825	790	1886	1287	823	612	5
1873	1585	1140	742	710	1887	1265	759	550	5
1875	1534	1040	663	635	1888	1244	697	491	4
1877	1487	950	588	560	1889	1225	637	437	4
1879	1440	860	521	495	1890	1207	579	394	3
1881	1392	773	459	435	1891	1188	523	352	3
1883	1350	692	402	380	1892	1169	468	312	2
1885	1308	613	347	330	1893	1150	414	274	2
1887	1265	535	295	280	1894	1131	362	237	2
1889	1225	460	247	235	1895	1112	311	201	1
1891	1188	386	202	190	1896	1096	263	169	1
1893	1150	310	159	150	1897	1000	200	98	9
1895	1112	236	118	110	1898	1000	160	77	7
1897	1000	109	50	45	1899	1000	120	57	5
1899	1000	66	29	27	1900	1000	80	37	3
1901	1000	22	10	7	1901	1000	40	18	1

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* The figures in these three columns are greater or less as the age was over or under 35 at entry.

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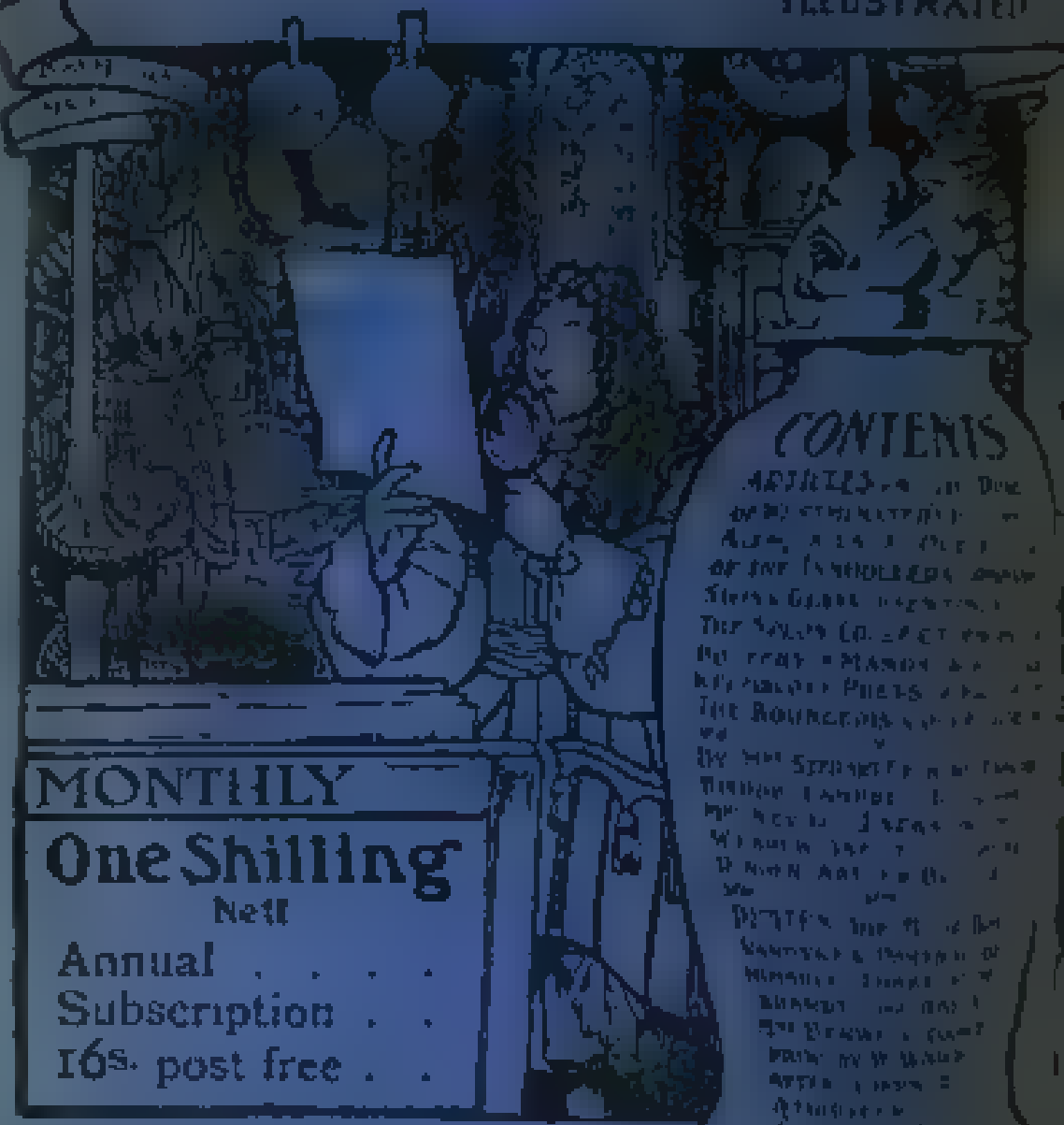

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